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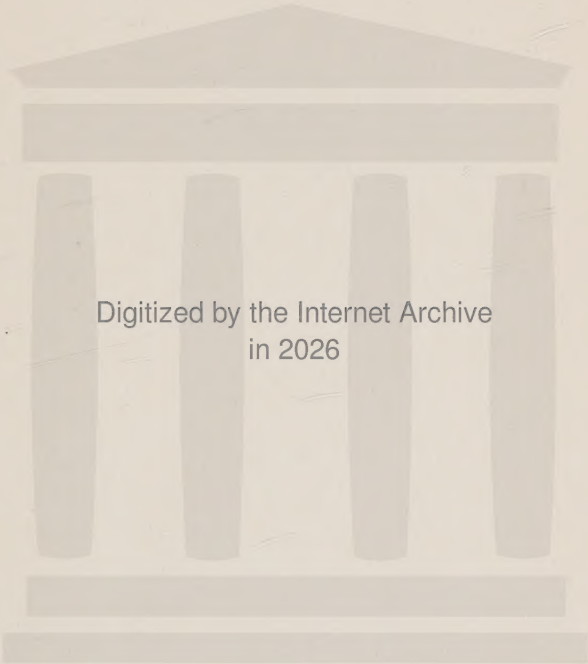

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SCANDINAVIAN CLASSICS

VOLUME XXIII

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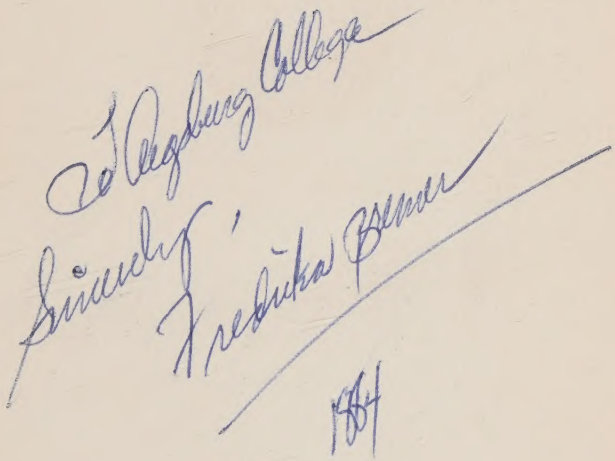
AMERICA OF THE FIFTIES: LETTERS OF FREDRIKA BREMER

ESTABLISHED BY
NIELS POULSON



Fredrika Bremer

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America of the Fifties: Letters of Fredrika Bremer

SELECTED AND EDITED
by
ADOLPH B. BENSON

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INTRODUCTION

ONE day in the early fifties a New York publisher put on the market a series of letters bearing the double title, *Homes of the New World; Impressions of America.* It was a voluminous work of about thirteen hundred octavo pages, yet one that required five printings within a month. Most Americans liked the volumes, reviewers lauded and criticised, and everybody read them. They were dedicated to "my American friends"; dated in May, 1853, in Stockholm; and signed, Fredrika Bremer.

On opening the books one found revealed a curiously wide range of reading matter. Here was a conversation with Emerson, there a criticism of a girls' school; here was an account of a negro camp-meeting, and there of a Norwegian settlement in Wisconsin. Amos Bronson Alcott was being advised to drink milk instead of water to make his Transcendentalism less foggy, or the author was watching the women smoke on a Mississippi boat. A description of an Indian chief led to a comparison of his wigwam with the Lapplander's hut or of the heathen Chippewas with the Christianized Choctaws, and one noted the remark in passing that dyspepsia was the worst possible evil in any country next to civil war. Here

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were glimpses of dozens of homes, visits to the New England poets, and interviews with senators in Washington. Farmers, slave-holders, Abolitionists, prison officials, and preachers passed in review; pale brides alternated with chivalrous men; the funeral cortège of John C. Calhoun moved gravely along between mourning Southerners, and in the White House park strode a general, now president of the United States.

A thrilling, crucial period of America was mirrored in these letters. It was a period of post-bellum adjustment, transition, and expansion, during which American progress and versatility were definitely established, and yet one whose boundless possibilities were surcharged with apprehensions for the future. During the forties the telegraph had been invented; the reaper had revolutionized agriculture in the Middle West; the sewing-machine had lightened the burden of the housewife. Largely through the pioneer work of Scandinavian settlers, Wisconsin had been admitted to the Union the same year that gold was discovered in California; and manufactures flourished in the East. Immigrants flocked to both East and West in such numbers that native Americans worried about preserving the cherished American ideals; in 1849 carpenters were paid sixteen dollars a day on the West coast, and common laborers,

ten; and in 1851 Maine adopted prohibition—some striking parallelisms to the United States of 1924. Material development in some parts of the land was so rapid that it was difficult to follow the character of the growth. Cincinnati was known simultaneously either as "The Queen of the West" or as "The City of Hogs," depending upon the observer and the circumstances of the observation. And yet esthetic, spiritual, and educational matters were also given more attention than ever before. Professor Longfellow was at this time writing good poetry in Cambridge; Fanny Kemble was giving readings in Shakespeare; Boston was listening to some remarkable Unitarians; and while adventurers were rushing to the gold fields of California, New York installed its first public school system. By 1850—and this is perhaps the most important condition to note here—slavery had been wholly abandoned in the Northern States, which meant a distinct North and South with all the consequences arising from this cleavage. The foremost statesmen of the day, like Clay and Webster, spent their energy vehemently debating the Fugitive Slave Bill and the Compromise of 1850.

To this America came in 1849 a frail, middle-aged Swedish spinster, Fredrika Bremer, whose interests embraced the whole universe, and who

more than any other foreign visitor to our shores expected to find here the real land of promise, where visions were bright and dreams came true. She came with an open mind for study and inspiration. Though anxious to know all phases of our national life, she was especially intent on studying the position of women. She had heard of the high regard in which American women were held by men, and desired an intimate acquaintance with conditions in American homes, that she might use her knowledge for the betterment of women's lot in Sweden.

Charles Dickens had been here a short time before, had gone home disappointed and written disagreeable things about us. What would be the attitude and judgment of a woman who was the author of half a score of books, knew Europe from one end to the other, but who came from such a far distant country? Here was a female writer, from a *terra incognita*—borrowing an English reference to Sweden—whose pictures of domestic life had agreeably surprised England itself a few years before; a peculiar Christian soul whose broad sympathies for heathen antiquity had been interpreted by one British critic as a heaven-defying heresy.

Here—to use Hawthorne's description of her—was "the funniest little fairy person whom one

could imagine," "a withered brier rose, still retaining the freshness of morning," and "worthy of being the maiden aunt of the whole human race." She came here by invitation, her reputation having preceded her by several years. In the early forties American magazines had devoted scores of pages to the reviews of her books, and the American *chargé d'affaires* in Stockholm had sent home the report of an interview with the modest Swede, who, contrary to his expectations, had preferred to talk on political economy, morality, and philosophy. Moreover, a New England pathfinder, in discussing Miss Bremer's works, had discovered that Vikings and Yankees had certain fundamental traits in common, though with the odds in favor of the latter; that her literary characters were "as much at home in Boston as in Stockholm," and were "not simply Swedes and Norwegians, but men and women." One of these, Susanna, "would have found herself quite at home in a Massachusetts farmhouse."

This augured well. Anne Lynch believed Miss Bremer a salutary antidote to George Sand. Catherine Sedgwick found her "a slightly old-fashioned lady, simple and sincere, dressed in sombre colors, with a florid but not coarse complexion, and a mouth like Longfellow's." She liked her better the more she saw of her, was ashamed

of having once called her "plain," and believed her clearer in mind and thought than the misty Transcendentalists, for she had a rock foundation of good, common sense. What was the history of this quiet, clear-headed little woman who had been given so much space in our press?

In 1828 there appeared in Swedish prose a collection of *Sketches from Everyday Life* by an anonymous beginner, who in a modest introductory note solicited the indulgence of the public for herself and her work. The unassuming newcomer became Sweden's first prominent novelist, rivalled Tegnér, if indeed she did not far surpass him, in attracting foreign attention, and was the first writer to establish universal respect for Swedish prose literature. This pioneer was Fredrika Bremer, the author of these letters on America.

Miss Bremer was born in Finland, 1801, of cultured, prosperous parents. Her family, perhaps foreseeing the pending political changes in their land, moved three years later to Sweden, and Fredrika's youth was spent either in Stockholm or, in summer, at Årsta, an old historical estate outside of the capital, which in its day had seen Gustavus Adolphus mustering his troops on its premises. This was bought by her father for a permanent residence. Fredrika received a finished education in all branches that marked an accom-

plished lady of good birth—music, painting, composition, and modern languages—but the requirements of young ladyhood at the time, the intolerable restrictions, the meaningless polite necessities, and the confined sedentary life, had been from early years extremely distasteful to her, and she longed for active usefulness. As a child she had found a partial outlet for her surplus energy and budding indignation against the wrongs of the world in a mania for destroying her playthings and otherwise annoying her governess and relatives. At twelve she dreamed of disguising herself as a page and joining the military forces of the Crown Prince, Bernadotte, and seeking adventures in war. Home was a prison to her restless spirit. She yearned for fame; she wanted to become a nurse; even a prolonged study tour through Germany, Holland, and Switzerland failed to satisfy her intense thirst for freedom and knowledge; and her feeling of revolt was only partially assuaged, later, when she had the opportunity of practising charity among the tenants of the home estate.

In the interim, however, the gifted girl had read a vast number of foreign tales and novels. Her imagination had been aroused, and she had learned to use mental pictures of forced elopements and other stirring adventures as a kind of antidote to her own inactive existence. She had

become familiar with such different writers as Richardson, Rousseau, and Madame de Staël, and they had broadened her horizon and stimulated her mind. Her talents had early been the pride of her family, often exhibited on private occasions, and now she decided to employ them for philanthropic purposes. She made and sold miniature portraits and gave the proceeds to the poor. The inception of her authorship had the same motive.

Miss Bremer's *Sketches* had been so well received that they were soon followed by others, including a novel, *The H— Family*. This established her reputation, her name was revealed, and she was officially recognized by the Swedish Academy. The delightful simplicity of her descriptions from Swedish family life, and especially the picture of an unselfish and resigned housewife, appealed to the generation of 1830. Many characters were really drawn in a masterly manner. Though sometimes sentimental and overdone, they proved humorous and entertaining. *The President's Daughters, Nina, The Neighbors,* and *The Home* are of the same order, though more pretentious; all appeared during the thirties, and were forthwith translated into foreign tongues. Of these *The Neighbors* is still readable and is generally considered Miss Bremer's most perfect production from an artistic point of view.

To-day these novels, with their slow movement and minimum of action, their superabundance of dialogue and description, and their letter form, appear dull and antiquated. Obviously, the heroes and heroines can no longer make the impression that they did eighty years ago, and it may be difficult to understand the almost phenomenal favor which these household tales enjoyed when they were first published, and continued to enjoy for a long time; but nothing approximating their quality had appeared before, and the readers were familiar with the background. Fortunately, Miss Bremer never lost her mental balance because of either success or failure. She wisely discounted the eulogistic reviews of her initial efforts, strove constantly for improvement, and sought truth and wholesomeness. Her literary achievements were sensible and moral withal, sensationalism was absent, and they possess a marked historical value as pictures of Sweden in her day.

From 1835 to 1840 Fredrika Bremer spent much of her time on a friend's estate in Norway. There she wrote two of her best novels, and there she pursued literary, philosophical, and theological studies. She had been convinced of her own ability and mission, and had decided to remain a spinster, though she had had several offers of marriage. During the forties her interest in purely

literary artistry decreased as her interest in social reforms increased, and henceforth her narratives were to serve mainly as vehicles for her teachings. *Hertha* is a novel with a purpose, advocating the emancipation of woman, and has but little literary value. Yet her first stories continued to be translated and circulated all over the civilized world; she became very popular in England; and in America her books were household treasures. At the close of the decade, the ambitious novelist and sociologist courageously set out, alone, for the Western Continent, and remained with us for two years, recording her impressions. After her return to Sweden, she became there the inaugurator and leader of the woman's movement, embodying her feministic ideas in the novel just mentioned, which was much criticised in consequence. She was also active in several other reform measures and philanthropic endeavors. In 1856 Miss Bremer set out again for an extended tour of the principal European countries, visiting the Pope (whom she subjected to a cross-examination on Christian dogmas), penetrating ultimately as far as Jerusalem, and only returning after an absence of five years. Later she published a description of these travels. Fredrika Bremer's untiring labors came to an end on the last day of the year 1865.

It is no exaggeration to say that Fredrika Bremer was one of the most celebrated and influential Swedish women that ever lived. Although as a novelist she had during her lifetime successful rivals among her own sex, none of these could even remotely equal her in creative, intellectual, and spiritual force. She introduced the middle class domestic novel into Swedish literature; she raised Swedish realism to a higher plane than it had previously occupied; she inspired effective, well-needed social reforms, and stimulated an active love for humanity. It was a source of extreme satisfaction to her that she lived to see many of her dreams of betterment come true. Perhaps her greatest source of happiness was the abolition of slavery in the United States.

Returning to the writings which more directly concern us, we may safely assert that Miss Bremer's greatest claim to immortality abroad is based on her letters of travel. These are classics of their kind, as fresh and charming as on the day they were written, and the wealth of their information is enhanced by the sympathetic personality of the recorder as well as by their humorous, compelling style. Her accounts of what she saw have served as reliable guides in innumerable fields of effort, both in Europe and America, and particularly as a mirror of conditions and characters

as they existed in 1850. Occasionally her kind heart, generosity, and optimism obscure her critical judgment, and in the United States the ardent welcome she received may well have colored her observations. But, after all, there was much sunshine and promise in the America of Emerson and Webster, and it is to Fredrika Bremer's credit that she emphasizes these features rather than finding fault with everything. On the whole, she is a keen student, ever sincere and courageous, and if justified, according to the best of her belief, never hesitates to criticise unfavorably, though always in a friendly spirit.

We have suggested that Miss Bremer traveled the length and breadth of this republic, meeting all kinds of people, visiting all types of public institutions, glancing into the workshops and examining the food both of factory employees in the North and of slaves in the South, and inspecting public buildings from the Tombs to the Capitol. In private homes she made a host of friends, among them the Lowells, Marcus and Rebecca Spring, and the landscape architect, Andrew Jackson Downing. She was literally overwhelmed by American hospitality and solicitude. Aside from some cold bed-rooms and tiring dinners she was delighted with America. As for the broadening West, she dreamed of a millennium in the

Mississippi valley. And people wondered at the stranger—reports a native writer—who talked to the darkies as civilly as to the whites, and with a Swedish accent so strong that, despite the purity of her English, Hawthorne could understand only a fraction of what she said. So when her letters on America came out in Mary Howitt's translation they were eagerly read by all who "possessed the slightest curiosity to know the impressions made on the Swedish novelist by the universal Yankee nation." Miss Bremer "lays no claim to the character of a political philosophress or strong-minded woman," writes a contemporary, "but with active, perceptive powers and heart-warm sympathies contemplates the living phenomena around her, and faithfully sketches such features as most readily appeal to her interest and curiosity. Her impressions are given with the most transparent candor, and if she sometimes unnecessarily draws aside the veil of private life, it is certainly not in the spirit of gossip or scandal, but from excess of love."

The letters were originally written from America, and most of them "to a beloved sister, who was no longer on earth" when Fredrika returned to Sweden. They were not at first intended for publication; but the subsequent opening and rereading of them by the author "reanimated" her,

and they were given to the public essentially "as they had been inspired by the moment." The selections here reproduced as *America of the Fifties* have been revised and normalized from the original. They are believed to be representative of the *Letters* as a whole.

Finally, the editor wishes to express his gratitude to Fröken Ellen Kleman of Stockholm, for making valuable suggestions and giving important bibliographical information; to the biographer, Fröken Sigrid Leijonhufvud, and to P. A. Norstedt & Söner, Swedish publishers, for permission to reproduce Miss Bremer's sketches of prominent Americans from their publication, Adlersparre-Leijonhufvud, *Fredrika Bremer, Biografisk Studie, 1896;* to Mrs. John C. Wyman of Newtonville, Massachusetts, for permission to reproduce an unpublished Bremer drawing of the Spring family, in her possession; and to Harper and Brothers of New York City for their kindly attitude toward the reprinting of a text published by them. Also to Miss Hanna Astrup Larsen and Professor William Witherle Lawrence of the Publication Committee, and to the Secretary of the Foundation, the editor acknowledges a debt of appreciation for invaluable coöperation.

A. B. B.

America of the Fifties: Letters of Fredrika Bremer

AMERICA OF THE FIFTIES

New York, October 4, 1849. Good morning, little sister! or rather good evening in the New World, where I now set firm foot after thirteen days' rocking on the sea. I am lodging in the Astor House, one of the largest and best hotels in New York, where the inhabitants are as numerous as in the capital of Iceland, namely about five hundred. Opposite the Astor House I see a large so-called museum, with fluttering banners and green shrubs on the roof, and the walls covered with immense paintings representing "The Greatest Wonders in the World," huge, wonderful animals and extraordinary human beings, all of which might be seen within. In front of my hotel is a green space inclosed with trees, and in the centre a large fountain which has a refreshing appearance, and there I have refreshed myself by walking an hour this afternoon. Astor House is situated on Broadway, the great high-street and thoroughfare of New York, where people and carriages pour along in one incessant stream and in true republican intermixture. Long lines of white and gilded omnibuses wind their way at an uninterrupted rapid rate as far as one can see, amid thousands of other vehicles, great and small. The broad sidewalks are thronged with people of all

classes; there are beautiful houses under erection, splendid shops, and much horrible rubbish. There is something confused in this Broadway, which makes one feel a little bewildered in the beginning. When crossing it I think merely of getting to the other side alive. The beautiful little green spot with its lovely fountain seems to me, beside the bustling Broadway, like an oasis in the agitated desert.

I had been less than a quarter of an hour in the Astor House and was standing with my traveling companions in a parlor, when a gentleman dressed in black, with a refined gentlemanly appearance and manner and a pair of the handsomest brown eyes I ever saw, approached me gently and mentioned my name in a remarkably melodious voice. It was Mr. [Andrew Jackson] Downing, who had come from his villa on the Hudson to meet me on my arrival. I had scarcely expected that, as I was very late, and he had already made a journey to New York on my behalf in vain. His exterior and his whole demeanor pleased me greatly. I do not know why, but I had imagined him to be a middle-aged man with blue eyes and light hair; and he is a young man with dark eyes and dark hair, of a beautiful brown, and softly curling—in short, of quite a poetical appearance! He will remain here with me over to-morrow; but he insists that on

the following day I shall accompany him to his house in the Highlands on the Hudson, where I can make the acquaintance of his wife at my leisure and plan my future traveling movements.

October 5. Through the whole day I have had nothing to do but to receive visits; to sit or stand in a grand parlor and merely turn from one to another, receiving the salutations and shaking hands, sometimes with half a dozen new acquaintances at once—gentlemen of all professions and all nations, ladies who invite me to their house and home, and who wish that I would go immediately. Besides, I have received a number of letters, which I could merely break open, requests for autographs, and so on. I have shaken hands with from seventy to eighty persons to-day, while I was unable to receive the visits of many others. Of the names I remember scarcely any, but the greater number of the people whom I have seen please me from their cordial, frank manners, and I am grateful to them for their extreme friendliness toward me; it feels so warm and hospitable. Nevertheless, I was very glad to be relieved for a few hours from my friends, and to drive out with Mr. Downing to the beautiful Greenwood, the large and new cemetery of New York, a young *Père la Chaise,* but on a more gigantic scale as to

location and plan. One drives as if in an extensive English park, amid hill and dale. From the highest point, Ocean Hill as it is called, one looks out to the sea—a glorious view. I should like to repose here.

Newburgh, on the Hudson, October 7. How glad I am to be here in the young New World! How thankful I am to Providence, who, in His mercy, through the impulse of mind and of steam, brought me happily hither, although I am at the same time almost as much burdened as elevated by the crowd of impressions and thoughts which, as it were, rush in upon me at once.

Everything of which I have had a foretaste, which I have sought after and longed for, I meet with here, and more than that. I mean light and nourishment for the inquiring and searching spirit within me. I consider myself especially fortunate in coming in contact with Mr. Downing, a noble and acutely discriminating mind, a true American, yet without blind patriotism; an open heart and critically sagacious intellect—one who can assist me in understanding the conditions and problems of this country.

It was really imperative, also, that I should be released bodily from my friends of the Astor House and New York, who otherwise would have

made an end of me in the very beginning. I was so weary of that first day's labor in social life, which lasted till long after midnight, and was so much in want of rest and sleep, that I did not believe it possible for me to set off from New York at five o'clock the next morning. I told Mr. Downing so, but he very decidedly, though mildly, remarked: "Oh, we must endeavor to do it!" on which I thought to myself, "These Americans believe that everything is possible," while feeling at the same time that the plan was quite impracticable. And yet at half past four the next morning I was up, ready dressed, and hastening down to place myself under the tyranny of Mr. Downing. The carriage was already at the door, and seated in it I found Miss [Anne] Lynch, whom Mr. Downing had invited to pass the Sunday at his house.

"Go ahead! *New World!*" cried the servant at the door of the hotel to our driver; and we rolled away down Broadway to the harbor, where the big steamboat, the *New World,* received us on board. This was really a little floating palace, splendid and glittering with white and gold on the outside, brilliant and elegant within; large saloons and magnificent furniture, where ladies and gentlemen reclined comfortably, talking or reading the newspapers. I saw here none of Dickens's

smoking and spitting gentlemen. We floated proudly and softly on the broad, magnificent Hudson. It was a pity that the day was rainy, because the voyage, excepting for this, was one of the most beautiful which any one can imagine, especially when, after a few hours' time, we reached what are called the Highlands. The shores with their bold, wood-covered heights reminded me continually of the shores of the Dala and Ångerman rivers, in fact, seemed to me to belong to the same natural conformation, excepting that it was broader and on a larger scale; and the dark clouds which hung like heavy draperies over the river between the hills were in perfect harmony with the gloomily beautiful passes through which we swung, and which presented at every turn new and more magnificent pictures. The river was full of life. Three-decked steamers, gleaming, like our own, with gold and white, passed up and down the river. Other steam-boats were pulling along with them flotillas of from twenty to thirty boats, laden with goods from the country for New York, or vice versa, while hundreds of smaller and larger craft were seen skimming along past the precipitous shores like white doves with red, fluttering neck-ribbons. On the shores glistened white country-houses and small farms. I observed a great variety in the style of building: many of

the houses were in the Gothic style, others like Grecian temples; and why not? The home ought to be a temple as well as a habitation and a storehouse. I also saw villages, churches, and all varieties of buildings on the shores, the prevailing color being white. Many private houses, however, were of a soft gray or a sepia tint.

After a sail of between three and four hours, we landed at the little town of Newburgh, where Mr. Downing's carriage awaited to convey us up the hills to a beautiful villa of light sepia-colored sandstone, with two small projecting towers. Surrounded by a park, lying high and open, it has an unobstructed view over the beautiful river and its shores. A delicate, pretty little woman met us at the door, embraced Mr. Downing, and cordially welcomed his guests. This was Mrs. Downing.

The Astor House with its splendid rooms and brilliant social life and the *New World* with all its finery were good specimens of the showy side of America; and Mr. Downing thought it was just as well that I should at once see something of it, that I might be better able to judge the other side of American life—that which belongs to the inward, more refined, and more peculiarly individual development. And I could hardly have a better example of this than in Mr. Downing himself and

his home. He built his house himself, planted all the trees and flowers around it, giving everything, it seems to me, the stamp of a refined and earnest mind. It stands in the midst of romantic scenery and shadowy pathways, with the prettiest little bits of detail and grand views. All has been done with design, nothing by guess, nothing with formality. Here a *soul* has felt, thought, arranged. A certain darkness of tone prevails within the house; all the wood-work is brown; even the daylight is sombre, yet clear, or, more properly speaking, pregnant with light—a sort of imprisoned sunshine, something warm and profound, appearing to me like a reflection of the man's own brown eyes. In forms, furniture, and arrangement the finest taste prevails; everything is soft and noble, and as comfortable as it is tasteful. The only brilliant things in the rooms are the pretty flowers in lovely vases and baskets. Besides, there are books, busts, and some pictures. Above small bookcases, in the form of Gothic windows, inserted like niches in the walls of the parlor, stand busts of Linné, Franklin, Newton, and many other heroes of natural science. One sees in this dwelling a decided and thorough individuality of character, which has put its stamp on all that surrounds it, and every one ought to mold himself and his own world in a similar way. One feels here Mr. Down-

ing's motto, *Il bello è il buono.* A real luxury obtains in food, fruits, and in many small things, but it makes no outward show; it exists, as it were, concealed in the inner richness and exquisite selection of the thing itself. I did not expect to meet this type of home in the young New World.

I thought that here I should be free from visitors for a time at least. But no, alas! Last evening as I sat with my friends in their peaceful parlor, there came, amid the darkness, storm, and rain, the editor of Sartain's *Union Magazine* in Philadelphia, Professor Hart, who immediately on the announcement of my arrival in the newspapers, had traveled from Philadelphia to New York, and from New York had followed me hither, merely, as he said, to "monopolize" me for his magazine, begging me to write for it, and for no other, during my visit to America. So much for American enterprise in matters of business. For the rest, there was so much gentlemanly refinement in his manner, and a something so benevolently good and agreeable in his pale, delicate countenance, that I could not help taking a fancy to him and giving him my word that if I should write anything for publication in America I would leave it in his hands. But I doubt whether I shall write anything. Here I need to think and learn.

Monday, October 8. I must tell you that among my invitations is one to a wedding in the neighborhood. I shall gladly accept it. I like brides and weddings.

In my next letter I shall speak of my future plans and itinerary: at present they are not definitely fixed, further than that I wish to spend the winter in Boston, the American Athens, and there, as far as I can, acquire a knowledge of the intellectual movements in the New World. In the first place, it will be a good thing for me to spend about three weeks with the Downings, and to make excursions with them to some of the friends on the Hudson—"some of the best people in the country," as they say. Among these is Washington Irving, who, together with Fennimore Cooper, was the first to make us in Sweden somewhat at home in America. Miss [Catherine] Sedgwick is expected here in a few days. I shall be glad to see her and thank her for the pleasure we have received from her *Redwood* and *Hope Leslie.* If I could only have a little time to myself! My difficulty is to be able to receive all the kind people hastening to me from far and near, from different states and towns. But although I can but imperfectly respond to their good will, I am not the less grateful for it; and I shall never forget how, on the very first day of my arrival in New York, more

than half a dozen homes were opened to me, where I might have been received as a guest and member of the family; and the number of these homes increases daily. I have had invitations even from Quakers. Would that I could have accepted one fifth of these!

On the Hudson, Saturday, October 20. My happiest hours here are those which I spend alone in the forenoon, in my room, with American books which Mr. Downing lends me, and those passed in the evening with my host and hostess, sitting in the little darkened parlor with bookcases and busts around us, and the fire quietly glimmering in the large fireplace. There, by the evening lamp, Mr. Downing and his wife read to me by turns passages from their most esteemed American poets. Afterward I carry the books with me up into my chamber; in this way I have become acquainted with Bryant, Lowell, and Emerson, all of them representatives, in however dissimilar manner, of the life of the New World. Bryant sings especially of its natural life, of its woods, its prairies, its peculiar natural scenes and phenomena; and his song breathes the quiet, fresh inspiration of that life. One feels the sap circulating through the veins of the plant, and the leaves shooting forth. His *Thanatopsis,* or night song, is a largely conceived,

though a short poem, in which the whole earth is regarded as a huge burial ground. Lowell is inspired by the great social questions, by the ideal life of the New World, which he then animates in his songs about freedom, about the bliss of a free and contented noble life, and about the honor and beauty of labor. Again and again I beg Mr. Downing to read me that beautiful little poem, *The Poor Man's Son,* which charms me by its melody, by its impartial spirit—which is moral melody—and by that cheerful truth which it utters in the prospects for the poor man's son on the soil of the New World. Would that I could translate for you that beautiful poem, and that Mr. Downing could read it to you with his musical voice. His little wife, Caroline, prefers reading a poem called *The Vision of Sir Launfal.* Lowell's ideas are purely moral, and a deep vein of religious feeling runs through them. One of his most beautiful songs, in which burns a strong and noble patriotism, is directed against a political measure in Congress favorable to the maintenance of slavery in the United States. By this and many anti-slavery songs this young poet has taken his place among the leaders of that great party in the country which calls itself Abolitionist, and which insists upon the abolition of slavery. Lowell's verse reveals a true poetic nature. He *must* express himself in verse;

he does not make it, he sings it, and in his song we find that overflowing sentiment which makes the heart swell and thought spread its wings.

Waldo Emerson, a philosopher rather than a poet, yet poetic in his prose philosophical essays, strikes me as a new and peculiar character, the most unusual of the three. He appears to me like an American Thorild,* who by his own powerful nature would transform the world, seeking law and inspiration within his own breast alone. Strong and pure, calm and self-collected, but fantastical withal, he sends out from his transcendental viewpoint aphorisms on nature and history, on God (whom he does not regard as a personal God, but as a superior soul in harmony with laws), and on men, criticising them and their works from the ideal of the highest truth and highest beauty. "The world," says Emerson, "has not seen a *man,*" and he looks forward with longing to that man, the man of the new world, in whose advent he believes. What this new individual shall really be, and what he is to do, is somewhat indefinite; but he must be true and beautiful in the highest sense of the term; and further, I suspect, he must be very handsome and tall of stature, if he is to find favor with Emerson, who is himself, they say, a man of singular

*Thomas Thorild (1759-1808), Swedish poet, critic and philosophical writer.—Editor's Note.

beauty, and who regards any personal defect as a kind of sin. The new man follows only the laws within his own bosom; but there he finds the unfalsified sources of truth and beauty. The new man believes in himself alone; he demands everything from himself, and does all for himself, reposes in and upon himself. The new type is a Stoic, but not stern as such; he is gentle, beautiful. Wherever he comes, life blooms; in a circle of friends it becomes a holiday; nectar and ambrosia pour forth at his approach; but he himself needs no friend. He needs none, not even God; he himself becomes God-like, inasmuch as he does not need him. He conquers heaven by saying to it, "I desire thee not!" He descends into nature as a restorer, governs and places it under the spell of his influence, and it is—his friend. In it he finds what suffices him; the divinities of the woods whisper to him their peace and self-sufficiency; "there is not a hillock without a star above it," there is no sorrow which the healing life of nature cannot remove. He says farewell to the proud world; he tramples upon the greatness of Rome and Greece in this rural little home, where he can see God in the "burning bush." Emerson's language is strong and compressed, simple, effective, and plastic. His turns of thought are original; old ideas are reproduced in so new and brilliant a manner that one

fancies them heard for the first time. The divining-rod of genius is in his hand. He is a master in his domain. It seems to me that his real strength is criticism, a certain grand contempt and scorn for the weak, paltry, and mediocre wherever he sees it, and he sees it in much and many things. He chastises it without mercy; but, at the same time, with wonderful address. Emerson's performances in this way are really quite regal. They remind me of our King Gustavus Adolphus, when he took the criminal soldier by the hair and delivered him up to punishment, with the friendly words, "Come, my lad, it is better that thy body now suffer chastisement than that thy soul go to hell." Yet there is more in Emerson even than the intention of chastisement. The writings of this scorner of imperfection, of the mean and small, this bold exacter of perfection in man, have for me a fascination which amounts almost to magic! I often object to him; I quarrel with him; I see that his stoicism is one-sidedness, his pantheism an imperfection, and I know what is greater and more perfect, but I am under the influence of his magical power. I believe myself to have become greater through his greatness, stronger through his strength, and I breathe the air of a higher sphere in his world, which is indescribably refreshing to me. Emerson has more ideality than is common among thinkers of the

English race, and one might say that in him the idealism of Germany is wedded to the realism of Britain.

I have never as yet gone a step to see a literary lion; but I would go a considerable way to see Emerson, this pioneer in the moral forests of the New World, who applies his axe to the roots of the old trees to hew them down and to open the path for new planting. And see him I will—him who, in a society as strictly evangelical as that of Massachusetts and Boston (Emerson was the minister of a Unitarian congregation in Boston) had the courage openly to resign his ministration, his church, and the Christian faith, when he had come to doubt some of its principal doctrines; who was noble enough, nevertheless, to retain universal esteem and old friends; and strong enough, while avoiding all controversy and bitterness of speech, to withdraw into silence, to labor alone for that truth which he fully acknowledged, for those teachings which heathen and Christian alike recognize. Emerson has a right to talk about strength and truth, because he lives for these virtues. And it will benefit the world, which is slumbering in the Church from lack of vital Christianity, to be roused up by such fresh winds from the Himalaya of paganism.

Now I must tell you something of my late doings

in society. Miss Sedgwick, the author of *Redwood,* came here, together with her young niece, a few days after my arrival. She is between fifty and sixty, and her countenance indicates much sensible kindness and good will, but no real genius. Her figure is beautifully feminine, and her whole demeanor womanly, sincere, and frank, without a shadow of affectation. I felt my soul a little slumbrous while with her for the first few days; but this feeling was, as it were, blown quite away by a touching and beautiful expression of cordiality on her side, which revealed us to each other; and since then I have felt that I could live with her as with a heavenly soul in which one has entire trust. I derived pleasure, also, from her highly sensible conversation and from her truly womanly human sympathies. She has a true and gentle spirit; and I feel that I can really depend upon her. Of late years she has written much for what I will call the people of lower degree in society; because here, where almost every person works for his living, one cannot properly speak of a working class, but quite correctly of people of small means and somewhat limited environment and circumstances—a class which has not yet worked itself up. Franklin, himself a workman, and one who had worked himself up, wrote for this class. Miss Sedgwick writes for the same, and her little novels and stories are

said to be much liked and to do a great deal of good. People praise in particular a story called *Home,* which I shall endeavor to read. Miss Sedgwick was at this time occupied in preparing a new edition of her collected works. She consulted me about some proposed alterations in her previous works, and I told her that, for my own part, I should never alter anything which I had written long since, even where I saw its faults and could easily correct them; because, when an author lives and writes through a long course of years, his or her works constitute a history of that author's development which ought to remain unaltered as a bit of history in itself, alike instructive to him and to others. An author's works are portions of an autobiography which he must write whether he will or not.

Longfellow, the author of *Evangeline,* is perhaps the best read and most popular poet in America; but this is owing to qualities which are common alike to the older poets of all countries, rather than to any peculiar characteristics of the New World. Those sentiments, whether happy or sorrowful, which exist in the breast of every superior human being are peculiarly his domain, and here he exercises his sway, particularly in the delineation of the more delicate changes of feeling. In *Evangeline,* however, he has dealt with an

American subject and described American scenery.

Mr. Downing has mentioned to me Horace Mann, as one of the persons who have most effectually labored for the future, as an individual who has brought about by his enthusiasm and determination a great reform in the field of instruction, who has labored for the erection of beautiful new schools in all parts of the country, and has infused a new life into the organization of schools. It appears that the reformers and lecturers who develop the spiritual and intellectual life in America and arouse its ideal, come from the Northern States, from New England, and in particular from Massachusetts, the oldest home of the Pilgrims and the Puritans.

Mr. Downing has drawn up for me a proposed route of travel—the plan of a journey for one year through the United States, and has furnished me with letters to his friends in the different states. I still had a deal to say to you about my happiness in being here, my happiness in the new vitality which seems given to me, although I feel that the outer life is a little wearisome sometimes; and I expect to have to pay for it one of these days. But ah! how few there are who have to complain of having too many objects of interest, of experiencing too much good will!

Not far from Mr. Downing's villa, on the other side of the Hudson river, a brick-maker has built himself a lovely home. This honorable man—for so he seems to be, and so he really is—has been here two or three times to present me with flowers and invite me to his villa. My attention has been called, also, to a pretty little house, a frame structure with green veranda and garden, right in this neighborhood. "It belongs," said Mr. Downing, "to a man who in the daytime drives cartloads of stone and rubbish for making the roads." In this the workingman of the New World has more advantages than he of the Old. He can here, by the hard labor of his hands, obtain the more refined pleasures of life, a fine home and the fruits of education for his family, much more quickly. And he *may* obtain these if he will.

At this moment an explosion thunders from the other side of the Hudson, and I see huge blocks of stone hurled into the air and fall into the water, which foams and boils in consequence: it is a rock which is being blasted to make room for a railway now in the course of construction along the banks of the river, where the power of steam on land will compete with the power of steam on water. To hurl mountains out of the way, to bore through them and build tunnels, to move hills into the water as a foundation for roads in places where

this is necessary—all this the Americans regard as nothing at all. They have indeed the faith to move mountains.

Now come the steamboats thundering like tempests among the hills. Two or three chase each other like brilliant meteors; two others plow along, working heavily, laboring and puffing, and pulling a whole fleet of larger and smaller craft. The little town of Newburgh alone maintains, by its trade from the country back of it, two or three steamboats. When one sees the number and magnificence of the Hudson steamers, one can scarcely believe the fact, which is true nevertheless, that it is not more than thirty years ago since Fulton made here his first experiment with steam power on the river, and that amid general distrust of the undertaking.

Brooklyn, November 5, 1849. Again in New York, or in that portion of the great city which is called Brooklyn, and which is separated from New York by the so-called East River, and wants to be a city by itself, having full rights to be so because of a character of its own. Brooklyn is as quiet as New York is bewildering and noisy; Brooklyn is built upon the heights of Long Island, has glorious views over the wide harbor, and quiet, broad streets, planted on both sides with alanthus trees,

a Chinese variety of the acacia family, I think, which has leaves resembling those of our ash, only much broader and bearing long pods. There are also other kinds of trees, with taller trunks, which give shade and a rural, peaceful character to the thoroughfares. It is said that the merchants of New York go over to Brooklyn, where they have their houses and homes, to sleep.

The effect of my American journey is altogether different from what I had expected. I came hither to breathe a new and fresher atmosphere of life; to observe the popular life, institutions, and circumstances of a new country; to become clearer in my own mind on questions connected with the development of nations and people; and, in particular, to study the women and the homes of the New World, and from the threshold of the home to obtain a view of the future of humanity, because, as the river is born from the springs of heaven, so is the life and fate of a people born from the private life of the home. I came, in a word, to occupy myself with people's affairs; and it is private affairs, it is the individual which attracts my interest, my feelings, my thoughts. I came with the secret intention of breaking loose from fiction and its subjects, and of living with thinkers for other purposes; but I am compelled toward it more forcibly than ever, compelled involuntarily both

by thought and feeling, compelled to bring into life forms, scenes, and circumstances, which, as dim shadows, have for twenty years existed in the background of my soul. And in this so-called realist land, which has more poetic life in it than people have any idea of in Europe, I have already *in petto* experienced and written more of the romance of life than I have done for many years, and I shall continue to do so during my residence here.

Now for a little of the exterior of my life. I last left you when I was about to pay a visit with Mr. Downing to Mr. Hamilton and his family on the Hudson. As we were coming down to the bridge at Newburgh, two men were there, the one fat and the other lean, who were talking loudly and with so much warmth that they seemed to be angry with each other. "Every one who goes with this steamboat is robbed!" exclaimed one; "it is full of rogues and pickpockets!" "Let every one who is careful of his life," cried the other, "take care not to go in the boat he recommends: it has a cracked boiler, and will blow up before long!" "That is not true, but the greatest lie!" returned the first, and they cast terrible glances at each other from under their contracted eyebrows, while they continued to commend their own boats and abuse each other's.

"What is the meaning of this?" said I to Mr. Downing, who smiled quietly and replied, "Here is a case of competition. Two vessels are emulous for passengers, and these fellows are hired by the two parties to puff their boats. They act this part every day, and it means nothing at all."

When we left the steamboat, we took our places on the Hudson Railway, the same which is in progress opposite Newburgh, and along we flew with arrow-like speed to Mr. Hamilton's villa, which lies upon a height by the river side. Mr. Hamilton took me out with him to visit various small farmers of the district, so that I might see something of their circumstances. At two of the houses we arrived just at dinner-time, and I saw the tables abundantly supplied with meat and cakes of Indian meal, vegetables and fruit, as well as with the most beautiful white bread.

There was a whole crowd of strangers to dinner at Mr. Hamilton's, among whom was Washington Irving, a man of about sixty, with large, beautiful eyes, a large, well-formed nose, a face still handsome, in which youthful little dimples and smiles bear witness to a youthfully fresh and humorous disposition and soul. He is also said to have an unusually happy temperament and a most excellent heart. He has surrounded himself with a number of nieces (he says he cannot conceive of

what use boys are in this world) whom he makes happy, and who make him so by their affection. They say he has the peculiar faculty of liking everything which he possesses, and everything that seeks his protection. He is an optimist, but not a conceited one.

He was my neighbor at table, and I did not blame him for becoming sleepy; nor did I feel responsible this time when people told me that he was accustomed to be sleepy at big dinners, at which I certainly am not surprised. But the dinner to-day was not one of those long and tedious ones; besides, he visibly endeavored to make the conversation interesting and agreeable; and I, too, did my best, as you may easily suppose, but we did not succeed very well.

In the afternoon I begged him to allow me to take a profile likeness of him; and, in order that he might not go to sleep during the operation, I asked Angelica Hamilton to sit opposite him and talk to him. The plan succeeded excellently. The handsome old gentleman now became wide awake, loquacious and lively, and there was such vivacity in his smile, and so much fun in all the merry dimples of his countenance, that it is my own fault if I have not made one of the best and most characteristic portraits that have ever been taken of this universally beloved author. I am glad to have

it to show to his friends and admirers in Sweden. Washington Irving invited me and my friends to his house for the following day, and in the forenoon I paid him a visit. His house or villa, which stands on the banks of the Hudson, resembles a peaceful idyll; thick masses of ivy clothe one portion of the white walls and garland the eaves. Fat cows graze in a meadow right before the window. Within, the room seemed full of summer warmth and peace, and gave the appearance of something living. One felt that a cordial spirit, full of the best sentiments of the soul, lived and worked there. Washington Irving, although possessed of the politeness of a man of the world, and with abundant natural good temper, has nevertheless some of that natural shyness which so easily attaches itself to the author of the better and more refined type. The poetical mind, through its intercourse with the divine spheres, is often brought into disharmony with clumsy earthly realities. To these belong especially the visits of strangers and the forms of social intercourse, such as we employ in good society on earth, and which are shells that must be cracked if one would get at the juice of either kernel or fruit. But that is a difficulty for which one often has no time. A portrait which hangs in Washington Irving's drawing-room, and which was painted many years ago, represents him

as a remarkably handsome man with dark eyes and hair—a head which might have belonged to a Spaniard. He must have been exceptionally handsome as a young man. He was engaged to a young lady of rare beauty and excellence; it would have been difficult to meet with a handsomer pair. But she died, and Washington Irving never again sought another bride. He has been wise enough to content himself with the memory of a perfect love and to live for literature, friendship, and nature. He is a sage without wrinkles or gray hair. Irving was at this time occupied with his *Life of Mahomet,* which will shortly be sent to press.

Among other good things that awaited me in New York was an offer from a much-esteemed publisher, Mr. George P. Putnam, the one who is bringing out the works of Miss Sedgwick, to publish a new and handsome edition of my writings, which have hitherto been printed and circulated here at a low price, and to allow me the same pecuniary advantage as a native author. Mr. Downing was pleased with the proposal, because he knows Mr. Putnam to be a thoroughly honorable and trustworthy man.

It was not without pain that I parted from the Downings, with whom I had spent so richly intellectual and delightful a time—I will call it my honeymoon in the New World—and to whom I

am really cordially attached. At parting, Mr. Downing admonished me with his beautiful smile that I should on all occasions make use of a little inborn tact (N. B. a something that I was born without) so as to know what I ought to do and to permit. I think, in the meanwhile, that I made good use of his advice by immediately afterward declining the proposal of a young man to climb a lofty church tower with him. Nothing impresses me so much as the youthfulness of this people, I might almost say childish fervor and love of adventure. They hesitate at nothing and regard nothing as impossible. But I know myself to be too old to climb up church towers with young gentlemen.

When the Downings left me, I was intrusted to the kind care of Mr. Putnam, who was to conduct me to his villa on Staten Island. It was with difficulty that we drove through the throng of vehicles which filled the streets leading to the harbor, in order to reach the steamboat on time. I cannot help admiring the skill with which the drivers here manage to get out of the way, twisting about, shooting between, and disentangling themselves without misadventure from real Gordian knots of carts and carriages. It is remarkable, but not pleasant. I sat all the time expecting to see the head of a horse coming through the carriage window, or

THE SPRING FAMILY: MARCUS, REBECCA, AND CHILDREN
(From a sketch by Fredrika Bremer in possession of Lillie Buffum Chace Wyman, of Newtonville, Massachusetts)

having the carriage smashed to pieces. However, all went well. We reached the steamboat in time, and had a beautiful sail upon the calm waters of the extensive bay, where large and small steamers incessantly pass and wind their way among the sailing craft. What life!—

Now a word about my new friends, Marcus and Rebecca Spring of Rose Cottage in quiet Brooklyn. They are very unusual people; they have something about them remarkably simple and humane, serene and beautiful, which seems to me of angelic purity. They have been, and are, indescribably kind to me. Marcus is what is called a self-made man. But I rather suspect that our Lord himself was of his kind, both in heart and head. His countenance reminds me of Sterne's expression about a face—"it resembles a blessing." His wife, Rebecca, comes of the race of Quakers, and has something about her of that quiet, inward light, and that reflectiveness which, it is said, belongs to this sect. Besides, she has much talent and wit, and it is especially agreeable to hear her converse. Her exterior is pleasing without being beautiful; her mouth remarkably fresh and cheerful, and her figure classically graceful. Both husband and wife are true patriots and warm friends of humanity, loving the ideal in life, and living for it. They are people of affluence, and are able to do much

good. They are interested in socialism, but more as amateurs than as militant actors, though Marcus has associated several of his clerks with him in his business. But he belongs to the class who do not like to talk much about what they do. The family consists of three children.*

There is much more poetry here, much more of the romance of life, than we have imagined. Life here is a new youth. Even the climate is youthful, but not always most agreeably so: it is very fickle. The first days I spent in Brooklyn were so bitterly cold that I was frozen, both body and soul. Now for three days it has been so warm that I have lain at night with my windows open, have seen the stars shining through the Venetian shutters, and been saluted in the crimson dawn by the mildest zephyrs of that air and that odor which has in it something magical.

November 7. I have not been able to write for several days. My life is a daily warfare against kindness, politeness, and curiosity, during which I am often weary and worn out. Often, also, I feel the wafting influence of an extraordinary youthfulness and enjoyment gush through my soul. I felt this one day during a conversation with the

* The Springs were among Fredrika Bremer's most intimate American friends. The complete original contains numerous references to Marcus and Rebecca Spring.—Editor's note.

noble, enthusiastic W. H. Channing, a character as ardent as it is pure, with a beaming eye, and a countenance as pure and regular as I could imagine that of a seraph to be. His figure, noble and elegant, is well suited for that of a public speaker. He is rather a critical admirer than an enthusiast as regards his own country. He loves enthusiastically merely the ideal and the perfect, and knows that the reality falls short of this. Speaking of the people of the United States, he said, "We are very young, very young."

Rose Cottage, November 12, 1849. I must now tell you something about Mr. W. H. Channing, because he is in a remarkable manner connected with the life of the country. He was some years ago the minister of a Unitarian congregation in Cincinnati, but the confines of Unitarianism became too small for him; he could not put heart and soul into it, and "he therefore resigned an office which he could no longer hold with an easy conscience," although his congregation, which was very much attached to him, did all they could to induce him to remain, and although he knew not how henceforth he was to maintain himself, his wife, and his two children. But he probably thought like the old patriarch, strong in faith, when he obeyed the summons of the Supreme, "The

Lord will provide the offering!" And the Lord did so through his disciples. Some of Channing's friends took the subject under consideration and wrote a letter to him, the contents of which were: "Come to us; become our friend and spiritual shepherd, but in perfect freedom; follow your own inspiration: preach, talk to us how and when it appears best to you. We undertake to provide for your pecuniary wants. Live free from anxiety, and happy, how and where you will; teach us how we should live and work; our homes and our hearts are open to you."

Channing's answer to this letter proved the nobility and the earnestness of his heart. He came. And since that time he has lived conformably with the invitation which enabled him to visit now prisons, now religious or social festivities and organizations, or to appear as lecturer on social questions in New York, Boston, and other towns, following the dictates of his inspiration, and by his genial and beautifully gifted nature arousing souls and warming hearts. He produced "revivals" of a higher life, scattering the seed of eternity and fanning the feeble flames of true life wherever he went.

New York, Ninth Street, Thursday, November 15. On Wednesday I was conducted to a ladies'

academy, called Rutgers Institute from the name of the founder, and here I saw four hundred and sixty young girls, and some excellent arrangements for their instruction and cultivation. I also heard and read several compositions by the young girls, both in prose and verse; and I could not but admire the perspicuity of thought, the perfection of the language, and, above all, the living and beautiful feeling for life which these productions displayed. Genius, properly so called, I did not find in them; and I question the wisdom of that publicity which is given to such youthful efforts. I fear that it may awaken ambition and an inclination to overrate literary activity, which befools many young minds, while so few are possessed of the divine gift of genius which alone makes literature, as well as authors, good for anything. These young girls have hardly lived, thought, or known enough to write of their own experience, their own faith and conviction. They write, as people sing, by ear. It is good, nay excellent, that they should learn early to disentangle their thoughts, to express themselves well and clearly, and for this purpose these trials of authorship are commendable. But the publicity, the printing, the trumpeting abroad, and the rewarding of them—can that also be good for the young, for any one, or for anything? True genius will in its own way and its

own time make for itself a path to praise and renown.

This evening Miss Lynch was going to have a large party, where I was to be introduced to people, and people were to be introduced to me, and I drove therefore to the house to act the parrot in a large crowd till toward midnight. These introductions are very wearisome; a hundred times I must reply to the same questions, and these for the most part of an unmeaning, trivial character, just as people would put to a parrot, whose answers are known beforehand; for example: Had you a good passage from England? How do you like New York? How do you like America? How long have you been here? How long do you expect to remain? Where are you going from here? and such like.

Such fêtes as these are one's ruin! And, in the meantime, I am taken up with visits, letters, notes, invitations, and autographs, so that I have no time for myself. This morning I had a charming visit from a little lady doctor, that is to say, a lady who practices the healing art, a Miss Hunt, "female physician," as she calls herself, from Boston, who invited me to her home, insisted that I *must* come, would not let me escape until I had promised, and was all the time so full of animation and so irresistibly merry that we, she and I and the whole

company, burst into one peal of laughter after another. There was besides so much that was excellent and really sensible in what she said, and I felt that there was so much heart in the zealous little creature, that I could not help liking her, and gave her the promise she wished for. With her was another lady, as quiet as she was active, a female professor of phrenology, who wished to get hold of my head. But my poor head has now enough to do to hold itself up in the whirl of society life.

Thursday, November 22. Is there anything in this world more wearisome, more dismal, more intolerable, more reckless, more sumptuous, more unbearable, anything more calculated to kill both soul and body, than a big dinner in New York? For my part, I do not believe there is. People sit down to table at half past five or six o'clock; they are still sitting there at nine o'clock, and being served with one course after another, with one rich dish after another, eating and remaining silent. I have never experienced such a silence as at these great dinners. In order not to go asleep, I am obliged to eat, to eat without being hungry, and dishes, too, which do not agree with me. And all the while I feel such an emotion of impatience and wrath at this mode of wasting time and God's

gifts, and that in so stupidly wearisome a manner, that I am just ready to fling dish and plate on the floor, and repay hospitality by a sermon of rebuke, if I only had courage enough. But I am silent and suffer, and grumble and scold in silence. This is not very polite, but I cannot help it! I was yesterday at one of these big dinners—a horrible feast! Two elderly gentlemen, lawyers, sat opposite me, sat and dozed while they opened their mouths and put in the delicacies which were offered to them. At our peasant weddings, where people also sit three hours at the table, there are, nevertheless, talks and toasts, gifts for the bride and bridegroom, and fiddlers to play at every dish; but here one has nothing but food. And the dinners in Denmark! I cannot but think of them, with their few but exquisite dishes, and animated, cheerful guests, who merely were sometimes too loud in their zeal for talking and making themselves heard; and the wit, the jokes, the stories, the toasts, the conversations, that merry, free, lively *laissez-aller,* which distinguishes Danish social life; in truth, it was champagne—champagne for soul and body at those entertainments. But these here are destined for hell, as Heiberg says in *A Soul After Death,* and they are termed *the tiresome.* They should be introduced into the Litany. On another occasion, however, Fortune was kind to

me and placed by my side an interesting clergyman, Dr. F. L. Hawks, who during dinner explained to me, with his beautiful voice and in his lucid, excellent manner, his ideas regarding the remains in Central America, and his hypothesis of the union of the two continents of America and Asia in a very remote age. It was interesting to hear him, and it would be interesting for me to see and hear more of this man, whose character and manner attract me.

When at night I went home with Anne Lynch, the air was delightful, and the walk through this night air and in the quiet streets—the highways here are broad and as smooth as a house floor—very agreeable. The starry heavens, God's city, formed a canopy with streets and groups of glittering dwellings in quiet grandeur and silence above us. And here in that quiet, starlight night, Anne Lynch unfolded her soul to me, and I saw an earnest and profound depth, bright with stars, such as I scarcely expected in this gay being, who, butterfly-like, flutters through the life of society as in her proper element. I had always thought her uncommonly pleasant, and admired the ability with which, without affluence, by her own talents and personal attainments, she had made for herself and for her estimable mother an independence, and by which she had become the center of the lit-

erary and the most cultivated society in New York, which assembled once a week in her drawing-room. I had admired also her inoffensive wit, her child-like gayety and good humor, and especially liked a certain expression in her eye, as though it were seeking for something, "something a long, long way off," even in her apparently dissipated, worldly life; in a word, I liked her, took a deep interest in her—now I loved her. She is one of the birds of Paradise which skim over the world without soiling their wings with its dust. Anne Lynch, with her individuality and her position in society, is one of the peculiar figures of the New World.

A lecture was delivered last Sunday evening, in the same hall where I had heard Channing, on Christian Socialism, by Mr. Henry James, a wealthy and, it is said, a good man. His doctrine was one which recognizes no right except that of involuntary attraction, no law of duty but the artist's worship of beauty, no greatness except that of power, no God but that of the pantheist, everywhere and yet nowhere—a doctrine which has its preachers even in Sweden. After the conclusion of the discourse, given extempore, with enthusiasm and flashing vivacity, Channing arose and said that if the doctrine which we had just heard were Christian Socialism, then he did not agree with it;

that the subject ought to be thoroughly investigated; that he considered the views of the speaker to be erroneous; and that on the following Sunday he would take up the question in that same place, and show them in what the errors of these views consisted.

Westborough, December 2, 1849. New York apears to me outwardly a dreary, noisy city, without beauty and interest. There are pretty and quiet parts, with beautiful streets and dwellings; but there the life in the streets is dead. On Broadway again, there is an endless tumult and stir, crowd and bustle, and in the city proper people throng as if for dear life, and the most detestable fumes poison the air. New York is the last city in the world in which I would live. But then it is to be regarded merely as a vast hotel, a caravanserai both for America and Europe. Besides, it is true that there I always felt in such a state of combat and so fatigued, that I had no time to look around for anything beautiful. But, thank Heaven! I know Brooklyn, and there I can both live and sleep.

And now let us proceed on our way through the valleys of Connecticut to the small homes of New England, the home-land of the earliest Pilgrims.

In the afternoon we reached Hartford. We

were invited for the evening to Mrs. Sigourney, the author of *Pleasant Memories from Pleasant Lands,* and here I shook hands with the whole town, I believe, from the bishop, a handsome prelate, to the school-girl, and played my usual part in society. Mrs. Sigourney—a very kind little sentimentalist, but a very agreeable lady, dressed in green, about fifty years old, with a good motherly demeanor—would perforce keep me all night, and I could not return to my excellent chamber at the hotel, which I would so gladly have done, where I might have rested and been silent. In the morning, however, I forgot the little annoyance in breakfast and conversation with my kind hostess and her pleasant only daughter. The sun shone into the room, and the whole had the character of a good home made warm by love. In such homes I always do well, and I should like to have stayed longer with Mrs. Sigourney had it been possible. At parting she presented me with a handsome volume of her collected poetical works, and therein I read a poem called *Our Country,* for which I had to kiss her hand, so beautiful, so noble, and so truly feminine was the spirit it breathed.

After those pleasant morning hours, I was obliged again to see people, and was therefore taken out by my hostess in a carriage to see the

town, which appears to me to be well built and situated. The public buildings are the largest and the most ornamented of any in the town. But everything, both within and without, testifies of affluence and prosperity. About noon I took leave of my friends at Hartford and promised to come back.

It was rather late when we reached Worcester, where we had an invitation from the mayor, who in the evening kept open house in our honor. As soon, therefore, as we had arrived, we were obliged to dress and attend a grand party. As there was a great gathering in the town of the school-teachers of the district, of both sexes, the house was so crowded that we could scarcely move in the rooms, and my host himself did not know the names of many persons whom he presented to me. But it was all the same to me, because it is very seldom that those foreign names are fixed in my memory; and kind people are all alike welcome to a friendly handshake with me. We were received, also, with beautiful and cordial songs of welcome and with gifts of flowers from handsome girls and young men. Among the guests in the company was the celebrated blacksmith and linguist, Elihu Burritt, a very tall and strong-limbed man, with an unusually lofty forehead, large, beautiful eyes, and predominatingly handsome and

strong features—a man who would excite attention in any company whatever, not only for his figure but for the expression of singular mildness and human love which marks his countenance. He had lately arrived here from the Peace Congress, I believe in Paris, and talked about peace principles, of which much is said and taught in these the oldest lands of the Pilgrim Fathers.

Boston, December 2. Here I am in the midst of a severe cold, but in a warm and handsome room in Revere House, with a glowing fire to bear me company. In the forenoon I went to church, and heard a singular kind of sermon from Theodore Parker, a man of powerful character and richly gifted as a speaker, who with a strong and fearless spirit applies the morality of Christianity to the political and social questions of the day and country. He has a Socratic head and large, well-formed hands. His whole being, expression, and gestures, struck me as entirely original—the expression of a determined and powerful nature.

Tuesday, December 4. I have just returned from a little journey to Concord, the oldest town in Massachusetts and the residence of Ralph Waldo Emerson. We went there and arrived in the midst of a regular snowstorm. But the rail-

way carriages are well warmed, and one sits there in ease and comfort, excepting that one gets well shaken, for the railroads here are much more uneven than those I have traveled on in Europe.

Emerson, walking down the little avenue of spruce firs which leads from his house, came bareheaded in the storm to meet us. He is a quiet, nobly grave figure, his complexion pale, with strongly marked features and dark hair. He seemed to me a younger man, but not so handsome as I had imagined him; his exterior less fascinating, but more significant. He occupied himself with us, however, and in particular with me as a lady and a foreigner, kindly and agreeably. He is a very singular character, but too cold and hypercritical to please me entirely; a strong, clear eye, always looking out for an ideal, which he never finds realized on earth; discovering wants, shortcomings, imperfections; and too strong and healthy himself to understand other people's weaknesses and sufferings, for he even despises suffering as a weakness unworthy of higher natures. This singularity of character leads one to suppose that he has never been ill: sorrows, however, he has had, and has felt them deeply, as some of his most beautiful poems prove; nevertheless he has only allowed himself to be bowed for a short time by these griefs—the deaths of two brothers and of a

beautiful little boy, his eldest son. He also lost his first wife after having been married scarcely a year.

Emerson is now married for the second time and has three children. Mrs. Emerson has beautiful eyes, full of feeling, but she appears delicate, and is in character very different from her husband. He interested me without warming me. That critical, cold, and crystalline nature may be very estimable, quite healthy, and is in its way beneficial for those who possess it, and also for others who allow themselves to be measured and criticised by it; but, as for me, David's heart with David's songs!

I shall return to this home in consequence of a very kind invitation to do so from Emerson and his wife, and in order that I may see more of this sphinx-like individual. From the worshipper of nature, Emerson (who does not belong to any church, and who will not permit his children to be baptized, because he considers the nature of a child purer than that of the ordinary sinful adult) we went away to spend the night at the house of a stern old Puritan, where we had long prayers, kneeling with our faces to the wall.

I must tell you that, at a socialist meeting one evening, I saw a great number of respectable-looking people and heard theories of the future, as

to how human beings, instead of going to heaven as now by the thorny path, will wander thither on roses, and more of the same kind. I heard also various beautiful plans for accomplishing this, but they were all conspicuous by their want of basis in possibility and in human nature, such as it really is. In general, it seems to me, that the socialists fail by neglecting the consideration of the dualism in human character. They do not see the evil, and believe that everything can become right in this world by outward institutions. During their discussions I have a feeling of wandering among the clouds, or of being lost in a great wood. The humanistic side of their theories, however, their endeavors for the best interests of humanity, cannot be doubted.

P. S. I must tell you that I am not sure that I have judged rightly of Emerson. I confess that I was a little offended by the deprecating manner in which he expressed himself about things and persons whom I admired. I am not certain whether a positiveness so little akin to my own nature did not tempt me to act the fox and the grapes. It is certain that Emerson's manner and behavior made upon me an impression unlike that which other haughty natures produce, and which it is easy for me to condemn as such or to despise as such. Not so with Emerson; he can probably

not be dismissed so easily. He may be unjust or unreasonable, but certainly not from selfish motives: there is a higher nature in this man, and I must see more of him and understand him better. For the rest, may this acquaintance end as it will; I shall remain calm. "If we are kindred, we shall meet!" and if not—the time has long since passed when I desired much to please people (in such matters).

Harvard College, Cambridge, December 15. I wrote to you lately from Boston. I stayed there several days with my friends, the Springs, amid an incessant shower both of visits and engagements, which sometimes amused me and sometimes drove me half to desperation and left me scarcely time to breathe. A few of these days and hours I shall always remember with pleasure. Among them is a morning when I saw around me the noblest men of Massachusetts: Alcott, the Platonic idealist, with a remarkably handsome silver-haired head; the brothers Clarke; the philanthropist, Mr. Barnard; the poet, Longfellow; the young true American poet, Lowell (a perfect Apollo in appearance) and many others. Emerson came also, with a sunbeam in his strong countenance; and people more beautiful in form (almost all of them tall and well-proportioned) it would not be easy to

find. Another forenoon I saw the distinguished lawyer, Wendell Phillips; Charles Sumner, a young giant in person; and Garrison, one of the principal champions of the Abolitionist cause, who, in consequence, at a time of excitement was dragged by a mob through the streets of Boston, I believe with a halter round his neck as a malefactor. One sees in his beautiful countenance and clear, eagle eye that resolute spirit which makes the martyr. Speaking with him I told him candidly that I thought the extravagance in the proceedings of the Abolitionists, their want of moderation, and the violent tone of their attacks could not benefit but rather must damage their cause. He replied with good temper, "We must demand the *whole* loaf, if we would hope to get one-half of it!"

I was two evenings at the theatre, and saw Miss Charlotte Cushman, the principal actress in the United States, in two characters with which she produced a great effect both here and in England, Meg Merrilies and Lady Macbeth. Miss Cushman, immediately upon my arrival in New York, had very kindly written to me, offering all assistance in her power. Here in Boston she placed a box in the theatre at my service, which was very pleasant to me, as I could thus invite my friends to accompany me. Miss Cushman is a powerful

actress; she possesses great energy, but is deficient in feminine grace and needs more color in her acting, especially of the softer tone. This has reference principally to her Meg Merrilies, which is a fearful creation. Miss Cushman has represented in her merely the witch, merely the horrible in nature. But even the most horrible nature has moments and traits of beauty; it has sun, repose, dew, and the song of birds. Her Meg Merrilies is a wild rock in the sea, around which tempests are incessantly roaring, and which unceasingly contends with clouds and waves. She was also too hard and masculine for Lady Macbeth. It was mostly in the night scene that her acting struck me as beautiful, and that deploring cry so full of anguish which she utters when she cannot wash the blood from her hands, that I feel I shall *never* forget. It thrilled my whole being, and I can still hear it; I can hear it in gloomy moments and scenes.

I like Miss Cushman personally very much. One sees obviously in her an honest, earnest, and powerful soul, who regards life and her vocation with a noble seriousness. She has, through great difficulties, made her own way to the position which, by universal recognition and esteem, she now occupies. She belongs to an old Puritanic family, and after her father's misfortune she

supported by her talent, for some years, her mother and her younger sister. She looks almost better in private than on the stage; the frank, blue eye, the strong, intelligent forehead, and the honest, sensible expression of her whole demeanor and conversation make her company very desirable.

Sunday I heard Theodore Parker preach. He made a full and free confession of his faith, and I rejoiced to see his honesty and courage, although I could not rejoice at the confession of faith in itself, which was a very imperfect recognition of the Christian revelation, and which acknowledged in Christ merely a human and moral teacher, although, as such, the model and ideal of humanity. Parker belongs to the Unitarian body, and to that section of it which denies miracles and everything that requires supernatural agency in the sacred history. What really displeased me was that Parker asserted he regarded Christ as standing in no other relation to God than did all mankind, and that he merely was mentioned in history as "a modest young man from Galilee." How can a lover of truth read the sacred history and expressions such as these, "He who has seen me has seen the Father;" "The Father is in me and I in Him," and many others of a similar kind, and yet make such an assertion?

In the evening I had a visit from Mr. Parker. I am so great a lover of courage in all forms, and of every unreserved expression of opinion and belief, that I extended my hand to him, thanking him cordially for his candor. But, nevertheless, I told him frankly my objections to his Christology, and we had a good deal of quiet controversy. I found Parker extremely agreeable to converse with, willing to listen, gentle, earnest, and cordial. I stated to him also my objections to the Unitarian point of view in general, because from it many of the greatest and most important questions about God, humanity, and life must be left unsolved, and never could be solved. Parker heard me with much kindness and seriousness, and conceded various things; conceded among others the reasonableness of miracles, when regarded as produced by a power in nature, but not out of it—nature conceived on a larger scale.

Parker has a pure and strongly moral mind; he is, like Emerson, captivated by the moral ideal. This he places before his hearers in words full of a strong vitality, and produces by them a higher love for truth and justice in the human breast. Parker, however, as a theologist, is not strong; nor can he talk well upon the most sublime and holy doctrines of revelation, because he does not understand them. In his outbursts against the

petrified orthodoxy and the petrified church he is often happy and true. But I think that people may say of him as somebody said about a greater man, Luther, *"Il a bien critiqué mais pauvrement doctriné."* Parker, however, is serious in his investigation and speaks out his thoughts honestly, and that is always a great merit. More we can hardly desire of a man. Beyond this he is said to be good, to do much good, and I believe that from his kind and beautiful eyes. In short, I like the man.

The next day I was taken to Cambridge, to the Lowells, from whom I had received an invitation through Mr. Downing, who had written to the poet of the pleasure which his writings had given me. There I have now been a week, and I shall remain yet a week longer; they will have me stay, and I am quite willing, because I am heartily contented in this excellent, agreeable home. The house and a small quantity of land which surrounds it belong to the father of the poet, Dr. Lowell, a handsome man, universally beloved and respected, and the oldest minister in Massachusetts. He planted all the trees round the house, among which are many fine Northern pines. The whole family assembles every day for morning and evening prayer around the old man; and it is he who blesses every meal. His prayers, which

are always extempore, are permeated by the true, inner life, and I feel them as a pleasant, refreshing dew upon my head. With him lives his youngest son, the poet, with his wife, as handsome and happy a young couple as one can possibly imagine. He is full of life and youthful ardor; she as gentle, as delicate, and as fair as a lily, and one of the most lovable women that I have seen in this country, because her beauty is full of soul and grace, as is everything which she says or does. This young couple belong to the class of those in whom one has perfect faith; one could not for an hour, nay not for a moment, be doubtful about them. She, like him, has a poetical tendency, and has also written anonymously some poems, remarkable for their deep and tender feeling, especially maternal, but her mind has more philosophical depth than his. Singularly enough, I did not discern in him that profound, serious spirit which charmed me in many of his poems. He seems to me to be predominantly brilliant, witty, gay, especially in the evening when he has what he calls his "evening fever," and his talk is then an incessant play of fireworks. I find him very amiable and delightful; he seems to have many friends, mostly young men. Among his poems, the witty and satirical are the most popular, as, for example, his *Fable for Critics,* in which in a good-humored way

he has made himself merry with the poets and poetesses of New England, only one of whom, Margaret Fuller, is severely handled. As one of his merits I reckon his being so fond of his wife, because I am so myself.

December 16. I have now spent some quiet days in Cambridge, the quietest days that I have spent since I came to this country. I now see company and receive visits only in the evening. Professor Bergfalk from Sweden is now in Cambridge, also, and happy in the company of a library of 14,000 volumes, and of various lawyers, who welcome him warmly. With him and my young host I one day lately visited the several buildings of the university and the library. In the latter I was surprised to find one section where Swedish literature was not badly represented. This is owing to the poet, Professor Longfellow, who having himself traveled in Sweden, sent hither these books. He has also written about Sweden and has translated some of Tegnér's poems. I found also the *Eddas* among the Swedish books.

December 23. This week I have been to several dinner parties—one very excellent at the house of Professor Longfellow and his handsome, delightful wife. Longfellow is an agree-

able host, and gave us American wines, sherry and champagne. The latter is especially good; it is made from the Catawba grape at Cincinnati. Then we dined at the home of a Swedenborgian, a professor; and further, I have been at a "bee!" And if you would know what this creature is in society here, then behold! If a family is reduced to poverty by fire or sickness, and the children are in want of clothes or anything else, a number of the ladies of the neighborhood who are in good circumstances immediately get together at some place and sew for them. Such a sewing assembly is called a *bee!* And now there was a bee at the house of Mrs. Sparks, the wife of the president of the university, to sew for a family who had lost all their clothing through fire, and I was invited to be present at it. The bee-hive was fine, busy, and gay, and had, if not honey, remarkably good milk and cake to offer the working bees, among whom I took my place, but not to do very much.

December 25. I had almost forgotten—and that I must not do—to tell you of a visit I had this evening from the Quaker poet, Whittier, one of the purest and most gifted of the poetical minds of the Northern States, glowing for freedom, truth, and justice, championing them in his songs,

and combating their enemies in the social life of the New World; one of those Puritans who will not bend to or endure injustice in any form. He has a pleasing exterior; his figure is slender and tall; he has a beautiful head with refined features, black eyes full of fire, dark complexion, a fine smile, and a lively but nervous manner. Both soul and spirit have overstrained the nervous chords and affected the body. He belongs to those natures who would advance with firmness and joy to martyrdom in a good cause, and yet who are never comfortable in society, and look occasionally as though they would like to run out of the door. I feel that I should enjoy myself with Whittier, and could make him feel at ease with me. I know from my own experience what this nervous bashfulness, caused by the over-exertion of the brain, means, and how persons suffering therefrom should be treated.—I have, also, had a little botanic conversation with the distinguished professor of botany here, Asa Gray, who came and presented me with a bouquet of fragrant violets. He gave me also out of his herbarium some specimens of the American *Linnéa borealis,* which resembles our Swedish, but is considerably smaller and has somewhat different leaves. I had expected to botanize a great deal in this country, but God knows how it is!

Boston, January 1, 1850. It was not without pain that I left the Lowells. They are extremely estimable people, and I have really a sisterly affection for them. But my little woman doctor, Miss Hunt, practically carried me off by force. I had not much inclination for the visit, but it turned out much better than I expected. In the first place, it was amusing to become better acquainted with this very peculiar individual. People may have better manners, more tact, and so on, but it would be impossible to have a better heart, more feeling for the best interests of mankind, and on the whole more practical sagacity. She is of a Quaker family, and with that determined will and energy which belongs to the Quaker temperament, she early resolved to open both for herself and her sex a path which she considered it important that women should pursue, and toward which she felt herself drawn in an especial manner. She, therefore, together with a younger sister, took private instructions from an able and well-disposed physician; and she has now, for her sister is married, been in practice twelve years as a physician of women and children, acquiring the public confidence and laying up property (as for instance the house in which she lives, a frugally furnished but excellent house, is her own), and, as I heard from many, aiding a great

number of ladies in sickness and in diseases peculiar to their sex. She has especially been a benefactor to the women of the lower classes, giving them lectures on physiology that have been attended by hundreds of women. She read them to me, and her introductory lecture gave me a high opinion of the little doctor and her powers of mind. I was really delighted with her, and now for the first time fully saw the importance of women devoting themselves to the medical profession. The view she took of the human body and its value had a thoroughly religious tendency, and when she impressed upon the woman's mind and heart that she should value her own and her child's physical frame, to understand them aright in order to take care of them right, it was because their destination was lofty, because they are the habitations of the soul and the temples of God. There was an earnestness, a simplicity, and an honesty in her representations; integrity and purity in every word; the style was of the highest class, and these lectures could not but operate powerfully upon every poor human heart, and in particular upon the heart of every mother. And when one reflects how important for future generations is the proper estimation of the woman and child, how much depends upon diet, upon that fostering which lies beyond the sphere of the phy-

sician and his examination, and which women alone can rightly understand, who can doubt the importance of the female physician, in whose case science steps in to aid the natural sense and to constitute her the best helper and counselor of women and children?

January 8. I have also been present at one of the "Conversations" of Alcott, the Transcendentalist, and have even taken part in the discourse. There were present from forty to fifty people, all seated on benches. Alcott sits in a pulpit with his face toward the people, and begins the conversation by reading something aloud. On this occasion it was from the writings of Pythagoras. He is a handsome man, of gentle manners, but a dreamer, whose Pythagorean wisdom will hardly make people wiser nowadays. He himself has lived for many years on bread, fruits, vegetables, and water; and this is what he wishes all other people to do; and thus fed, they would become, according to his theory, beautiful, good, and happy beings. Sin is to be driven out by diet; and the sacred flood of enthusiasm would constantly flow through the human being purified and beautified by diet. Both the proposition and the conversation were in the clouds, although I made a few attempts to draw them forth. Alcott

drank water, and we drank—fog. He has paid me a few visits, and has interested me as a study. He passed last evening with me and my host, the Swedish consul Benzon, and entertained us with various portions of his doctrine. All blonde and blue-eyed people, according to him, belong to the nation of light, to the realm of light and goodness. I should think Lowell would be Alcott's ideal of a son of light; all persons, however, with dark eyes and hair emanate from the night and evil. I mentioned Wilberforce, and other champions of the light, with dark hair. But the good Alcott would not listen to objections, and his conversations consist in his doing all the talking and teaching. We drank tea, and I endeavored to persuade Alcott to drink at least a glass of milk. But that was too much akin to animal food. He would not take anything but a glass of water and a piece of bread. He is at all events a Transcendentalist who lives as he teaches.

Boston, January 22. Now I must tell you about Concord, and the sphinx there, Waldo Emerson, for I went to Concord five days ago, attended by myself. I was wretchedly unwell; whatever the cause might be, I sat, weak with fever and dejected in mind, by the side of the strong man, silent and without being able to say a single

word, merely mechanically turning my head as he pointed out to me a few remarkable places which we passed. And he understood perfectly that I was tired and ill, and let me be silent. I was oppressed with the feeling that I should fall to pieces during the first four and twenty hours that I was in Emerson's house; but after that,—I became quite well again. During the four days that I remained in Emerson's house, I had a real enjoyment in the study of this strong, noble, eagle-like nature. Any close rapprochement was imperfect, because our characters and views are fundamentally dissimilar, and the secret antagonism which exists in me toward him despite my admiration, would at times awake, and this easily called forth his icy alp nature, repellent and chilling. But this is not the original nature of the man; he does not rightly thrive in it, and he gladly throws it off, if he can, and is much happier, as one can see, in a mild and sunny atmosphere, where the natural beauty of his being may breathe freely and expand into blossom, touched by that of others as by a living breeze. I enjoyed the contemplation of him, in his demeanor, his expression, his mode of talking, and his every-day life, as I enjoy contemplating the calm flow of a river bearing along, between flowery shores, large and small vessels, and as I love to see the eagle cir-

cling in the clouds, resting upon them and its pinions. Emerson allows nothing to tear him away from this calm elevation, be it great or small, prosperity or adversity. Pantheistic as Emerson is in his philosophy, in his moral view of the world and life, he is in a high degree pure, noble, and severe, demanding as much from himself as from others. His words are severe, his judgments often sharp and merciless, but his person is alike noble and pleasing, and his voice beautiful. One may quarrel with Emerson's thoughts, with his judgment, but not with himself. That which struck me most, as distinguishing him from other human beings, is *nobility*. He is a born nobleman.

I enjoyed Emerson's conversation, which flowed as calmly and easily as a deep and placid river. It was animating to me both when I agreed and when I dissented; there was always something important in what he said, and he listened attentively, comprehended and replied well also. But whether it was the weariness of the spirit, or a feeling of esteem for his peace and freedom, I know not, but I did not invite his conversation. When it came, it was good; when it did not come, it was good also, especially if he were in the room. His presence was agreeable to me. He was amiable in his attention to me, and in his mode of entertaining me as a stranger and guest in his house.

He read to me one afternoon some portions of his *Observations on England* (in manuscript) and scraps from his conversations with Thomas Carlyle (the only man of whom I heard Emerson speak with anything like admiration) about "the young America," as well as the journey with him to Stonehenge. Some of these things I can never forget. I feel that my intercourse with him will leave a deep trace in my soul. I could desire in him warmer sympathies, larger interest in social questions that touch upon the well-being of mankind, and more feeling for the suffering and sorrowful on earth. But what right, indeed, has the flower, which vibrates with every breath of wind, to quarrel with the granite rock because it is differently made? In the bosom of such lie strong metals. Let the brook be silent and rejoice that it can reflect the rock, the flowers, the firmament, and the stars, and grow and be strengthened by the invisible fountains that are nourished by the mountain tops.

Emerson is at this moment regarded as the head of the Transcendentalists in this section of America, a kind of people who are found principally in the States of New England, and who seem to me like its White Mountains or Alps; that is to say, they aim at being so. But so far as I have yet heard or seen, I recognize only one actual Alp,

and that is Ralph Waldo Emerson. The others seem to me to stretch themselves out, and to powder themselves, merely to look lofty and snow-crowned; but that does not help them. They have more pretension than power. Their brows are in the clouds instead of towering above them.

But enough of the Transcendentalists. I must, however, say a few words about a lady who belongs to this sect, and whose name I have frequently heard since I came to America, partly with blame and in part with praise, but always with a certain amount of distinction, namely, Margaret Fuller. Although devoid of beauty and rather disagreeable than agreeable in her manners, she seems to be gifted with singular talents and to have an actual genius for conversation. Emerson, speaking with admiration of her powers, said, "Conviction dwells upon her lips." Certain it is that I have never heard of a woman in this country possessed of so much ability for awakening enthusiasm in the minds of her friends. Emerson said of her, with his usual almost alarming candor, "She has many great qualities; many great faults also." Among these latter appear to be her arrogance and her contemptuous manner toward others less gifted than herself. I have also heard that she could repent of and ask pardon for severe

words. In highmindedness and independence of temper, in pride and honesty, and in critical asperity, she was a perfect Transcendentalist! The "Conversations," which she once gave in a select circle at Boston, are spoken of as being of the highest interest. Mrs. Emerson cannot sufficiently praise her fervent eloquence and the extraordinary affluence of her mind, and, I believe, half reproaches me for not being like her. . . .

When I reached home last evening I found Marcus Spring, who had come hither on business. It was a heartfelt joy to me to see once more that excellent friend. After I had spent an hour in conversing with him and Mr. Sumner, I went with Marcus to Alcott's concluding Conversation, where several prearranged topics with regard to diet and its importance to humanity were discussed. Alcott maintained that all high and holy teachers of the human race had paid great attention to diet and in particular had abstained from animal food. Some one said that Christ had eaten meat. Another said that it could not be proved. A third contended that He, at all events, had partaken of fish. I remarked it was so written in the Gospels. A second agreed. "No matter," said Alcott, "I know better than to eat fish."

The man is incorrigible. He drinks too much

water, and brings forth merely hazy and cloudy ideas. He should drink wine and eat meat, or at least fish, so that there might be marrow and substance in his ideas. Marcus, too, was amused at the Conversation, but in his quiet way. Among the audience were some ladies with splendid, intelligent foreheads and beautiful forms. But I did not hear them say a word: I wonder how they could sit still and listen in silence; for my part, I could not do it. And although the company were invited to a new series of Conversations, this of a certainty will be the last that I shall attend.

January 26. Alcott came to me yesterday afternoon. We conversed for two hours. He explained himself better during our dialogue than in his public Conversation, and I understood better than hitherto that there was really at the bottom of his reform movement a true and excellent thought. This thought is the importance of an earnest and holy disposition of mind in those who enter into the bonds of wedlock, so that the union may be noble and its offspring good and beautiful. His plans for bringing about these beautiful and holy marriages between ideal people (for none other are to enter into matrimony—oh! oh! for the many!) may be right for aught I know. They are better and more accordant to human nature

than those of Plato for the same purpose. But who will deny that it would be better for the world if they who cause human beings to be born into it did it with a higher consciousness, with a deeper sense of responsibility? Marriage, regarded from this angle, occupies in general a pretty low plane. A man and woman marry to be happy, selfishly happy, and beyond that the thought seldom extends; it does not elevate itself to the higher thought, "We shall give life to immortal beings!" And yet this is the highest purport of marriage. Married couples who do not have offspring of their own may fulfill its duties by adopting orphan children.

When Alcott was gone, Emerson came and remained a good hour with me. He is iron, even as the other is water. And yet his world floats in an element of disintegration and has no firm, unwavering forms. It is mysterious how such a powerful and concrete nature as his can be satisfied with such disintegrated views. I can find fault with Emerson's mode of thought, but I must bow before his spirit and his nature. . . .

The other evening I attended a large party of Boston fashionables. The company seemed to me showy and aristocratic rather than pleasant. I saw there a couple of figures such as I had not looked for in the drawing-rooms of the New

World, and least of all among the women of New England. They were so haughty and puffed up with pride, so unlovely—one read the stamp of money both in glance and figure. I was told that Mrs. So-and-so and her sister had spent a year in Paris. They ought to have brought thence a little Parisian grace and common sense as well as fashion! People who are arrogant on account of their wealth are about equal in civilization to Laplanders, who measure a man's worth by the number of his reindeer. A man with a thousand reindeer is a very great man. The aristocracy of wealth is the lowest and commonest possible. It is a pity that one meets it in America more than one ought to. One can even, in walking through the streets, hear the expression, "He is worth so and so many dollars!" But the best people here despise such expressions. They would never defile the lips of Marcus Spring, Channing, or Mr. Downing. And it must be acknowledged that the fashionable circles are not considered the highest here. One hears people spoken of as "above fashion," and by this is meant people of the highest class. It is clear that there is an aristocracy forming here by degrees which is much higher than that of birth, property, or position in society; it is really an aristocracy of merit, of amiability, and of character. But it is not general. As yet there is only a hand-

ful of that kind. But it is growing, and the feeling on the subject is growing also.

Recently, at a charming little dinner at Professor Howe's, I met Laura Bridgeman. She is now twenty; has a good, well-developed figure, and a countenance that may be called pretty. She wears a green bandage over her eyes. When she took my hand she made a sign that she regarded me to be a child. One of her first questions was, "How much money do you get for your books?" a regular Yankee question, which greatly delighted my companions, who, nevertheless, prevented its being pressed any further.

Boston, February 1, 1850. I have lately read a narrative, or, more properly speaking, a chronicle, kept as a diary of the life of the first colonists, the Pilgrims, their wars and labors during the first year of their settlement. It is a simple chronicle, without any wordiness or parade, without any attempt at making it romantic or beautiful, but it affected me more and went more directly to the depths of the heart than many a touching novel, and seemed grander to me than many a heroic poem. For how great in all its unpretentiousness was this life, this labor! What courage, what perseverance, what steadfastness and unwavering trust in that little band! How they

aided one another, these men and women; how they persevered through all sorrow and adversity, in life and death! They lived surrounded by dangers, in warfare with the natives; they suffered from the climate, from the want of habitations and conveniences, and from the lack of food. They lay sick; they saw their beloved die; they suffered hunger and cold; but still they persevered. Habitations they had built were destroyed, and they built afresh. Amid their struggles with want and adversity, amid the Indians' rain of arrows, they founded their commonwealth and their church; they formed laws, established schools, and all that could give stability and strength to a human community. They wielded the sword with one hand and guided the plow with the other. Amid increasing jeopardy of life, they reflected on the welfare of their successors, and framed laws which every one must admire for their sagacity, purity, and humanity. Even the animal creation was placed under the protection of these laws, and punishment fixed for the mistreatment of the beast.

And when from the land of the Pilgrims I look abroad over the United States, I see everywhere, in the South, North, and West, the country populated, the empire founded by a people composed of all European peoples who suffered persecution for

their faith, and who sought freedom of conscience and peace on a new free soil. I see the Huguenot and the Herrnhuter in the South; and along the Mississippi in the West, Protestants and Catholics from all the countries of Europe seeking and finding there the most precious treasures of mankind, and who, in that affluent soil, establish flourishing communities under the social and free laws instituted by the oldest Pilgrims.

When I contemplate that Puritan community as it exists in our time, about two centuries after its first establishment, it seems to me that there are two mainsprings within its motive heart-machinery; the one is a tendency toward the ideal of moral life, the other impels it to conquer the earth—that is to say, the material powers and products of the earth. The men of the New World, and pre-eminently the men of New England (humorously called Yankees) have a passion for acquisition, and for this object think nothing of labor, even the hardest, and nothing of trouble; nay, to travel half the world over to do a good stroke of business is but a trifle. The viking element in the Yankee's nature, which he perhaps inherited originally from the Scandinavian vikings, compels him to work incessantly, to undertake, to accomplish something which tends either to his own improvement or that of others; for

when he has improved himself, if not before, he thinks of employing his pound for the public good. He puts it by, but not for selfish purposes. Public spirit is the animating principle of his life, and he prefers to leave behind him the name of an esteemed and beloved citizen rather than a large property. He likes to leave what he has acquired to some institution or benevolent establishment, which henceforth commonly bears his name. And I know those whose benevolence is so pure that they slight even this reward.

The ideal of society is attained in part by the individual coming up to his own ideal; in part by those free institutions and associations in which mankind is brought into a brotherly relation one with the other and share a mutual responsibility. Everything for all is the true object of society. Every one must be able to enjoy all the good things of earth, both temporal and spiritual, every one according to his own capacity for enjoyment. None may be excluded who does not exclude himself. The chance of regaining his place in society must be given to every one. For this reason the prison must be an institution for improvement, a second school for those who need it. Society must in its many-sided development so organize itself that all may be able to attain everything: *Everything for everybody.*

The ideal of the man of America seems to me to be purity of intention, decision in will, energy in action, simplicity in manner and demeanor. Hence there is something tender and chivalric in his behavior toward woman, which is infinitely becoming to him. In every woman he respects his own mother. Similarly, it appears to me that the ideal of the woman of America is independence of character, gentleness of demeanor and manner.

Of the American home I have seen and heard enough to say that the women have, in general, all the dominion there that they care to have. Woman is the center and the lawgiver in the home of the New World, and the American man loves to have it so. He wishes that his wife should have her own will in the home, and he loves to obey it. I must, however, say that in the happy homes in which I lived I saw the wife equally careful to guide herself by the wishes of her husband as he was to indulge hers. Affection and sound reason make all things equal.

The educational institutions for women are in general much superior here to those of Europe; and perhaps the most important work which America is doing for the future of humanity consists in her treatment and education of women. Woman's increasing value as a teacher, and the employment of her as such in the public schools,

even in those for boys, is a public fact in these states which greatly delights me. Seminaries have been established to educate her for this vocation. It even seems as though the daughters of New England had a peculiar faculty and love for this employment. Young girls of fortune devote themselves to it. The daughters of poor farmers go to work in the manufactories a sufficient time to earn the necessary sum to put themselves through school, and thus to become teachers in due course. Whole crowds of school-teachers go hence to the western and southern states, where schools are daily being established and placed under their direction. The young daughters of New England are universally commended for their character and ability. Even Waldo Emerson, who does not easily praise, spoke in commendation of them. In school they learn the classics, physics, mathematics, such as algebra, with great ease and pass their examinations like young men. Not long since a young lady in Nantucket, not far from Boston, distinguished herself in astronomy, discovered a new planet, and received in consequence a medal from the King of Prussia.

February 3. Since I last wrote I have spent an amusing evening at an anti-slavery meeting in Faneuil Hall, which was very exciting. Mr.

Charles Sumner, who wished me to see one of the popular assemblies here, accompanied me. Some runaway slaves were to be introduced to the public, and the talking was about them. The hall and the galleries were quite full. One of the best, and certainly most original, speakers of the evening was a big negro who had lately succeeded in escaping from slavery with his wife and child, and who related the history of his escape. There was a freshness, a life, an individuality in this man's eloquence and gestures which, aside from the great interest in the narrative itself, were extraordinarily exhilarating. Sometimes John Brown, which was his name, made use of such peculiar similes and expressions that the whole assembly burst into peals of laughter, though the speaker did not join in it.

I visited the State House one day in company with Mr. Sumner. I saw the Senate sitting sleepily over a question of shoe-leather, and heard in the House of Representatives a good deal of very animated but somewhat plebeian eloquence in a debate on the question of "Plurality and Majority," at voting. But of this I shall say no more. The Americans speak extempore with great ease and fluency: their speeches here were like a rushing torrent; the gestures energetic, but monotonous, and without elegance. The speaker and

several members of both houses came and shook hands with me, and bade me welcome. I mention this because to me it seems so kind and beautiful to welcome a foreigner and a woman, one without importance in political life but who properly belongs to the quiet world of the home. Does not this show that the men of the New World regard the home as the maternal life of the state?

My most agreeable hours in Boston have been spent at Mrs. Kemble's readings from Shakespeare. She is a real genius, and her power of expression and flexibility of voice, which may be changed in a moment to suit the character she represents, are remarkable. No one can ever forget what he has once heard her read; she carries her audience completely into the world and the scene which she renders. Even Jenny Lind's power of impersonation is nothing in comparison with hers. Her mimicry is excellent, and most so in heroic parts. I shall never forget her glowing, expressive countenance, when she as Henry V incited the army to heroic deeds. And she gave the scene between the enamored warrior-king and the bashful, elegant, and yet naïve French princess in such a manner as made one both laugh and cry; that is to say, one laughed amid tears of joy. When Mrs. Kemble steps before the audience, one

immediately sees in her that powerful and proud nature which bows before the public in the consciousness that she will soon have them at her feet. And then, while she reads, she forgets the public and Fanny Kemble; and the listeners forget themselves and Fanny Kemble, too; and both live, breathe and are thrilled with horror, and bewitched by the great dramatic scenes of life which she conjures forth with her magic power. Her figure is strong, though not large, and of English plumpness; a countenance which, though not beautiful, is yet fine, and particularly rich and excellent in expression. Fanny Kemble was extremely amiable and kind to me, sending me a complimentary ticket for myself and a friend to her readings. Today she read my favorite of all Shakespeare's dramas, *Julius Caesar,* and she read it in such a way that it was almost more than I could endure. In comparison with such glorious characters and their lives, what existed around me, with myself in the midst of it, seemed so poor, so trivial, so colorless that it was painful to me.

Mr. Sumner, also, has entertained me for a number of hours by reading to me various things, and in particular some of Longfellow's poems. One day he read a story to me, in reality a poem in prose, by Nathaniel Hawthorne, which gave me so much pleasure that I must repeat it to you with

the greatest possible brevity. Hawthorne is one of the youngest prose writers of North America, who has already won great renown. His works have been sent to me by some anonymous female friend, whom I hope yet to discover, that I may thank her. He treats national subjects with great earnestness and freshness; and that mystical, gloomy sentiment which permeates his pictures, like a nocturnal sky dotted with stars, exercises a magic influence on the mind of the New World, perhaps because it is so unlike their everyday life. The story which Sumner read to me is called *The Great Stone Face,* and the idea seems to be taken from the actual large rock countenance which it is said may be seen at one place in the mountains of New Hampshire, the White Mountains, as they are called, and which is known under the name of the "Old Man of the Mountain." [The story follows.]

Hawthorne is essentially a poet and idealist by nature. He is for the profound, contemplative life what N. P. Willis, with his witty, lively pen, is for the real and the external. The former seeks to penetrate into the interior of the earth, the latter makes "pencillings by the way;" the former is a solitary student, the latter a man of the world. Just now Hawthorne's latest work, *The Scarlet Letter,* is making a great sensation, and is eu-

logized as a work of genius. Hawthorne belongs to the retiring class of poetical natures.

Cooper and Washington Irving—the former lives on his own property west of New York—have already by their works made us better acquainted with a part of the world of which we before knew little more than the names Niagara and Washington. In addition to these poets in prose, several women of the northern states have distinguished themselves as authors of novels and tales. Foremost of these is Miss Sedgwick, with whose excellent characteristic descriptions and delineations of American scenes even we in Sweden are acquainted; Mrs. Lydia Maria Child, who, in her pictures of the life of antiquity, as well as that of the present time, expresses her love for the ideal beauty of life; and many others. Of Mrs. Sigourney I have already spoken. Mrs. L. Hall, the author of a great dramatic poem, *Miriam,* I know as yet merely by report. Of the lesser authoresses and poetesses I say nothing, for they are legion. The latter sing like birds in springtime. There are a great many siskins, bullfinches, and sparrows; here and there a thrush, with its deep, eloquent notes, beautiful though few; but I have not yet heard among these minstrels either the rich, inspiring song of the lark, or the full inspiration of the nightingale; and I do not know whether this

rich, artistic inspiration belongs to the womanly nature. I have not, in general, much belief in the ability of woman as a creative artist. Unwritten lyrics, as Emerson said once when we conversed on this subject, should be her forte.

February 15. One day I visited the celebrated manufactories of Lowell. I would willingly have declined the journey, because it was so cold, but they had invited strangers to meet me, got up an entertainment, and therefore I was obliged to go. And I did not regret it. I had a glorious view from the top of Dewcroft Hill, in that cold, starlight winter evening, of the manufactories of Lowell, lying below in a half-circle, glittering with a thousand lights like a magic castle on the snow-covered ground. And then to think and to know that these lights were not *ignes fatui,* not merely pomp and show, but that they were actually symbols of a healthful and hopeful life in the persons whose labor they lighted; to know that within every heart in this palace of labor burned a bright little light, illumining a future of comfort and prosperity which every day and every turn of the wheel only brought the nearer. In truth there was a deep purpose in these brilliant lights, and I beheld this illumination with a joy that made the winter's night feel warm to me.

The following morning I visited the manufactories and saw the young ladies at their work and at dinner; saw their boarding-houses, sleeping-rooms, etc. All was nice and comfortable, as we had heard it described. Only I noticed that some of the "young ladies" were about fifty, and some of them not so very well clad, while others again were too fine. I was struck by the relationship between the human being and the machinery. Thus, for example, I saw the girls standing, each one between four busily-working spinning-jennies: they walked among them, looked at them, watched over and guarded them much as a mother would watch over and tend her children. Machines are becoming more and more obedient under the maternal eye of intelligence. The procession of the operatives, two and two, in shawls, bonnets, and green veils, as they went to their dinner, produced a respectable, imposing effect. And the dinners which I saw at a couple of tables (they take their meals at small tables, five or six together) appeared to be good and bountiful also. I observed that, besides meat and potatoes, there were fruit tarts.

The industrious and skillful can earn from six to eight dollars per week, never less than three, and so much is requisite for their board each week, as I was told. The greater number lay by money,

and in a few years are able to leave the manufactory and undertake less laborious work.

During my stay in Boston I have visited different churches, and it has so happened that the greatest number of them have belonged to the Unitarian body. So great, indeed, is the predominance of this sect in Boston that it is generally called "the Unitarian city." And as it has also happened that many of my most intimate acquaintances here are of this faith, it has been believed by many that I also am of this confession. You know how far I am otherwise, and how insufficient and unsatisfying to my mind were those religious views which I held during a few months of my life, and which I abandoned for others more comprehensive. In this country, however, it is more consistent with my feelings not to follow my own sympathies, but to make myself acquainted with every important phase of feeling or intellect in its fullest individuality. I therefore endeavor to see and study in every place that which is characteristic. Hence, I shall in America visit the churches of every sect and hear, if possible, the best teachers of all. The differences of these, however important they may be for the speculative understanding of the entire system of life, are of much less importance to practical Christianity and to the inward life. All Christian sects acknowledge, after all, the same

God; the same mediator and teacher; the same duty; the same love; the same eternal hope. The various churches are various families, who, having emanated from the same Father, are advancing toward eternal mansions in the House of the Eternal Father. Every one has his separate mission to accomplish in the kingdom of mind. God has given different gifts of understanding, and thence different forms of comprehension and expression of truth. By this means, truth in its many sidedness is a gainer. And the full discussion even of the highest subjects, which takes place in the different churches of this country, as well as in the pages of their public organ (for every one of the more considerable religious sects has its own publication, which diffuses its doctrines as well as the transactions of its body) are of infinite importance for the development of the religious mind of the people. Besides, it must tend to an increasingly clear knowledge of the essential points of resemblance in all Christian communities, to the knowledge of the positive in Christianity, and must prepare the way by degrees for a church universal in character and with a oneness of view even in dogmas.

The two great divisions of the Church in the United States appear to be those of the Trinitarian and Unitarian. The Unitarians arose in opposi-

tion to the doctrine of a mechanical Trinity and the petrified State Church, the Episcopalian, which held it. The latter lays most stress upon faith, the former on works. Both acknowledge Christ—the one as God, the other as divine humanity—and regard Him as the highest object for the imitation of man. Both have individuals within their pale who prove that in either one can advance equally far in the sanctification of life, and may in the same degree deserve the name of a Christian.

I have heard two good sermons from the clergy of the old State Church in this country. It seems to me that this Church is regarded as the peculiarly aristocratic one here, and that the fashionable portion of society generally belongs to it; it belongs to people of good *ton*. But the speculative mind of the Church does not seem to have emerged from its confines of the Middle Ages; it still opposes faith to reason. . . .

As regards my own private friends, I do not trouble myself in the least about their religious sect; they may be Trinitarians, Unitarians, Calvinists, Baptists, or anything else, so long as they are noble and worthy to be loved. Here, also, are many people who, without belonging to any distinct church, attend any one where there is a good preacher, and for the rest, live according to the great truths which Christianity utters, and which

they receive into their hearts. Some of my best friends in this country belong to the invisible Church of God.

February 19. Yesterday afternoon Emerson called on me, and we had a very serious conversation together. I was afraid that the admiration and the delight with which he had inspired me had caused me to withhold my own confession of faith, had caused me apparently to pay homage to his, and thereby to be unfaithful to my own higher love. This I could not be. And exactly because I regarded him as being so noble and magnanimous, I wished to become clear before him as well as before my own conscience. I wished also to hear what objection he could offer against a world viewed from the Christian standpoint, which in concrete life and reality stands so infinitely above that of the pantheist, which resolves all concrete life into the elemental. . . . If my conversation with Emerson did not lead to anything very satisfactory, it led, nevertheless, to a still firmer conviction of his nobility and love of truth. He is faithful to the law in his own breast, and speaks out the truth which he inwardly recognizes. He does right. By this means he will prepare the way for a truer comprehension of religion and life.

New York, March 2, 1850. Thanks to homeopathy and my good watchful doctor, I am now again in better health; but the malady which I have endured, and still endure, is like the old witch who could trip up even Thor. It is a disagreeable, poisonous, insidious, serpent-like disease—a vampire which approaches man in the dark, and sucks away the pith and marrow of body, nerves, and even of the soul. Half or two-thirds of the people in this country suffer, or have suffered, in some way from this malady. The fault lies in the articles of food, in their mode of life, in the manner of warming their rooms—all of which would be injurious in any climate, but which in one so hot and exciting as this, is downright murder. The great quantity of pork and greasy food, the hot bread, the highly spiced dishes, preserves at supper, and oyster dishes, ought to be inserted in the Litany; and so ought the "furnaces," as they are called; that is, a sort of pipe which conveys hot air into a room through an opening in the floor or the wall, and by means of which the room becomes warm, or, as it were, boiling hot, in five or ten minutes, but with a dry, close, unwholesome heat, that always gives me a sensation of pain and drowsiness. The small iron stoves in use here are not good, either: they are too responsive, and their heat is too violent; but yet they

are infinitely better than these furnaces, which I am sure have some secret relationship with the fiery furnace of Biblical tradition, and seem to be invented for the express purpose of destroying human nerves and lungs. Besides these, they have in their drawing-rooms the heat of gas lights; and when we add to this the keenness and changeableness of the atmosphere out of doors, it is easy to explain why the women, who in this country particularly are so thoughtless about their clothing, should be delicate and out of health, and why consumption should be greatly on the increase in these northeastern states.

I cannot tell whether I rightly know the American character, but of this I am certain: that what I do know of it is more beautiful and more worthy to be loved than any other that I am acquainted with in the world. Their hospitality and warmheartedness, when their hearts are once warmed, are really overflowing and know no bounds. And since so many travelers see and make a great ado about their failings, it is well that there should be some one who, before anything else, becomes acquainted with their virtues. And these national failings, so far as I can yet see them, may all be attributed to the youthful life of the people. In many cases I recognize precisely the faults of my own youth—the asking questions, want of reflec-

tion, want of observation of themselves and others, a boastful spirit, and so on. And how free from these failings, and how critically alive to them are the best people in this country! America's best judges and censors of her own manners are the Americans themselves.

March 5. (Speaking of Boston.) I long for the South and for a milder air. I am not very fond of the climate of Massachusetts. Yet I have to thank that state for some glorious spring days during the winter, for its beautiful blue, beaming sky, for its magnificent elms, in the long, sweeping branches of which the oriole builds in full security its little nest, which sways in the wind; I thank it for its rural homes, where the fear of God, industry, family affections, and purity of life have their home. Its educational system has my esteem, and many excellent people have my love. To the good city of Boston I give my blessing, and I am glad to be leaving it—for the present; but hope to return, because I must again see my friends there when the elm-trees are in leaf; above all, my good doctor and the young Lowells. We have agreed to meet next summer. We shall together visit Niagara, which Maria Lowell has never seen.

Sunday, March 10. I have just returned from a Presbyterian church, where I heard a young preacher from the West speak on "The Positive in Christianity," one of the best extempore Christian discourses that I have ever heard in any country. The preacher, Henry [Ward] Beecher, is full of life and energy, and preaches from that experience of Christian life which gives his words a soul-stirring power. Besides, he appears to me to be singularly free from sectarian spirit, and keeps with decision and clearness to the common light and life of the Christian church. He has also considerable wit, and does not object to enliven his discourse with sallies of humor, so that more than once the whole audience of the crowded church burst into a general laugh, which does not prevent them soon after from shedding tears of devotion. That was the case at the young preacher's prayer over the bread and wine at the administering of the sacrament, and tears also streamed down his own cheeks as he bowed in silent, rapt contemplation of the splendid mystery of the sacrament, of that humanity which through the life of Christ is new-born and transfigured. When we receive communion with our nearest kindred or our family, we ought to have this thought livingly present to our minds that we should behold them as transformed by the spirit of Christ: we should think,

how beautiful will my husband, my friend, my brother become when this his failing or that his shortcoming is done away with; when he stands forth transfigured through the divine life! How patient, how gentle, how affectionate, and hopeful are we not capable of becoming! Such was the substance of the young minister's discourse, but how earnestly and convincingly he spoke is not for me to describe. I also partook of the sacrament, to which he invited all Christians present, of whatever name or sect they might be, as well as strangers from other lands. The bread (small square pieces upon a plate) and the wine were carried to the pews and passed on from hand to hand, which detracted considerably from the solemnity of the ceremony. How beautiful is our procession to the altar, and after that the hallelujah of the congregation!

The prayers, it seems to me, are better in Sweden than in the congregations here; but still they might be improved even with us. In the Episcopal churches of this land the prayers are repeated from a printed form in a book, and it frequently happens that the soul has no part in these. It is a mere prating with the lips. In the Unitarian churches the preacher prays for the congregation, and in its name, prays an infinitely long prayer, which has the inconvenience of saying alto-

gether too much, of using too many words, and yet of not saying what any single individual ought to say. How often have I thought during these long prayers, how much more perfect it would be if the minister merely said, "Lord, help us!" or, "Lord, let thy countenance shine upon us!" Better than all would it be, as Jean Paul proposed, that the minister should merely say, "Let us pray!" while some beautiful soul-touching music were playing, and the whole congregation praying in silence, according to the wants and inspirations of their souls. Of a truth, then would prayers ascend more pure and fervent than any prescribed by human forms and tongues. We should then have on earth a worship of God in spirit and truth, a vital expression of the life and truth of Christianity.

But I must yet say a few words about that young disciple of Calvin, Henry Beecher, who has left far behind him whatever is hard and petrified in the orthodoxy of Calvin and, breaking away from it, has attached himself to the true Christian doctrine of mercy for all. He was with us last evening and told us how, as a missionary, he had preached in the West, beneath the open sky, to the people of the wilderness, and how, during his lonely journeys amid those grand primeval scenes, and during his daily experience of that most vitalizing

influence of Christianity upon the healthy human soul, he had by degrees introduced order into his own inward world, had solved hitherto difficult religious questions, and had emerged from the old dead Church into one more comprehensive and more full of light. He described also, in the most picturesque manner, the nocturnal camp-meeting of the West; the scenes of baptisms there on the banks of the streams and rivers, both in their poetical and in their frequently comic aspects. There is something of the expanse and vegetative growth of the great Western wilds in this young man; but a little of crudity, also. He is a bold, ardent champion of that young America, too richly endowed, and too much acknowledged as such, not to be keenly conscious of its own *ego*. And even in his sermons this *I* was somewhat too prominent. But more and more I feel what a great interest I shall take in visiting that great West, where "growth" seems to be the only available watchword; where in the immeasurable valley of the Mississippi, between the Alleghanies and the Rocky Mountains, there is said to be room for a larger population than in the whole of Europe; and where a great and new people are developing, through a union of all races, within the embrace of a grand and mighty natural scenery, which, like a strong mother. will bring them up to a higher

and more vigorous human life. Many a thinking man in the East has told me, "You will not see the future of America, or the young American, until you reach the West."

March 15. I have now spent a week with Mrs. Kirkland in New York. Here I saw the young traveler, Bayard Taylor, a handsome Yankee who had just returned from California, and I was glad to hear his stories from the land of gold, in particular his accounts of the scenery, climate, plants, and animals.

Apropos of him, I must beg leave to tell you a little about what I think a Yankee is, or what he seems to me to be; and by a Yankee is properly understood one of the boys of New England, the type of the "go-ahead America"—of young, world-conquering America. He is a young man (no matter if he be old) who makes his own way in the world in full reliance on his own power, stops at nothing, shrinks from nothing, finds nothing impossible, tries everything, has faith in everything, hopes everything, goes through everything, and comes out of everything—ever the same. If he falls, he immediately gets up again and says, "No matter!" If he is unsuccessful, he says, "Try again!" "Go ahead!" and he begins over again, undertaking something else, and never stopping

until he succeeds. Nay, he does not stop then. He never stops. His work and will is to be always working, building, starting afresh or beginning something new, always developing, extending himself or his country; and some one has told me truthfully that all the enjoyments of heaven would not suffice to keep an American in one place if he were sure of finding another farther west, for then he would have to be there to build and cultivate. It is the viking spirit again; not the old pagan, however, but the Christian, which does not conquer to destroy, but to ennoble. Nor does he do it with difficulty and sighs, but cheerfully and with good courage. He can sing, "Yankee Doodle" even in his mishaps; for if a thing will not go this way it will go that. He is at home on earth and can turn everything to his own account. Before he reaches middle life, he has been a schoolmaster, farmer, lawyer, soldier, author, and statesman —has tried every kind of profession, and felt at home in them all; and besides this has traveled over half or the whole of the world. Wherever he comes on earth, in whatever circumstances, he is sustained by a two-fold consciousness which makes him strong and tranquil; that is to say, he is a man who can rely upon himself, the citizen of a great nation designed to be the greatest on the earth. He thus feels himself to be the lord of

the earth, and bows before none save the Lord of lords. To Him, however, he looks up with the faith and confidence of a child. A character of this kind is calculated to exhibit at times its laughable side, but it has undeniably a fresh, unconstrained greatness about it, and is capable of accomplishing great things. And for the solution of humanity's greatest and highest problem, the creation of a *fraternal people*, I believe that the Father of all races has put His hand upon this His youngest son, as Charles the Ninth of Sweden did once, saying, "He shall do it!"

March 22. Yesterday I visited the Female Academy at Brooklyn, an educational institute for five hundred young girls, where they study and graduate as young men do. I admired the arrangement of the school, its museum and library, and was especially pleased with the deportment of the young girls; I heard their compositions both in prose and verse, and liked both them and the young ladies. These finishing schools for young girls give unquestionably a deal of training, various kinds of knowledge, demeanor in society, and self-possession. But are they suitable for the development of what is best in woman? I doubt it; and I have heard thinking women here, even among the young, express doubt also or rather

deny it outright. They may be good as temporary means of leading women into those spheres of knowledge from which they have hitherto been excluded. Thus these young ladies are universally commended for their ability and progress in mathematical studies and physics. It is clear, however, that the pursuit of scholastic work must involve the neglect of much domestic virtue and pleasure. The young girl, in her zeal to prepare her lessons, snubs her mother and looks cross at her father, if either ventures to interrupt her. It arouses ambition at the expense of her heart. It lays too much stress upon school learning. The highest object of schools should be to prepare people to do without them. At all events, the life of the young girl should be divided between the school and the home, so that the school may have but a small part of it. The good home is the true high school.

But I almost reproach myself for saying so much against an institution where I experienced so much of the young heart's warmth as I did there. Certain it is that I embraced and was embraced, that I kissed and was kissed, by daughters and nieces, mammas and aunts, so that there was almost too much of it. But the tenderness and kindness warmed my heart, and I bore away with me many lively memories of it.

March 24. Yesterday Channing was here, the amiable W. H. Channing! He came in the morning, fresh and dewy as a May morn. During the winter we had exchanged a few letters and in them had got a little atwist. Emerson was the apple of discord between us. Channing set up Emerson, and I set up—myself. So we both became silent. Now when we met he was most cordial and beaming, gave me a volume of Wordsworth's *Excursion,* and was very kind and amiable. Near such men one breathes the air of spring. There was a little party in the evening; Channing, among the rest. After he had said good night and left the house, he came hastily back, and called to me, led me onto the piazza, where, pointing up to the starry heaven that shone in beaming splendor above us, he smiled, pressed my hand, and—was gone.

Charleston, South Carolina, March 28, 1850. I have been out wandering about the town for two good hours, pleased with my solitude and the great number of new objects that meet my eye everywhere. Negroes swarm in the streets. Two-thirds of the people whom one sees in town are negroes or mulattoes. They are ugly, but appear for the most part cheerful and well fed. In particular one sees fat negro and mulatto women,

whose bright-colored kerchiefs, often wound tastefully round the head, produce a picturesque appearance, a thousand times preferable to the bonnets and caps worn in the Free States, which are unbecoming to them. What struck me most in the streets, next to the multitude of negroes, was the large flocks of turkey-buzzards, which swooped down here and there, picking up any offal that they could find to eat, and which were so fearless that they would scarcely move out of the way for pedestrians. I saw some of them sitting in rows on the roofs and chimneys, and a very strange appearance they made, stretching out their heavy wings in the air and sunshine. They are regarded in Charleston as a species of city scavengers, and are therefore welcome in the streets. It is forbidden to destroy them.

March 29. Cold, cold, still intolerably cold to-day. At five o'clock this morning I heard the drum which calls the negro slaves to work. Yesterday afternoon I was invited by acquaintances from the Northern states, who are here in the hotel, to drive out with them, and we had a charming drive in the delightful sunshine. The country is very flat as far as one can see. Beautiful forest tracts, water, and tree plantations all contribute a charm. The city itself lies by the sea

upon a peninsula between the Ashley and Cooper rivers, which discharge into the bay. My friends bought oranges and *bananas* for me, and now for the first time I tasted this tropical fruit, which people here are so fond of. It has a delicate, sweet, and somewhat insipid flavor; in form it resembles our large seed-cucumbers; in color and substance it is like a melon, but less juicy. I could have fancied I was biting into soap. I have a notion that we shall not become very good friends, the banana and I.

April 1. I have been here fourteen days, and although it has been rainy weather most of the time and is so still, there have been days when I have wished that all feeble, ailing humanity might remove hither, breathe this air, see this exquisite splendor of heaven and earth, that they might be invigorated as from a balsam of life and enjoy it anew. I can understand how the mariners who first approached these shores and felt these gentle breezes, this atmosphere, believed that they were drinking an elixir of life and hoped to find here the fountain of perpetual youth.

Last evening I attended a wedding, that is to say, I was invited to witness the marriage ceremony in the church. It was between a Catholic and a member of the English Episcopalian Church;

and they had agreed to select the minister of the Unitarian congregation of Charleston, Mr. Gilman, to unite them. Only the relatives and friends were present at the ceremony, which took place by lamp-light. The bride was as lovely as a fresh white rose, small and delicate, dressed in white and with a pretty garland and veil. The bridegroom was a tall and thin gentleman; not handsome, but he looked like a good, respectable man, is very rich, and desperately in love with his white rosebud. Their bridal tour is to be a pleasure trip to Europe. After the ceremony, performed with beauty and dignity, the company rose from their pews and congratulated the pair. A fat old negro woman sat like a horrid spectre, black and silent by the altar. This was the nurse and foster-mother of the bride, who could not bear the thought of parting with her. This parting, however, is only for the time of their journey, as these black nurses are cared for with great tenderness as long as they live by the white families, and, generally speaking, they deserve it through their affection and fidelity.

You may believe that there are many discussions here about slavery. I do not originate them, but when they come, which they frequently do, I express my sentiments candidly, though as inoffensively as possible. One thing, however, which

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astonishes and annoys me here, and which I did not expect to find, is that I hardly ever meet a man, or woman either, who can openly and honestly look the thing in the face. They wind and turn about in all sorts of ways, making use of every argument, sometimes the most contradictory, to convince me that the slaves are the happiest people in the world and do not wish to have their condition altered or to be placed in any other relationship to their masters than the present one. In many cases and under certain circumstances this is true; and it occurs more frequently than the Northerners believe. But there is such an abundance of unfortunate examples, and always must be in this system, that the idea is detestable.

In general the house slaves here seem to be well treated; and I have been in houses where their rooms and furnishings (for every servant, male or female, has his own pleasant room) are much better than those provided for the free servants of our country. The relationship between the servant and the employer seems also, for the most part, to be good and genuine; the older servants especially seem to stand in that affectionate relationship to the family which characterizes a patriarchal condition, and which it is so beautiful to witness in *our* good families between servant and employer; but with this important difference,

that with us the relationship is the free-will attachment of one rational being to another. Here, also, may often occur this free-will attachment, but it is then a conquest over slavery and that slavish relationship, and I fancy that here nobody knows exactly what it is. In the meantime, it is true that the negro race has a strong instinct of devotion and veneration, and this may be seen in the people's eyes; they have a peculiar, kind, faithful, and affectionate expression which I like, and which reminds me of the expression in the eye of a dog. Also, they have a natural tendency to subordination to the white race and to obey the higher intelligence; and white mothers and black nurses prove continually the exclusive love of the latter for the child of the white. No better foster-mother, no better nurse, can any one have for her children than a black woman; and in general no better sick nurses than the blacks, either male or female. They are naturally good-tempered and devoted; and if the white "Massa" and "Missis," as the negroes call their owners, are kind on their part, the relationship between them and "Daddy" and "Mammy," as the black servants are called, especially if they are well on in years, is actually good and tender. But neither are circumstances of quite the opposite wanting. The tribunals of Carolina and its better class com-

munities have yet fresh in their memories deeds of cruelty done to house-slaves which rival the worst abominations of heathen times. Some of the very blackest of these deeds have been perpetrated by *women;* by women in the higher class of Charleston society! Only lately a rich planter has been condemned to two years' imprisonment in the House of Correction for barbarous treatment of a slave. And then it must be borne in mind that the public tribunal does not take cognizance of any cruelties except those that are too horrible to be passed over. When I bring forward these universally known circumstances in my arguments with the patrons and patronesses of slavery, they reply, "Even in your country, and in all countries, there are masters and mistresses who are sometimes severe to their servants." To which I reply, "But then they can leave them!" To this they have nothing to say, and look displeased.

Ah! the *curse* of slavery, as the common phrase goes, has fallen not merely on the black, but perhaps at this moment still more upon the white, because it has warped his sense of truth and has degraded his moral nature. The position and the treatment of the blacks, however, really improve from year to year; while the whites do not seem to advance in enlightenment. Yet I must see and

hear more before I condemn them. Perhaps the lover of darkness has established himself principally in Charleston. Said a witty lady to me one day, "Charleston is an owl's nest!"

Casa Bianca, April 16. I rove about in the neighborhood, through the rice fields and negro villages, which amuses me greatly. The slave villages consist of small, whitewashed wooden houses, for the most part built in two rows, forming a street, each house standing detached in its little yard or garden, and generally with two or three trees around it. The houses are neat and clean, and such a village, with its peach trees in blossom, presents an agreeable appearance.

Yesterday forenoon—it was Sunday—there was divine worship for the negroes in a wagon-shed, which had been emptied for the purpose. It was clean and airy, and the slaves assembled there were well dressed and well behaved. The sermon and the preacher (a white missionary) were exceptionally dry. Yet I was astonished at the people's glad and ready reception of every single expression of beauty and feeling. Thus, when the preacher introduced the words from Job, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord!" there was a general stir among the hearers; the words were repeated;

many exclaimed Amen! Amen! and I saw many eyes full of tears.

In the evening I wandered out to enjoy the beauty of the atmosphere and to look about. I have often heard it said by friends of slavery even in the Northern States, as a proof of the happiness of the slaves, that they dance and sing on the plantations. And so, I thought, now I might have the chance to see such a dance. I reached the slave village. The little, white houses, overshadowed by the pink blossoming trees, with their tiny plot of garden, looked charming; the little fat, black children were running about, eating a large yellow tuber, the sweet potato, laughing if one only looked at them, and especially inclined to shake hands. In the village itself, however, everything was quiet and still. A few negro men and women were standing near their dwellings, and these looked kind and interesting. I heard in one house a sound as of prayer and zealous exhortation. I entered and perceived an assemblage of negroes, principally women, who were much edified and affected in listening to a negro who was preaching to them with great fervor and gesticulation, thumping on the table with his clinched fists. The sum and substance of his sermon was this : "Let us do as Christ has commanded us; let us do as He wishes, let us love one another. Then He will

come to us on our sick-beds, and He will make us free, and we shall come to Him and abide with Him in glory!"

The discourse, spite of its exaggerated pathos and repetitions, could not have been better in its aim and application; and it delighted me to hear the doctrine of spiritual freedom promulgated by a slave among slaves. I have since heard that the Methodist missionaries, who are the most effective teachers and preachers among the negroes, are very angry with them for their love of dancing and music, and declare them to be sinful. And whenever the negroes become Christian, they give up dancing, have preaching meetings instead, and employ their musical talents merely on psalms and hymns. This seems to me a very unwise proceeding on the part of the preachers. Are not all God's gifts good, and may they not be made use of in His honor? And why should not this people, by nature joyous and childlike, worship God in gladness? I should, instead, let them have sacred dances, and let them sing to them joyful songs of praise in the beautiful air beneath the flowering trees. Did not King David dance and sing in pious rapture before the ark of God?

I went on still further through wood and meadow into the wild, silent country. When it

began to grow dusk I turned back. I repassed the same slave village. Fires blazed in the little houses, but all was more silent and still than before. I saw a young negro with a good and handsome countenance, standing thoughtfully under a peach-tree, leaning against its bole. I accosted him and began questioning him on various things. Another slave came up, and then still another, and the conversation with them was as follows:

"At what time do you get up in the morning?"

"Before sunrise."

"When do you leave off in the evening?"

"When the sun sets—when it is dark."

"But when do you get time to look after your gardens?"

"We must do that on Sundays or at night, although when we come home we are often so tired that we could drop."

"How do you get your dinners?"

"We have no dinner! We do well if, while we are working, we can throw a bit of bread or some corn into us."

"But, my friend," said I, now a little mistrustful, "your appearance contradicts what you say, for you look in very good condition, and quite strong."

"We endeavor to keep ourselves up as well as we can," replied the man by the tree; "what can

we do unless we keep up a good heart? If we were to let it weaken, we should die!"

The others joined in the song of lamentation.

I bade them good night and went my way, suspecting that all was not true in the slaves' representation.

April 18. I have just returned from a solitary ramble into the plantations, which has done me good, for it has demonstrated that the slaves under the peach-tree really did impose upon me. During my wandering I saw standing at one place in the rice field a number of small copper vessels, each covered with a lid, from twenty-five to thirty in number, just as one often sees with us the laborers' noggings and baskets standing together in the grass. I went up, lifted the lid of one, and saw that the vessel contained warm, steaming food, which smelled very good. Some of them were filled with brown beans, others with maize pancakes. I now saw the slaves coming up from a distance, walking along the headland of the field. I waited till they came up, and then asked permission to taste their food, and I must confess that I have seldom tasted better or more savory viands. The brown beans were like our "princess beans," boiled soft with pork, and seasoned somewhat too highly for me. But they tasted good, and so did the maize cakes

and the other viands. The people sat down on the greensward and ate, some with spoons, others with splinters of wood, each one out of his own piggin, as these vessels are called, and each contained an abundant portion. They seemed contented, but were very silent. I told them that the poor working people in the country from which I came seldom had such good food as they had here.

April 20. I have just had my second breakfast, at twelve o'clock, of bananas. I am beginning to like this fruit. It is mild and pleasant, and has a wholesome effect just like the air, that is, when it is mild. But even here the climate is very changeable. Yesterday the thermometer fell twenty-four degrees in as many hours, and it was so cold that my fingers were stiff as icicles. To-day, again, one is covered with perspiration, even when sitting quietly in the shade. For two days we have attended big dinners with plantation-owners a few miles from here—very nice people.

Yesterday, as we were taking a drive through the heavy sand, we stopped in a wood to let the horses rest. Deeper in the woods I saw a slave village, or houses resembling one, but having an exceptionally irregular and dilapidated appearance. Upon my request, Mr. Poinsett went with me to see it. I found the houses in the most decayed and

deplorable condition, and, within, old and sickly negro men and women. In one room I saw a young lad much swollen, as with dropsy; wind and rain could enter by the roof; everything was bare in the room; and neither wood nor fire was there, although the day was chilly. In another wretched hovel we saw an old woman lying among the rags as in a dog-kennel. This was the provision which one of the planters had made for the sick and old among his servants!

April 21. To-day I took a delightful ramble about the woods and fields, and in so doing came to a stream that is called the Black River. Not far away I saw slaves at work under a white overseer, from whom I requested and obtained an old negro to take me across the river. The good-humored old man was more outspoken and clear-headed than I have commonly found the slaves to be; and while he paddled me along in the canoe, made of a hollowed tree trunk, he talked freely about the owners of the plantations that lay by the river. Of one it was "Good master! blessed master, ma'am!" of another, "Bad master, ma'am! beats his servants; cuts them to pieces, ma'am!" and so on.

On the other side of the river I came to a plantation where I met with the owner himself, who

was a clergyman. He conducted me through the slave village and talked to me about the happiness of the negro slaves, which convinced me that he himself was a slave of Mammon. Certain it is that under a good master they are far from unhappy, and much better provided for than the poor working people in many parts of Europe. But under a wicked or poor master they are doomed to a direful and hopeless misery. Sophists, who are prone to see only the sunny side of the picture, deny absolutely that any such are ever to be found. But I have already seen and heard enough of them. That which the North testifies against the South I will not believe; but that which the South testifies against itself I am compelled to believe. Besides, the best master is no justification for slavery, for the best master dies sooner or later, and his slaves are then sold to the highest bidder like cattle. The slaves out in the field present a joyless appearance; their dark color and gray dress, without a single white or colored garment to enliven it, give them a dull and gloomy aspect. I must, however, mention as an exception the knitted cotton caps of the men, which generally have a couple of red or blue stripes knitted into the gray ground-color. At work they look like figures of earth. The slave villages, as I have already remarked, have rather

a comfortable appearance, excepting that one very rarely sees glass in the windows of their dwellings. The window ordinarily consists of a square opening, which is closed by a shutter. But this is the condition, also, in the houses of the poor white people, and in Carolina there are many such. Inside one sees nearly always a couple of logs burning on the hearth, and the household furniture and little provision stores resemble those of our poorest people in town and country. Here and there, however, one sees a little more prosperity; a little ornament about the house and well-supplied beds. Every house has a pig-sty in which there is generally a very fat pig; and many hens and chickens swarm about the garden plot where Indian corn, beans, and different kinds of roots are grown. But these small plots do not look well cared for. The slaves sell eggs and chickens, and at Christmas their pig also, and thus obtain a little money to buy treacle or molasses (of which they are very fond), biscuits and other eatables. They often lay by money, and I have heard of slaves possessing several hundred dollars. This money is ordinarily invested at interest with their masters, whom they regard as their best friends, when they are good, and who really are so. All the slave villages that I saw resemble each other entirely, only that some of the habitations are better kept

and others worse. The slaves are under the management of one or two overseers, appointed by the master, and under these there is, for each village, a "driver," who wakes the slaves in the morning, or drives them to work when they are late. The driver is always a negro, and is often the most cruel and severe man in the whole plantation; for when the negro is unmerciful, he is so in a high degree, and he is the worst torment of the negroes. Free negroes who are possessed of slaves—and there are such—are commonly the worst of masters. So, at least, I have been told by trustworthy persons.

Charleston, April 26. Yesterday I was present at the funeral procession of the Carolina statesman and senator, Calhoun, whose body was taken through Charleston. The procession was said to contain three thousand people; and it seemed indeed to be interminable. The hearse was magnificent, and so lofty upon a large catafalco that it seemed to threaten all gateways made by human hands. Many regiments paraded in splendid uniforms, and a large number of banners with symbolic figures and inscriptions were borne aloft; it was all quite dazzling, and all went on well. All parties seemed to have united with real devotion and admiration to celebrate the memory of the

deceased, and his death is mourned in the Southern States as the greatest misfortune.

Calhoun has sat many years in Congress as the most powerful advocate of slavery, not merely as a necessary evil, but as a good, both for the slave and his owner, and has been an influential champion of the rights of the South. Calhoun, Clay, and Webster have long been celebrated as a triumvirate of great statesmen, the greatest in all the land: Calhoun in the South, Clay in the West and Middle West, and Webster in the New England States, although there is much opposition in New England against Webster, particularly among the anti-slavery party. All have been mighty political champions, admired and feared, loved and hated. There yet remain two. The third fell on the scene of combat, fighting in death, and, as it seemed, even against it. His portrait and bust, of which I have seen many, give me the impression of a burning volcano. The hair stands on end, the deep-set eyes flash, and deep furrows mark the thin, keen countenance. It is impossible from this exterior, which seems to have been ravaged alike by sickness and passion, to surmise the fascinating society man, the amiable family head with morals as pure as those of a woman, the excellent friend, the good master almost adored by servants and slaves—in a word the kind human

being which even his enemies acknowledge him to have been. Political ambition and party spirit seem to have been his demons and to have hastened his death. Clay, in his speech on Calhoun in the Senate, made some gently warning allusions to this. His fight for slavery was "political bravado," said a clever lady, who was not a member of the anti-slavery party. Pity that so good a man should live and have died for so wretched a thing! In South Carolina the idolatry of him was carried to the extreme, and it has been said that "when Calhoun took snuff the whole of Carolina sneezed." Even now people talk and write about him as though he were some divine person.

Macon, Vineville, Georgia, May 7, 1850. At a camp meeting. After supper I went to look around, and was astonished by a spectacle that I shall never forget. The night was dark with thunder-clouds as well as natural darkness; but the rain had ceased, except for a few heavy drops, and the whole wood stood in flames. Upon eight fire-altars, or fire-hills as they are called—a sort of lofty table raised on posts around the tabernacle—burned, with a flickering brilliance of flame, large billets of firewood containing a large amount of resin, while on every side in the wood, far away in its most remote recesses, large or smaller fires

burned before tents or other places, illuminating the fir-tree stems, which appeared like columns of an immense temple consecrated to fire. The vast dome above was dark, and the air was so still that the flames rose straight upward, and cast wild hues upon the fir-tree tops and the black clouds.

Beneath the tabernacle an immense crowd was assembled, certainly from three to four thousand persons. They sang hymns—a superb choir! Strongest of all was the singing of the black portion of the assembly, as they were three times as many as the whites, and their voices are naturally pure and beautiful. In the tower-like pulpit, situated in the middle of the tabernacle, were four preachers, who during the intervals between the hymns addressed the people with loud voices, calling sinners to conversion and amendment of life. During all this the thunder pealed, and fierce lightning flashed through the wood like angry glances of some mighty invisible eye. We entered the tabernacle and took our seat among the assembly on the side of the whites.

Round the elevation, in the center of which stood the pulpit, ran a kind of low counter, forming a wide square. Within this and seated on benches below the pulpit, on the side of the whites, sat the Methodist preachers, for the most part tall, handsome figures, with broad, grave fore-

heads; and on the side of the blacks their spiritual leaders and exhorters, among whom many were mulattoes, men of highly remarkable energetic exterior.

The later it grew in the night, the more earnest grew the appeals; and the short hymns, fervent as the flames, ascended like these with passionate ardor. Again and again they arose, like melodiously flaming sighs, from thousands of harmonious voices. The preachers increased their fervor; two stood with their faces turned toward the camp of the blacks, two toward that of the whites, extending their hands and calling on the sinners to come, come, all of them, *now* at this time, at this moment, which was perhaps the last that remained to them in which to approach the Savior, to escape eternal damnation! Midnight came on, the fires burned dimmer, but the exaltation increased and became universal. The singing of hymns mingled with the invitations of the preachers, and the exhortations of the leaders with the groans and cries of the assembly. And then, from the whites, came young girls and men, throwing themselves, as if entirely overcome, on the low altar-counters. These were then met on the other side by the ministers, who bent down to them, received their confessions, encouraged and consoled them. In the black camp was heard a great tumult and a loud

cry. Men roared and bawled out; women squealed like pigs about to be killed; many, having fallen into convulsions, leaped and struck about them so that they had to be held down. Here and there it looked like a regular fight, and some of the participants laughed. Many a cry of anguish could be heard, but no words excepting, "Oh, I am a sinner!" and "Jesus! Jesus!" And during this excitement the singing continued loud and beautiful, and the thunder joined in with its pealing kettledrum.

While this spectacle is going on in the black camp, we observe a quieter scene among the whites. Some of the forms who had repentingly hurled themselves on their knees at the counter are moving away, but others remain there, and the ministers seem to be talking or singing to them in vain. One of these, a young girl, is lifted up by her friends and found to be in a trance. She now lies with her head in the lap of a woman dressed in mourning, with her pretty young face turned upward, rigid, and as it appears, totally unconscious. The woman in mourning and another, also in black attire, both with beautiful, sorrowful countenances, softly fan the young girl and watch her with serious looks, while ten or twelve women, most of them young, stand around her, singing softly and sweetly a hymn of the resurrec-

tion, and all believing that something wonderful is taking place. It is really a beautiful scene in that thunderous night by the light of the altar-fires.

After we had contemplated these scenes for probably an hour, the state of exaltation began to abate, and the principal glory of the night being over, Mrs. Howland and myself retired to the tent to rest. This lay at the outskirts of the white camp, and from a feeling of curiosity I walked some distance alone into the darker portion of the wood. Horrible things were going on there, not among the human beings but among frogs and other animals. They seemed to be holding some sort of a great meeting, and croaked and croaked, and coughed and snorted, making such mysterious noises and extraordinary blurts that it made a real comedy. Never before have I heard such a concert; it was like a parody of the scenes we had just witnessed.

It was now past midnight; the weather had cleared, and the air was so delicious, the spectacle so charming, that I was compelled to tell Mrs. Howland, who at once resolved to come out with me. The altar-fires now burned low, and the smoke hung within the wood. The transparently bright and blue heaven stretched above the camp. The moon rose, and the planet Jupiter stood brilliantly shining just over the tabernacle. The

singing of hymns continued, though much lower; still the leaders exhorted; still the young girl slept her mysterious sleep; still the women watched, waited and fanned her in their mourning attire. A few oppressed souls still lay bowed upon the counter, and still the preachers were giving consolation either by word or song. By degrees the people assembled in the tabernacle dispersed, scattered themselves in the woods, or withdrew to their tents. Even the young sleeping girl awoke, and by her friends was led away from the crowd. We went the round of the camp, especially on the black side. Here all the tents were still full of religious exaltation, each separate tent presenting some new phase. In one we saw a zealous convert giving vent to newly-awakened feelings with violent gesticulations, surrounded by devout auditors; in another we saw a whole crowd of blacks on their knees, all dressed in white, striking themselves on the breast, and crying out and talking with the greatest pathos; in a third women were dancing the "holy dance" for one of the newly converted. This dancing, however, having been forbidden by the preachers, ceased immediately on our entering the tent. I saw merely a rocking movement of women who held each other by the hand in a circle, singing the while. In a fourth, a song of the spiritual Canaan was being sung excel-

lently. In one tent we saw a fat negro member walking about by himself and breathing heavily. He was hoarse, and with a sigh he exclaimed to himself, "Oh, I wish I could hollo!" In some tents people were sitting by the fires, and there visits were received, greetings made, and friendly conversations introduced, while everywhere prevailed a quiet, earnest state of feeling, which we experienced whenever we stopped and talked to people. These blacks have something warm and kind about them which I like very much. One can perceive that they are products of a warm sun. In the camp of the whites the state of feeling was considerably calmer. Families could be seen sitting at their tables, eating and drinking. Finally we returned to our tent.

At sunrise I heard something that resembled the humming of an enormous wasp in a spider's web. It was an alarm which gave the sign for the general rising. At half-past five I was dressed and out. The negroes' hymns were still to be heard on all sides. The sun shone powerfully; the air was oppressive. People were cooking and having breakfast by the fires, and a crowd was already assembling on the benches under the tabernacle. At seven the morning worship and sermon commenced. I had observed that the preachers avoided exciting the people's feelings too much,

and that they themselves appeared without emotion. This morning their discourses seemed feeble to me, and especially to be wanting in popular eloquence. They preached morality. But a mere moral sermon should not be preached when the heart is to be won; you should then tell in the language of the heart the miracle of spiritual life. It was therefore a real refreshment to me when the unimpassioned and well-fed preachers who had spoken that morning gave place to an elderly man with a lively and somewhat humorous countenance, who from the throng of hearers ascended the pulpit and began to address the multitude in quite another tone. It was familiar, fresh, cordial, and humorous; somewhat in the tone of Father Taylor. I should like to have heard him address these people, but then I am afraid the negroes would have been quite beside themselves!

The principal sermon of the day was preached about eleven o'clock by a lawyer from one of the neighboring states, a tall, thin gentleman, with strongly marked, keen features, and deep-set, brilliant eyes. He preached about the Last Judgment, and described in a most vivid manner "the fork-like cloven flames, the thunder, the general destruction of all things," and besides pictured it as being possibly near at hand. "As yet, indeed," he exclaimed, "I have not felt the earth tremble

under my feet; it yet seems to stand firm," and he stamped vehemently on the pulpit floor; "and as yet I hear not the rolling of the thunder of doom, *but* it may nevertheless be at hand," and so on; and he admonished the people, therefore, to repent immediately and be converted.

In spite of the strength of the subject, and despite the power of the delineation, there was something dry and soulless in the presentation, which caused it to fail of its effect with the congregation. People seemed to feel that the preacher did not believe, or rather did not livingly feel what he described and taught. A few cries and groans were audible, it is true, and some sinners came forth; but the assembly as a whole remained calm, and was not agitated by the thundering of the Last Judgment. As on the former occasion the hymns were fervent and beautiful on the side of the negroes' camp. This race seems to have a keen perception of the most beautiful teachings of religion, and understand particularly well how to apply them. Their musical talents are remarkable. Most of the blacks have pure, delightful voices, and sing as easily as we whites talk.

After this service came the dinner hour, when I visited several tents in the black camp, and saw tables covered with all kinds of meat, puddings, and tarts; there seemed to be a regular superfluity

of food and drink. Several of the tents were even furnished like rooms with made-up beds, mirrors, and such like. The people appeared gay, happy, and gentle. These religious camp-meetings are the saturnalia of the negro slaves. In these they luxuriate both soul and body, as is their natural inclination to do; but on this occasion everything was carried on with decency and befitting reverence. . . .

At seven o'clock one morning I was in a railway carriage on my way to Macon, a long and very wearisome day's journey, especially in the great heat, and the smoke and steam that filled the carriages. The road lay through a barren, sandy extent of country, overgrown with pine forest, and practically devoid of human habitations, excepting at the railway stations, where small colonies were beginning to form, trades were followed, and the meagre soil cultivated. At a few of these I alighted and botanized in the wood, where I found several yellow orchises.

The amusement of the journey was furnished by a fat, jolly-looking gentleman in my own carriage, a man in a cap and gray coat, in person not unlike a mealsack, upon which the head was set, round and movable as a top, and who talked politics, constantly pouring out his vials of wrath against the late Tom Jefferson, president and

author of the Declaration of Independence. He called him in a loud voice the worst of names, always turning, as he did so, to a tall, very thin military man of noble appearance, who sat on the other side of the carriage, and who seemed to be half amused by the fat man's ebullitions, although he endeavored to appease them. But it was like pouring oil upon fire.

"Sir!" exclaimed our fat gentleman with a stentorian voice, on an occasion when the train stood still, "sir, I say that if it had not been for Tom Jefferson, the whole Union would be five hundred years further advanced and Carolina at least a thousand!"

"Oh! do you think so?" said the other, smiling.

"Yes, I say that Tom Jefferson was the worst man who has as yet been placed at the head of a nation; he has done more mischief than all the presidents after him can do good!"

"Yet he drew up our Act of Independence!" said the thin gentleman.

"He stole it, sir," ejaculated the fat one; "he stole it, stole it! I can prove you that he did. There is," etc. And here followed proofs, and many observations and replies between the two gentlemen which I could not exactly follow. Finally, up sprang the fat gentleman, and grasping two seats firmly, stood before the thin one, crying,

"Sir, I regard Tom Jefferson as the compound of everything which is rascally, mean, wicked, dishonorable, etc., etc."—the flood of accusation continuing certainly for three minutes and ending with, "Yes, that is what I say, sir!"

"That is strong language, sir," replied the other, still calm and half smiling.

"Sir!" again exclaimed the accuser, "Tom Jefferson was the cause of my father losing fifty thousand dollars through the embargo!"

With these words he reseated himself, red in the face as a turkey-cock, and with an air as if to say that after that nothing more could be said. A smile was on almost every countenance in the railway carriage; and when Tom Jefferson's enemy soon after took his departure, the thin gentleman turned to me, saying, in his good-tempered, calm way, "That settles it! Jefferson was certainly a bad man; but in any case, he was a patriot."

Macon, May 8. (*To her Mother.*) How well and happy I am among the kind people in this hospitable country, which has become to me like a vast home, you have already seen in my letters. I go from home to home in America, and am everywhere received and treated like a child of the house. Besides the excellent effect of this on the health of both body and soul, it affords me an

opportunity of becoming acquainted with the domestic life and the homes of the New World, with the innermost life of this hemisphere, in a manner which scarcely any other traveler ever enjoyed, and which is of the highest consequence to me, because it familiarizes me with just what I want. But I had no idea of the degree to which the kindness and hospitality of this people would respond to my wishes. And the nature and arrangement of the homes themselves, even in the cities, contribute to this condition. Every family in tolerably easy circumstances inhabits an entire house, and has besides, generally, a little garden, or at all events a grass-plot. The house has one or two parlors on the ground floor, besides dining-room, kitchen, etc. All the bed-chambers are in the upper stories, and there are always one or two, sometimes more, guest-chambers. The guest-chamber in an American city house is a requisite to be taken for granted, just as the same room in a Swedish country home. Every house here, whether in town or country, must have its room to lodge the stranger. Finding here the comforts of my own home, finding motherly mistresses of families, sisters and brothers with whom I have lived and conversed as openly and familiarly as with my own near relatives—all this has made me feel that the kingdom of heaven is not, after all,

so far from earth, at least from its homes; for how would it be possible otherwise to keep up an intercourse with people altogether strangers as unreservedly and as delightfully as one could with the angels of God?

There are various features of family life here that I wish were more general in Sweden. To these belong family worship morning and evening, and the simple prayer with which the meal is commonly sanctified by the father or mother of the household, "O God, bless these Thy gifts to our profit, and us to Thy service!" With us it is usually the youngest child of the family that says grace before meals, if it is said aloud; and this also is beautiful, excepting that it seldom has or can have the true spirit given to it. Most frequently, however, our form of grace is a silent inclination of the body, but the thought is of nothing but the meal before us.

On the other hand, I like our table customs better than in this country. With us the people may enjoy the pleasures of conversation, and need not think about the dishes, except in so far as consuming them goes. Everything is done silently and in due order by the attendants. At a glance from the hostess you are offered a second supply, but this also silently; the dishes come round to the guests, each in his turn, and after that they are not

troubled with them. Here it is different. Here there is an incessant asking and inviting, selecting and answering, so that there is really no time for enjoyment of the meal, much less of conversation. Neither is it proper to help one's self; the host or hostess, aunt or uncle, some other polite person, or possibly the servants, which here in the South are always negroes, must help you, and you seldom get just what you wish for, or as much or as little as you want, and not on the part of the plate where you wish to have it. You are asked, for example, "Will you have some butter?"

"Yes, thank you!"

And with that comes a piece of butter on the edge of the plate, at which the annoying thought always suggests itself that it lies exactly where the servant put his thumb. Then it goes on:

"Will you take fish or meat? Chicken or turkey?"

"Chicken, if you please."

"Have you any choice? The breast or a wing?"

Then comes, "Will you have pickles?"

"No, I thank you!"

A pause and calm ensues for two minutes. But then somebody on your left discovers that you have no pickles, and hastens to offer you the bottle. "Will you not take pickles?"

"No, I thank you."

You then begin an interesting conversation with your neighbor; and, just as you are about to ask some question of importance, a person opposite you observes that you are not eating pickles, and the pickle-bottle comes to you from across the table, and in self-justification, you are called upon to say once more, "No, I thank you, not any," and continue the conversation.

But again, at the moment you are waiting for some reply interesting to you, comes the servant, perhaps the very best "daddy" in the whole black world, and shoots the pickle-bottle in between you and your conversable neighbor, and with horror you behold pickles ready to be put upon your plate, so that in the end you find yourself quite overcome by the pickle persecution. Thus goes on the meal—one incessant bustle of serving, which takes away all enjoyment of the food.

An American house and home is in many respects the ideal of a home, if I except the apparatus for warming the houses in the Northern States. Everything is to be found there that can make existence invigorating, comfortable, and agreeable, from the bathroom to the little garden, both in town and country, with at least a few trees, and beautiful plants and grass-plots. Frequently blooming vines are climbing up the walls on trellises, whence their flowers, wafted by the

wind, diffuse their fragrance through the windows.

I admire what I saw of the Southern ladies and mistresses of families. The young girls, on the contrary, I should like to see a little more active in the house and more helpful to their mothers in various ways. But it is not the custom; and the parents, from mistaken kindness, seem not to wish their daughters to do anything except to amuse themselves and enjoy life and liberty as much as possible. I believe that they would be happier if they made themselves more useful. The family relationship between parents and children seems to me in general to be very congenial, especially as regards the parents toward the children. The maternal instinct is inborn in the American woman, at least in so far as its depth and fervor is concerned; and better, more affectionate family fathers than the men of America I have seen nowhere in the world. They have in particular a charming weakness for—daughters. And God bless them for it! I hope the daughters may know how to repay it with interest.

Savannah, May 14, 1850. My world here has changed, as well as my feelings toward the Southern life and people. My mental vision has become clear, so that I can perceive a noble South

in the South, even as its own hills arise and enable me to breathe across its plain of sand its bracing atmosphere of the hills, which will yet become to the people of the South what Moses and Joseph were to the children of Israel; for when one speaks of the slave race of the South, it is a mistake to imply merely the blacks. It is also unjust to think of the Southern States as a population composed solely of slaves and slave owners. Of a truth, there exists a free people even in the Southern slave States, who are silently laboring in the work of emancipation. And though they may be but a small number, "doubt not, little flock, for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom!"

The more I see of these colored people, the more my curiosity and interest are aroused; not that I see among the negroes anything great, anything which makes them superior to the whites. I cannot divest my mind of the idea that they are, and must remain, inferior as regards intellectual capacity. But they have peculiar and unusual gifts. Their moral sense is, it seems to me, as pure and delicate as their musical perception; their sensibility is acute and warm, and their good temper and cheerful disposition are evidently characteristic gifts of nature, or more correctly, gifts of God. They may not be original in crea-

tive genius, yet there is in their way of comprehending and applying what they learn a really new and refreshing originality. This is illustrated in their own songs—the only original folksongs that the New World possesses—which are as sweet, bright, and joyous as our Swedish folksongs are melancholy. The same may be observed in their comprehension of the Christian doctrines and their application of them to daily life.

Last Sunday I went to the church of the Baptist negroes here with Mr. Fay, one of the noble-minded and active descendants of the Pilgrim Fathers, who resides in Savannah, and who has shown me much kindness. The name of the preacher was Bentley, I believe, and he was entirely black. He spoke extempore with great animation and ease. The subject of his discourse was the appearance of the Savior on earth, and the purpose for which He came. "I remember," said he, "on one occasion, when the President of the United States came to Georgia and to our town of Savannah. I remember what an ado the people made, and how they went out in big carriages to meet him. The clouds of dust were terrible, and the great cannon pealed forth one salute after another. Then the president came in a grand, beautiful carriage and drove to the best house in

the whole town, and that was Mrs. Scarborough's! And when he came there he seated himself in the window. But a cord was drawn around the house to keep us negroes and other poor folks from coming too near. We had to stand outside and only get a sight of the president as he sat at the window. But the great gentlemen and the rich folks went freely up the steps and in through the door and shook hands with him. Now, did Christ come in this way? Did He come only to the rich? Did He shake hands only with them? No! Blessed he the Lord! He came to the poor! He came to us, and for our sakes, my brothers and sisters!" "Yes, yes! Amen! He came to us! Blessed be His name! Amen! Halleluiah!" resounded through the chapel for a good minute or two; and the people stamped with their feet, and laughed and cried, with countenances beaming with joy. The preacher then continued to tell how Christ proved Himself to be the messenger of the Highest. "Now imagine, my friends," said he, "that we here are a plantation of negro laborers. But the owner of the plantation is away; he is a long, long way off, over the sea in England, and the negroes of the plantation have never seen his face. They have never seen any man higher than the overseer. But now they hear that the owner of the plantation, their lord and master, is coming; and they are very

curious to see him and inquire about him every day. One day they see the overseer coming, and with him another gentleman whom they have never seen before, but one whose dress is not good, and much simpler than the overseer's. The overseer has a fine buttoned coat on, a white cravat, a handsome hat on his head, and besides that, gloves on his hands. The strange gentleman, on the contrary, has no gloves on, and is dressed in quite a simple, careless way. If the negroes had not known their overseer, they never would have believed that this was their master. They see, however, that the stranger gives orders to the overseer that he shall send one negro here and another there, that he has many of them called to him, and that the overseer and the negroes must do as he commands; and from this they can see that he is their master."

How vivid and excellent is this representation of negro life to the colored people, drawn as it is from their everyday experience!

In the afternoon of the same day I also accompanied Mr. Fay to hear another colored preacher. This was an old mulatto, a strong, handsome old man, who had acquired some property and was greatly esteemed by his people as a preacher and baptizer. He resembled the whites both in manner and appearance. He mentioned during his dis-

course that he was ninety-five years old; related his religious experiences, telling how his spiritual agony and afflictions were so extreme as to drive him almost to self-murder; and lastly told of his feelings when the comprehension of Christ and salvation through Him became clear to his understanding. "The whole world became changed to me," continued he; "everything seemed as if newborn and beaming with new beauty. Even the companion of my life, my wife, seemed rejuvenated, and shone before me in fresh beauty, and I could not help saying to her, 'Of a truth, my wife, I love thee!' " A young woman on the bench where I sat bent down, almost choked with laughter. I bent down also, but to shed tears, which pleasure, sympathy, my own life's experience, and the living, childlike description, so faithful to nature, had called forth.

Columbia, South Carolina, May 25. The voyage up the Savannah River, which I had been warned against as slow and monotonous, was more agreeable than I can tell. The weather was charming, and as the stream was strong and the river swollen from the spring floods, the voyage was slow; I had plenty of time to observe the banks between which the river wound, and though mile after mile and hour after hour presented me with

only one scene, yet this scene was *primeval forest.* Masses of foliage from innumerable trees and shrubs and beautiful climbing plants seemed resting upon the water on each side of the river, the shores of Georgia and Carolina. Lofty, deep and impenetrable extended the primeval forest—as I was told, for many miles inland.

But here it existed in its original luxuriance and splendor. I seemed to myself to be present on the third day of creation, when God called forth the vegetable world, "every tree whose seed was in itself after his kind." On the day when the earth opened its maternal breast and produced all the various trees and flowers of the earth, Savannah, with its red-brown water, was a river newly sprung from chaos and rich with its essence, nor yet had had time to settle itself and clear its water when the green plants of earth sprang forth in wild luxuriance; it seemed to play with them, and they, newly upsprung from the water, seemed to have no wish to part from it, but half longed to fall back into it. Flower-laden climbing plants flung themselves to the very tops of the trees, and then fell down to dip again in the waves of the river. From amid these masses of verdure, forming porticoes, pyramids, and the most fantastic and massive creations, glanced forth, now and then, a catalpa, all flaming with its yellowish-white

flowers; dark-green, solemn magnolias lifted up their snow-white blossoms toward the light, beautiful and pure as it. I noticed sycamores, amber-bearing poplars, tulip trees with their splendid yellow and red flecked blossoms, mulberries, many kinds of oak, elms, and willows as I went along, and high above all towered cypresses, with their long, depending mosses, spreading their vast arms abroad, like patriarchs over the low tribes of vegetation. Not a human dwelling was to be seen on these shores, not a trace of human activity. There was neither the sight nor sound of animal life, and although alligators are numerous in the Savannah River, I did not see one; not a bird sang, and all was silent and hushed, even the wind itself. It was a desolation full of fantastic beauty, and just now in the pride of its splendor. At length I saw, sitting on the naked boughs of a dead fir-tree, two large birds of prey, reminding the beholder that "death was come into the world."

Thus we sped on, in a high-pressure boat, the *Oregon,* with its two reeking chimneys, up the river, mile after mile, hour after hour, while the morning and the evening, the sun and the moon, seemed to contend which should most beautify the scene. And I sang in my soul, as the earliest colonists of Georgia had done before me, "How beautiful is creation, how glorious the Creator!" and

then I thought, what a poem, what a glorious romance is this portion of the world in its natural life; what wealth, what beauty, what varied scenes it embraces in its bosom! I was now again alone with America; America revealed her mysteries to me and made me aware of her wealth, the inheritance of future generations.

The voyage was an incessant feast for me, and I wished only to be silent and enjoy it. But in order to do that, I had to avoid, in the saloon, a throng of handsome but noisy young girls who had made, on their own account, a pleasure-party and now ran about here and there, chattering, calling to one another, and laughing; and on deck, a few gentlemen, planters, who were polite and wished to talk, but talked only of "cotton, cotton, cotton," and how the world was beginning to busy itself about American cotton. I fled away from these worshipers of cotton, and endeavored to be alone with the river and the primeval forest and with the light and shadows within it. There was with the troop of young girls also a youth, a handsome man, a brother or relative of some of them. Later on in the evening he had to leave the vessel, and then the noisy young girls took hold of him, embraced and kissed him, the one after the other, in fun and amid laughter, while he, half annoyed and half amused, endeavored to get loose

from them. What impression would that young man carry away with him of that night's scene? Not esteem for woman. One of the elder gentlemen on deck shook his head at the young girls' behavior. "They make a fool of that young man!" said he to me. It was not till late in the night that I could get to sleep for the noise which these girls made.

The next day was Sunday, and life seemed to celebrate a holy day, so still and so festively adorned appeared all nature. The noisy young girls had become quiet, and assembled before the door of my cabin, which was open toward the river. They were evidently in a state of mind to hear something serious. The peace of the Sabbath rested upon them. Had now some sower, commissioned of Heaven, sown the seed of truth and the comprehension of the higher life in the souls of these young girls, the seed would assuredly have fallen in good ground. I have faith in the inborn pure earnestness of woman's nature and its kinship with the highest spiritual life, and it grieved me when I saw it running wild as in this case. Not that I think a moment of wildness is of much consequence in a human life; all depends upon the main direction of the whole. But if nature is left to itself, it becomes a wilderness, and wildernesses of human nature are very

much less beautiful than those of the primeval forest—nor would even these be good to live in. The spirit of a superior nature must lay his hand upon the young heathen before he can become full of human dignity and beauty. . . .

The slave villages in Georgia have the same exterior as those in Carolina, and the condition of the slaves on the plantations seem to me similar also. The good and the bad masters make the only difference; but then, in such circumstances, this is immeasurable.

"Here lives the owner of a plantation who is universally known as cruel to his people," was once said to me as I went past a beautiful country house almost concealed by thick trees and shrubs. People know this, and they do not willingly hold intercourse with such a man, that is all. Neither the angel of justice nor of love ventures into these mystical groves, where human beings are sacrificed. What paganism amid Christianity! But this avenges itself, nevertheless, on the white races, as is evident in many things.

When recently at home with a Mr. Bones, I heard the negroes singing. I wished rather to have heard their own naïve songs, but was told that they "dwelt with the Lord," and sang only hymns. I am sorry for this exclusiveness; nevertheless, their hymns sung in quartette were glo-

rious. It would be impossible to have more exquisite or better singing. They had hymn-books before them, and seemed to be singing from them; but my friends laughed, doubting whether they were for actual use. In the midst of the singing a cock began to crow in the house, and kept on crowing incessantly. From the amusement this occasioned, I saw that there was more in it than appeared. Nor was it, in reality, a cock that crowed, but a young negro from a neighboring court, who, being possessed of the cock's ability to crow, chose to make one in the concert.

After this, another young negro, who was not so evangelical as the rest, came and sang with his banjo several of the negro songs universally known and sung in the South by the negro people, whose product they are, and in the Northern States by persons of all classes, because they are extremely popular. The music of these songs is melodious, naïve, and full of rhythmical life and the deepest, tenderest sentiment. Many of the songs remind me of Haydn's and Mozart's simple, artless melodies; for example, "Rosa Lee," "Oh, Susannah," "Dearest May," "Carry Me Back to Old Virginny," "Uncle Ned," and "Mary Blane," all of which are full of the most touching pathos, both in words and melody. The words, however, are frequently inferior to the music; they are often

childish, and contain many repetitions both of phrases and imagery; but frequently, amid all this, expressions and turns of thought which are in the highest degree poetical, and with bold and happy transitions, such as we find in the oldest songs of our Northern people. These negro songs are also not uncommonly ballads, or, more properly, little romances, which contain descriptions of their love affairs and their simple life's fate. There is no imagination, no gloomy background, rich with saga or legend, as in our songs; but, on the other hand, much sentiment, and a naïve and often humorous seizing upon the moment and its circumstances. These songs have been made on the road; during the journeyings of the slaves; upon the rivers, as they paddled their canoes along or steered the raft down the stream; and, in particular, at the corn-huskings, which are to the negroes what the harvest-home is to our peasants, and at which they sing impromptu whatever is uppermost in their hearts or in their brain. Yes, all these songs are peculiarly improvisations, which have taken root in the mind of the people, and are listened to and sung to the whites, who, possessed of a knowledge of music, have caught and noted them down. And this improvisation goes forward every day. People hear new songs continually; they are the offspring of nature and of

accident, produced from the joys and the sorrows of a child-like race. The rhyme comes as it may, sometimes clumsily, sometimes no rhyme at all, sometimes most wonderfully fresh and perfect; the rhythm is excellent, and the descriptions have local coloring and distinctiveness. Alabama, Louisiana, Tennessee, Carolina, "Old Virginny," all the melodious names of the Southern States and places there, the abodes of the slaves, are introduced into their songs, as well as their love histories, and give a local interest and coloring not only to the song, but to the state and to the place which they sing about. Thus these songs are like flowers and fragrance from the negro life in those states—like flowers cast upon the waves of the river, and borne hither and thither by the wind—like fragrance from the flowers of the wilderness in their summer life, because there is no bitterness, no gloomy spirit in these songs. They are the offspring of life's summer day, and bear witness to this. And if bitterness and the condition of slavery were to cease forever in the free land of the United States, these songs would still live, and bear witness to the light of life, even as the phosphorescent beam of the fire-fly shines, though the glow-worm may be crushed. . . .

I here became acquainted with a German, Professor Lieber, an author of talent, and a worthy

man. For the rest there was nothing very remarkable here, unless it were the great number of colonels. All gentlemen of wealth, planters or others, it matters not, are called colonel, though they may not have been military. Such colonels abound in the Southern States. When I expressed my astonishment at this general promotion, I was told that when the President of the United States visited the various states he nominated many of these gentlemen to be his adjutants for the occasion; and these adopted and have since retained the title of colonel. Imagine that title for so small service! The passion for titles which evidently distinguishes a portion of the republican people of America, especially in the South, is a little possessed of the devil, and but little in harmony with the aim of this community. The old Adam in the old uniform is going about still.

Charleston, June 10. In South Carolina the spirit and the links of social life are aristocratic to a degree which I cannot approve of, however much I may like certain people there. And aristocracy there has this in common with aristocracies of the present time; that, while the aristocratic virtues and greatness have vanished, merely the pretension remains. The formerly rich, magnifi-

cent planters exist no longer. Wealth, power, munificent hospitality are all gone. And, bowed beneath the yoke of slavery, the Southern States are a long way behind those of the North in their rapid development, in prosperity and population. The emigration of the present day is also beginning to bring in its manufactures and mechanical art even into the Southern States, but much more in Georgia than Carolina. Yet even here a man from New England, Mr. Gregg, has lately established a cotton manufactory, similar to that of Lowell, laid out beautifully with garden-plots for the work-people. Far behind the Northern States stands the South in any case, as regards moral and intellectual culture, and this in consequence of the unhappy slave institution, with all its consequences both to the black and the white population. There are great individuals in the Southern States, but no great community, no united, aspiring people. The fetters of slavery bind, more or less, all and every one. Yet I love the South. I have found there many things to love—many things to esteem—many things to enjoy—many things to be grateful for; and as it is natural to me to enter into the life amid which I am living or observing, I have in the South felt myself to have a Southern tendency; and having entered into the peculiar life of the South, its circumstances and position, having

a little sense of the good which abundantly exists here, which is here in operation, I have perfectly understood that bitter feeling which ferments, even in noble minds, toward the despotic and unreasonable North, against that portion of the North which is so opposed to the South; against the ultra-abolitionists and their violence. It is merely when I oppose them to the ultra of the pro-slavery party that I hold with the former. But what would I not give if the South, the true, the noble South, would itself take the subject of contention in hand, and silence the mouth of its opponents, silence their blame, both just and unjust, in a great and noble way, by laws which would bring about a gradual emancipation, by *one law, at least,* which should allow the slaves to purchase their own freedom and that of their families at a reasonable price, a price which should be established by law. This, it seems to me, might be required from the Southern States, as an act of justice to themselves, to their native land—so far as they desire to have part in its proud character of liberty, and which they do desire—as an act of justice to their posterity, to the people whom they have enslaved, and for whom they thereby would open a future, first by means of hope, by a noble object for which to strive, and then a new existence in a life of freedom, either in Africa, or

here in their adopted country, as the free servants or laborers of the whites; for I confess that, according to my opinion, the Southern States would lose a great part of their charm and their peculiar character in losing their black population. Bananas, negroes, and negro songs are the greatest refreshments of the mind, according to my experience, which I found in the United States. And to every one, whether in Old or New England, who is troubled by spleen or dyspepsia, or over-excitement of brain or nerves, I would recommend, as a radical cure, a journey to the South to eat bananas, to see the negroes, and hear their songs. It will do them good to go through the primeval forest, with its flowers and its odors, and to sail upon the red rivers! But the negroes are preferable to everything else. They are the life and the good humor of the South. The more I see of this people, their manners, their disposition, way of talking, of acting, of moving, the more I am convinced that they are a distinct stock in the great human family, and are intended to present a distinct physiognomy, a distinct form of the old type man, and this physiognomy is the result of temperament. . . .

As regards the slave owners, I may divide them into three classes: Mammon-worshipers, patriarchs, and heroes or men of progress. The first regard the slaves merely from a pecuniary point

of view, and use or misuse them at pleasure. The second consider themselves responsible for their office; consider that they cannot and ought not to surrender the property which they have inherited from their fathers, and which, perhaps, is all that they possess for themselves and their children; and they regard it as an imperative duty to preserve these inherited servants, to provide for their old age, to make their present life as happy as possible by means of instruction and Christianity, and to allow them as much freedom and as much innocent pleasure as possible. The third, highest class, advances the well-being of the slaves with reference to their emancipation; and this is done by means of education and such practical aids. They advance both people and country on the path of human cultivation. I have heard mention made of some persons even in Carolina as belonging to this latter class, and in particular of two wealthy ladies who have lately liberated their slaves. This is forbidden by law; but here also public opinion has begun to go ahead of the law; and the lawyers themselves aid by passing statutes to this end, and when they are reproached with this, they laugh, and seem untroubled by conscience.

I have heard some very beautiful traits of the patriarchs as well as of their slaves, and of the devotion on both sides. I believe them, because

I have seen various instances of the kind, and they appear to me very natural. There is, upon the whole, no human being for whom I have a greater esteem and sympathy than the good and conscientious slaveholder, for his position is one of difficulty and full of trouble. . . .

One evening which I spent at Mr. Gilman's I was present at the evening worship of the negroes, in a hall which that good, right-thinking minister had allowed them to use for the purpose. The first speaker, an old negro, was obliged to give place to another, who said he was so full of the power of the word that he could not possibly keep silence, and he poured forth his eloquence for a good hour, but said the same thing over and over again. These colored preachers were far inferior to those whom I heard in Savannah.

Finally, he admonished one of the sisters "to pray." On this, an elderly, sickly woman began immediately to pray aloud, and her evident fervor in thanksgiving for the consolation of the Gospel of Christ, and her testimony on behalf of His powers, in her own long and suffering life, were really affecting. But the prayer was too long; the same thing was repeated too often, with an incessant thumping on the bench with her fists as an accompaniment to every groan of prayer. At the close of this, and when another sister was admon-

ished to pray, the speaker added, "But make it short, if you please!" This sister, however, did not make it short but longer than even the first with still more circumlocution and still more thumping on the bench. A third sister, who was admonished to pray, received the brief, definite injunction, "But *short.*" And when she lost herself in the long bewilderment of prayer, she was interrupted without ceremony by the wordy preacher, who could no longer keep silent, but must hear himself talk on for another good hour. Nor was it until the singing of one of the hymns composed by the negroes themselves, such as they sing in their canoes, and in which the name "Jerusalem" is often repeated, that the congregation became really alive. They sang so that it was a pleasure to hear, with all their souls and with all their bodies in unison; for their bodies rocked, their heads nodded, their feet stamped, their knees shook, their elbows and their hands beat time to the tune and the words which they sang with evident delight. One must see these people singing if one is rightly to understand their life. I have seen their imitators, the so-called "Sable Singers," who travel about the country painted up as negroes, singing negro songs in the negro manner and with negro gestures, as it is said; but nothing can be more radically unlike, for the most essen-

tial part of the resemblance fails — namely, *the life*. . . .

Of the mysteries of Charleston I shall not tell you anything because I know them not, excepting by rumor, and that which I know merely by rumor I leave untold. Dark mysteries, more indeed than rumor has told, cannot fail in a great city in which slavery abides. I have heard it said that there is a flogging institution in Charleston for slaves, which brings the city a yearly revenue of more than ten thousand dollars. Every person who wishes to have his slave punished by the whip sends him there with money for his chastisement. I have both heard and read of this many times, and I believe it to be true. But the position of things here makes it difficult, nay, next to impossible, for me to search into such things. And I cannot and will not become a spy. I receive merely that which comes to me compulsively by my own experience, and which I therefore consider as a knowledge by higher design, as a something which I ought to know and to receive. I have here properly to do with the ideal and to cease and present it purely and faithfully. And it is in the feeling of that ideal South, as it already exists in some degree, and as it sometime may wholly exist in order to fulfill the design of the Creator, that I now bid farewell to the South with both admira-

tion and love—sorrowing for that which it now is not, and hoping again to return.

Philadelphia, June 23. I was met at Philadelphia by the polite Professor Hart, who took me to his house; and there I have been ever since, and there I am still, occupied, both soul and body, by social life and company, and by a great deal which is interesting, although laborious.

The Quakers—the Friends, as they are commonly called—are especially kind to me, take me by the hand, call me Fredrika, and address me with *thou,* or, rather, *thee,* and convey me in easy carriages, to see all that is remarkable and beautiful as well in the city as out of it. And what large and excellent institutions there are here for the public good! The heart is enlarged by the contemplation of them and by the manner in which they are maintained.

I could not help weeping tears of joy when I visited, the other day, the great Philadelphia lunatic asylum—so grand, so noble appeared the human heart to me there, the work and the tenderness of which seemed to present itself in everything. The asylum is situated in large and beautiful grounds, in which are shady alleys, seats, and flower-gardens. The whole demesne is surrounded by a wall, so managed as to be concealed

by the rising ground, both from the park and the house, so that the poor captives may fancy themselves in perfect freedom. There is also a beautiful museum of stuffed birds and other animals, with collections of shells and minerals, where the diseased mind may divert itself and derive instruction, occupation and amusement being the principal means employed for the improvement of these unfortunates. For this reason lectures are delivered two or three times a week in a large hall. They frequently meet for general amusement, as for concerts, dances and so on, and the appliances for various kinds of games, such as billiards, chess, etc., are provided. I heard on all hands music in the house. Music is especially an effective means of cure. Many of the patients played on the piano remarkably well. They showed me an elderly lady, who had been brought hither in a state of perfect fatuity. They gave her a piano and encouraged her to play some little simple pieces, such as she had played in her youth. By degrees the memory of many of these early pieces re-awoke, until the whole of her childhood's music revived within her, and with it, as it seemed, the world of her childhood. She played to me and went with visible delight from one little piece to another, while her countenance became as bright and as innocently gay as that of a happy child. She will

probably never become perfectly well and strong in mind; but she spends here a happy, harmless life in the music of her early years. Many of the ladies, and in particular the younger ones, occupy themselves in making artificial flowers, some of which they gave me, and they were very well done. The men are much employed in field labor and gardening. A niece of the great Washington was here: a handsome old lady, with features greatly resembling those of the president, and well-bred manners. She was very pale, and was said to be rather weak than diseased in mind. The number of beautiful flowers here, particularly of roses, was extraordinary, and even the incurables, if they have a moment of sane consciousness, find themselves surrounded by roses. . . .

I must also say a few words about the Philadelphia penitentiary. In the center of the large rotunda, into which run all the various passages with their prison-cells, like radii to one common center, sat, in an arm-chair, comfortable and precise, in his drab coat with large buttons and broad-brimmed hat, the Quaker, Mr. Scattergood, like a great spider watching the flies which had been caught in the net. But no! this simile does not at all accord with the thing and the man—that kind, elderly gentleman, with a remarkably sensible and somewhat humorous exterior. A more excellent

guide no one can imagine. He accompanied us to the cells of the prisoners. The prisoners live here quite solitary, without intercourse with their fellow-prisoners; they work, however, and they read. The library is considerable, and contains, besides religious books, works of natural history, travels, and even a good selection of polite literature. It is with no niggard hand that the nobler seed of cultivation is scattered among the children of imprisonment, "those who sit in darkness." The spirit of the New World is neither timid nor niggardly, and fears not to do too much where it would do good. It is careful merely to select the right seed, and gives of such with a liberal heart and a liberal hand. I have often thought that beautiful stories, sketches of human life, biographies, in particular of the guilty who have become reformed, of prisoners, who, after being liberated, have become virtuous members of society, might do more toward the improvement of the prisoner's state of mind and heart than sermons and religious books—except always the books of the New Testament—and I have therefore wished much to do something of this kind myself.

I left this prison more edified than I had often been on leaving a church. Friend Scattergood told me that the number of the prisoners had not increased since the commencement of the prison,

but continued very much about the same, which is a pleasing fact, as the population of the city has considerably increased during this time, and increases every year. Less pleasing and satisfactory is it, as regards the effect of the system, that the same prisoners not unfrequently return, and for the same kind of crime. But this is natural enough. It is not easy to amend a fault which has become habitual through many years, nor easy to amend old criminals. Hence the hope of the New World is not to reform so much through prisons as through schools, and still more through the homes; when all homes become what they ought to be, and what many already are, the great reformatory work will be done.

I have heard of various benevolent institutions in the city, which I yet hope to visit. And in every one of these the Quakers take part, either as founders or directors, and in every case the same spirit of human love is observable as animated the first lawgiver of Pennsylvania, the founder of Philadelphia, William Penn; and the more I see of the Quakers the better I like them. The men have something sly and humorous about them, a sort of dry humor which is very capital; they are fond of telling a good story, commonly illustrative of the peace-principle, and intended to prove how well this and worldly wisdom may go together

and how triumphantly they are doing battle in the world. Christian love shows itself in them, seasoned with a little innocent, worldly cunning in manner and a delicate sharpness of temper. The women please me particularly, from that quiet refinement of demeanor, both inward and outward, which I have already observed; their expression is *sensible;* nobody ever hears them ask senseless questions. One meets with many striking countenances among them, with remarkably lovely eyes, purely cut features, and clear complexions. The interest which the Quaker women take in the affairs of their native land, and especially in those which have a great human purpose, is also a feature which distinguishes them from the ordinary class of ladies.

June 25. Yesterday, midsummer-day, I visited the old Swedish church here; for the Swedes were the first settlers on the Delaware, and were possessed of land from Trenton Falls to the sea, and it was from them that William Penn bought the ground on which Philadelphia now stands.

Mr. Clay, the present minister, invited me to meet at his house all the descendants of the earliest Swedish settlers whom he knew. It was a company of from fifty to sixty, and I shook hands with many agreeable persons, but they had nothing

Swedish about them, excepting their family names, of which I recognized many. No traditions of their emigration hither remained; language, appearance, all had entirely merged into that of the now prevailing Anglo-Saxon race. The church clock alone had something truly Swedish about it, something of the character of the peasant's clock in its physiognomy, and was called *Jockum*.

The church, a handsome and substantial, though small building of brick, was ancient only in its exterior. The interior was new and very much ornamented. A large book was placed upon a sort of tall stand in the middle of the church, and upon its pages might be read in large letters, which however have been somewhat altered by restoration, "The people who dwelt in darkness have seen a great light." And this inscription, together with the old church at Wilmington, in Delaware, and a few family names, are all that remain of the old colony of New Sweden on the eastern shores of the New World. Yet no! not all. A peaceful, noble memory of its life continues to exist on the pages of history, like a lovely episode of idyllic purity and freshness.

Yesterday, also, I visited Franklin's grave, and bound clover and other field-flowers into a garland for it. Franklin belongs to the group of fortunate men who are the heroes of peace and the quiet

benefactors of the human race. He was the third man in that great triumvirate (Fox, Penn, Franklin) and the first man in the battle of the press for freedom of thought in America and for American independence. Franklin, with his quiet demeanor, his simple habits, his free, searching glance directed always upon the simplest and the most common laws as regarded everything, who "played with the lightning as with a brother," and "without noise or tumult drew the lightning down from the sky"—Franklin, with his practical philosophy of life, which, however, was broad rather than deep, his great activity and his excellent temper—seems to me a fine representative of one phase of American character.

But I must tell you a little more about the Quakers, who not only founded Pennsylvania and Philadelphia, and gave to the state and city their peculiar character, but who exercised a deep and lasting influence upon the spiritual life of the people, both of England and New England. In Sweden we know the Quakers merely as a strange sect which says *thou* to everybody, will not take an oath, and wear their broad-brimmed hats in the presence of every one. We know them only from little outward peculiarities. I have here become acquainted with their inward significance for the whole of humanity.

Several Quaker families in England united to prepare for themselves and their friends an asylum on the other side of the Atlantic—in that land which had given a home to George Fox. They purchased, therefore, land along the banks of the Delaware, and set out with a large number of adherents to establish there a community whose one law and rule should be the inner law of the heart, enlightened by the inner light. To this party William Penn soon attached himself, and took the lead in the colony as its natural head and governor.

In the fundamental principles of their legislation the Friends adhered to that of the Puritan colony of New Hampshire; "their concessions were such as Friends could approve of," because, said they, *the power is vested in the people.* But the Quakers went further than the Pilgrim Fathers in their understanding of and application of this principle. The Puritans had made the Scriptures their guide and rule; the Friends made the Spirit the interpreter of the Scriptures. The Puritans had given the congregation a right to select their own ministers; the Friends would not have any priests at all. Every human being, man or woman, was a priest, and had the right to preach to others if the spirit moved them, and the inner voice admonished them to give utterance to any truths; for the inner light was sent to all. The Puritans

had given the right to vote to every man in the community, and all questions of law or judgment were to be decided by a majority of voices; the Friends, believing in the power of the inner light, and the final unanimity of the inner light in all, allowed in their councils any questions under discussion to be dealt with again and again, until all became voluntarily and unanimously agreed. The Puritans had built their churches without ornaments or pictures; the Friends built no churches. They assembled in halls or houses, called meeting-rooms, and sat there together in silence, listening to the revelation of the inner voice, and speaking merely when this admonished them to say anything. The Puritans regarded woman as the helper of man and his companion in the house and on the private path of life; the Friends regarded woman as man's helper also in his life as a citizen, as his helper in the business of his public as well as his private life, and acknowledged the right of woman to speak, as well in the Senate as the Church. The Female Assemblies of Council were of as much weight as those of the men, and the inspiration of woman was listened to with reverence when she stood forth, at the call of the Spirit, in their meeting-houses. The Puritans had simplified the marriage ceremony. The Friends rejected marriage by a priest, and it became a civil rite. If a man and

woman declared themselves willing to live together as a married pair, that sufficed to constitute a marriage. The inner voice was enough to sanctify the union and to make it firm; the inner voice alone could point out the way and keep the heart pure.

Thus pure, thus sublime, were the principles which guided this little people, who went over to the New World to make that "holy experiment," as William Penn terms it; to found a community wholly and entirely based upon that which is most inward and most spiritual in human life. Thus began the colony which, under the guidance of William Penn, extended itself into the most flourishing condition, and received the name of Pennsylvania. Penn desired to found in it a free colony for all mankind. . . .

Looking now at the principles of Quakerism in and for themselves, I see clearly that they are the same doctrines for which Socrates died and Luther lived, and for which the great Gustavus Adolphus fought and conquered and died the death of the hero—the right to freedom of thought, of faith in the light and voice of God in the soul of man; this principle, arising in George Fox from the very heart of the people, and thence becoming the vital principle of people, Church, and State, constitutes the peculiarity of Quakerism, thoroughly permeating social life.

New it is not; neither is it sufficient in the one-sided view in which Quakers comprehend it. What if that inner light illumines a dark desire in the human soul? if the inward voice finds itself opposed by a debased or evil impulse of the heart? The Quakers have forgotten, or have not regarded the old saying that "there is a drop of black blood in every man's heart." And in order to make it pure, neither light nor admonishing voice avails anything, but only another drop of blood of divine power and purity. The Quakers may, in the mysteries of Quaker life, find proofs enough of the existence of this black drop, even among the children of the inner light; perhaps no bloody proofs, no burning spot, but dark histories of gloomy, silent, bitter quarrels among "the Friends"; secret oppression, secret, long misery, irreconcilable misunderstandings, and all those dark fiends which, when I see them embittering family or social life, remind me of the old Northern hell, with its dark, poisonous rivers, cruel witchcraft, rainy clouds, venomous serpents, and so on. But Quakerism, in its first arisings, saw nothing of this, and perhaps possessed nothing of it. Enthusiasm for a beautiful idea changes the soul to a spring morning with a clear heaven and the purest air, full of the songs of birds amid flowery meadows. Later in the day the clouds

arise. Quakerism, in its earliest morning freshness, was itself a pure, unfathomed river, derived from pure fountains, which baptized the world anew with the purifying waters of truth and faith in the voice and power of truth. That was and that is its good work to mankind. And its awakening cry has penetrated with purifying power into millions of souls. Ralph Waldo Emerson, in his belief in the power of this inner light and truth, is a Quaker.

It was a mistake in the Quakers to believe that man has sufficient of this inner light in himself, nay, of his own strength, to attain to perfection, and it still remains a mistake to this day. For this reason they make too little use of prayer, too little of the Lord's Supper, too little of all those means which the All-good Father has afforded to His children, in order to bring them into connection with Him and Him with them, that He might impart to them His life and His strength, and which, therefore, are so properly called means of grace. Therefore it is also that they are deficient in that reliance and freedom with which a child of God moves through the whole circle of his creation, regarding nothing as unclean and nothing as hurtful which is enjoyed with a pure mind. They look with suspicious glances upon all free beauty and art and are afraid of joy; nay, they mistrust even

the beauty of nature, and are deficient in that universal sense which belongs to the Scandinavians—though it sometimes a little oversteps itself with them—and which made a certain eccentric acquaintance say, "One should eat in God; one should play and sing in God; nay, one should *dance* in God."

But peace be with Quakerism! It has accomplished its mission and borne the torch of light before mankind for a season, during its passage "out of darkness, and through the shadows to the light." It has had its time. There is an end of the earlier power of the sect. But its influence still exists, and is in force in the New World, especially as the principle of stern uprightness and public benevolence, and it will yet by this open new paths for the people of the New World. The doctrine of the inner light died not, but seeks a union with another higher light. It has, especially in its declared equality of man and woman, a rich seed which must germinate through a wider sphere. How little danger there is in this avowed equality, and how little outward change is produced by it in society, the Quaker community demonstrated practically. Men and women have there the same privileges, and exercise them alike. But in all this they have remained true to their nature; she turns rather into the home; he, more

outward, to the community. The women have remained equally feminine, but have become more marked in character. The different characteristics of the two have, in that which was the best, remained unchanged, but have been improved, elevated where they were worst. That "holy experiment" proves itself to have been in this respect wholly successful, and ought to have led to a yet grander experiment.

June 27. Yesterday I was present at a meeting of the Orthodox Quakers. About two hundred persons were assembled in a large, light hall without the slightest ornament, the men on one side, the women on the other, and with these a number of children. The people sat on benches quite silent, and looking straight before them, all except myself, who looked a little about me, but very quietly. It was a very hot day, and the silence and the immovability of the assembly were oppressive to me. And I kept thinking the whole time, "Will not the Spirit move some of the assembly?" But no! the Spirit moved not one. An old gentleman coughed, and I sneezed, and the leaves of the trees moved softly outside the window. This was the only movement I perceived. There sat the women, with their drab bonnets all of one color and form, like upturned, flat-bottomed boats, and appearing

less agreeable to me than common. Nevertheless, I saw in many countenances and eyes an expression which evidently testified to the depth of the Spirit, although in this depth I failed to find—light. And the children, the poor little children, who were obliged to sit still and keep awake, without occupation and without any object for their childish attention—what could they think of? thought I, who can not think deeply on a subject unless I am walking. Thus we sat, in heat and silence, certainly for an hour, until two of the elders who sat in the gallery rose up and extended to each other their hands, which was the signal for the general breaking up, and I was glad to get out into the open air. On Sunday I shall visit the meeting of the Unitarian Quakers and see whether the Spirit is more alive among them. Here it was deep, perhaps, but it did not come out of the depth into the day. As discipline, these silent meetings may, in any case, be excellent. Of the undisciplined, who talk at random, without purpose or effect, one has enough in the world.

Sunday. Yes, of a truth the Spirit was alive there, and moved first a man and then a woman, and I heard the Spirit speak from the heart of Quakerism itself. The preacher, whose name I have forgotten, an elderly gentleman with an ani-

mated, yet serious countenance, admonished his hearers to keep the will and the mind in a state of integrity and purity. From this pure light, he said, light went forth through the whole life, directing all its actions. The discourse was good, animated, clear, true. But I thought of the words, "Man must be regenerated by water and the Spirit." Here was the water, but—nothing more. It was the human purification. The Spirit of heaven, love, the inspiration of life, had nothing to do with it. After this preacher sat down, and all had been silent for a time, there arose from her seat a short, handsome lady, with fine features and beautiful, clear eyes. It was Lucretia Mott. With a low but very sweet voice and an eloquence of expression which made me not lose a single word, she spoke for certainly an hour, without interruption, without repetition, and in a manner which made one wish her to continue, so lucid and powerful was her delineation of the principles of non-conformity (the Quaker principles), so logical and excellent was the application of these to the practical questions of life, now so much contested, and these the speaker represented as being peace, slavery, and the rights of women. I listened with the greatest pleasure to this excellent discourse, which was permeated by the inner life of the speaker as by a strong though somewhat im-

prisoned fire. There was talent, power, clearness, light. Yet for all that the warmth of inspiration was wanting. I am, in the meantime, glad to have heard a female speaker, perfect in her way. The room was quite full, and she was listened to with evident admiration. . . .

Washington, July 1. I felt a little thrill of joy when, in the evening of yesterday, I beheld from the top of the Capitol of the United States the glorious panorama of the surrounding country, through which wound the Potomac River, the whole lighted up by the golden light of evening; it was a magnificent sight. The situation of the Senate House, its environs, and the views from it are certainly the most beautiful that can be met with.

The following day I visited the Senate House and the House of Representatives. The day was beautiful; the United States banner with its thirty-three stars, a star for each state, waved from the top of the Capitol, as is customary while Congress is sitting. It looked quite festal. The Senators sat in a large rotunda, well lighted by lofty windows, occupying one half of the room, and produced altogether a good and impressive effect. The greater number of these gentlemen were of noble form, with a somewhat peculiar

physiognomy and bearing, which, on the whole, was calm and dignified, but which nevertheless does not prevent occurrence of scenes that are considerably disturbing and unworthy of senatorial dignity.

The two great statesmen, Clay and Webster, were both in the Senate. Daniel Webster bears a remarkable likeness to our deceased Archbishop Wallin, especially in the large deep-set eyes and strong, magnificent, arched forehead; but he is a handsomer man, and looks more massive. His head is really magnificent. Webster represents Massachusetts, and Clay Kentucky, in the Senate. As regards the great questions of contention between the North and the South in this country, Webster appears to be the representative of the moderate party in the North, and Clay of the moderate party in the South. The Senate is divided in the house into two portions. Each senator has a little desk before him, upon which paper and books are placed. The vice-president, who is speaker, and who sits upon a somewhat elevated platform in front of both parties, with the American eagle displayed above him, is a handsome, powerful figure, with an open, manly countenance. In the gallery apportioned to the public, which runs around the house above the heads of the senators, the front seat, according to American

politeness, is left for ladies, and one hears remarkably well from this gallery.

The House of Representatives produces a less striking effect. The space is much larger and not so well lighted as that of the Senate; the throng of people is much greater also, and they talk and behave in a much less dignified manner. The whole produced a chaotic impression on my mind; nor could I hear one single word from the gallery. The sound does not ascend clearly, and the worthy members talked with the rapidity of a torrent. I shook hands with many, both of the senators and the representatives. They were all particularly polite and merry.

In the afternoon, the senator from New Hampshire took Miss Lynch and myself to the White House, the residence of the president, General Taylor, just outside the city. There in the park, every Saturday afternoon, is military music, and the people walk at pleasure. The president was out among the crowd. I was introduced to him, and we shook hands. He is kind and agreeable, both in appearance and manner, and was simply, almost negligently, dressed. He is not considered to possess any great talent as a statesman, but is universally esteemed for the spotless purity of his character and for his ability and humanity as a general. It was the Mexican war which made

him president. His demeanor struck me as civil rather than military. Vice-president Fillmore, with whom I also became acquainted this evening, looks more of a president than Taylor.

Later. I have just returned from the Capitol, where I passed the forenoon, but where we walked about arm in arm with the senators, and talked with them much more than we listened to the speeches in the Senate; but I will do that before long. The entrance of California into the Union, with or without slavery, is the great contested question of the day, which splits the North and the South into two hostile parties. No one knows as yet how the contest will end, and it is reported that the president said lately that all was dark. Henry Clay, who is endeavoring to bring about a compromise, and who has long labored for this purpose, has latterly set the whole Senate against him, it is said, by his despotic and overbearing behavior, and he is now quite worn out by the opposition he meets with from his colleagues. He complained bitterly of this to-day, when Anne Lynch and I called upon him before Congress. I had seen him the day before at the White House.

He now inquired from me about King Oscar I, his character, his standing with the people, etc. So many trivial and insignificant questions are asked

me, that it was now really refreshing to reply to inquiries which were earnest and had some purpose in them, and which were made with an earnest intention. By what the American statesman knew respecting him and our Swedish political affairs, I could see the glance of genius, which requires but little knowledge to enable it to perceive and comprehend much.

July 2. Again home from the Capitol, where I have heard Clay and Webster, as well as other of the most distinguished senators. Clay speaks in an animated manner, and with strong feeling. I was not very much struck with his voice, of which I had heard so much praise. It seems to me that he often speaks too rapidly, so that the words are lost in the shrill sound of the voice. Webster speaks with great calmness, both in tone and demeanor, but there is an intensity of power in his manner. He has also this peculiarity as a speaker —and in this he also resembles Wallin—that he drops his voice and speaks all the lower, when he seeks to make the deepest impression. This is the very opposite of the general manner of American speakers, but it produces great effect.

I spent yesterday morning with Professor Henry, one of the most celebrated chemists in this country, and found in him a great admirer of

Berzelius and Oersted, as well as an uncommonly amiable man. Vice-president Fillmore came in the evening; he is a very gentlemanly person, and shines greatly in conversation.

July 3. I spent last evening with Daniel Webster and various other persons. Webster does not look well; he has a sallow complexion, keeps himself much apart from others, is silent, and has a heavy and absent look. His charming and amiable wife placed herself beside me, wishing that I might have the pleasure of hearing him speak. He has extraordinary eyes; when they open and fix their gaze upon you, you seem to look into a catacomb full of ancient wisdom; but not much of this comes out into every-day conversation and social life, and his depth lies very deep in that magnificently formed head. The man himself seems to be perfectly simple and without regard to the world's fashions—a very decided character; one which looks like what it is. He seems to me, however, to be one of those whose powers show themselves most beautifully on great and momentous occasions.

Washington, July 10. As I sat yesterday in the Senate house, listening patiently, or more correctly, impatiently, to a long and tedious pro-slavery

speech by the senator from South Carolina, Judge Butler, an estimable man and a good friend of mine (always excepting as regards this question), I perceived that a thrill, as if from a noiseless electric shock, had passed through the assembly; a number of fresh persons entered by the principal doors, and at once Daniel Webster was seen to stand beside the speaking senator, indicating with a deprecatory gesture that he must interrupt him on account of some important business. The orator bowed and was silent; a stillness as of death reigned in the house, and all eyes were fixed upon Webster, who himself stood silent for a few seconds, as if to prepare the assembly for tidings of serious import. He then spoke slowly, and with that deep and impressive voice which is peculiar to him.

"I have a sorrowful message to deliver to the Senate. A great misfortune threatens the nation. The President of the United States, General Taylor, is dying, and may not survive the day."

Again that silent electrical shock was perceptible. I saw many persons turn pale, and I felt myself grow pale also from the unexpected announcement, and from seeing the effect which it had produced. One senator bowed his head upon his hands, as if he heard the thunder of judgment.

This movement of astonishment was, however, transient. Mind soon regained its usual tension; the Senate adjourned immediately, and to a man they all poured forth into the city to tell this news or to hear anything fresh. At the present moment of party strife, and during the contention which is now going forward in Congress, and upon the adjustment of which it is said that the personal character of General Taylor exercised an important influence, the news of his condition has made an immense impression.

At half past ten in the evening the president died, after having taken a beautiful and affecting leave of his family.

I spent the 4th of July—that great day in the United States—at Mount Vernon, where we were received by a handsome young couple, a kinsman of the great president, and his wife. They invited us to cool and rest ourselves, and entertained us with milk and fruit, which were delicious. Henry Clay had given us a letter of introduction to them. The situation of the house on the banks of the Potomac is unspeakably beautiful; the park, laid out in the English style, appeared to me extensive, but, like the buildings, seemed to be somewhat out of order. A beautiful mausoleum, containing the bodies of Washington and his wife, stands in the park; and through the grated iron door

of the mausoleum the coffins may be seen. I threw my green branch in between the iron bars.

Washington has always appeared to me in life and character to have a resemblance to Gustavus Vasa; although his life was less romantic, and his character more phlegmatic, less impulsive, than that of the Swedish liberator. Vasa is a more dramatic, Washington a more epic figure; Vasa more of the hero, Washington more of the statesman; Vasa, king, Washington, president. Large, powerful, kingly souls were they, both worthy to be the governors of free people. Washington, perhaps, stands higher than Vasa in his pure unselfishness as the supreme head of the people. In self-command he was almost without an equal; and it is said that only on one single occasion, in a momentary outbreak, did he allow the volcanic workings of his soul to be observed.

The American ideal of a man, "a well-balanced mind," must have its type in the great president. Noble he was, and, when he had done an injustice, would candidly acknowledge it. That which I most admire in his character and life is his perseverance. He was not without pride in his manner and temper toward others. He had a glance which could strike the insolent dumb; and I have heard it said that his very presence, even if he were silent,

always could be felt like a dominant power; but this is the case with all strong characters. . . .

I have visited every day the Senate and the House of Representatives, though generally the former, because I hear well there, and because as a parliamentary assembly it seems, in every respect, to stand above the other.

In the House of Representatives no speaker may occupy more than an hour of time. As soon as the hour is at an end, and a little bell rings, another speaker has a right to interrupt him, even should it be in the very midst of this most profound argument or in the highest flight of his genius, and demand general attention for *his* speech, which may occupy another hour, after which he again must give place to some one else. And as the speakers in a general way speak with great ease, and have a deal to say, they are anxious to make good use of their power, and that, I suppose, is the reason for the headlong speed with which the speech is hurled forth, like an avalanche, into the House, at least it has been so every time I have been there. A certain kind of hurry-scurry seems to prevail in this house, which contrasts strongly with the decorum of the Senate. There each senator may speak as long as he will, nay even through the whole of the session, if he chose, without any one having a right to interrupt him,

except to make an observation or with his consent.

During this talking, however, whether in the Senate or in the House of Representatives, I am often enough reminded of Mr. Poinsett's words, when I praised the American talent for talking, "It is a great misfortune!" But is it better, as regards this misfortune, in other countries in assemblies where people make speeches? And if I do sigh now and then as I listen to a speech, yet I am interested by many on account of their straightforwardness, on account of the subjects upon which they touch, or on account of the speakers themselves. I like both to see and to hear parliamentary assemblies. Human nature seems to me great, when it stands forth and does battle for some high purpose or principle, and if it be possessed of power or of genius, it wins great victories; and I love to see human nature great and important, to see it from its private little world, its isolated point, labor for the whole world. And even without genius, human nature here presents as a moral power an interesting sight merely by its yes or no. Such an assembly is in its operation a grand dramatic scene, and there sometimes occur in it scenes and episodes of much more vital effect than many a one which we witness on the stage.

(Discussing the Compromise Bill in the Senate.)

Now for a little about the dramatis personae, or such of them as appear to me most remarkable.

Henry Clay has his seat against the wall, to the right of the entrance, is always there, attentive, lively, following the discussion, throwing in now and then a word, and not unfrequently taking himself the lead in it. His cheek and eye have a feverish glow, his voice and words are always energetic, urged on by the impulsiveness of the soul, and compel attention; his arguments are to the purpose, striking, and, seeming to me to bear the stamp of strong conviction, ought to produce conviction in others; and when his strong resounding voice thunders the battle cry *"California"* (the last syllable of which he sounds in a peculiar manner) through the Senate, amid the fight for the freedom of California, then they feel that the old warrior leads them forth to victory. Although born in a slave state, Kentucky, and its representative, and though a slaveholder himself, Clay's sympathies are evidently wholly and entirely in favor of the system of freedom; and at the opening of this session he frankly declared that he never would allow the introduction of slavery into any new state. And herein I recognize the great statesman and the free son of the New World.

Near Clay, and before him in the row of seats, you see the representative of the Granite State, Mr. Hale, from New Hampshire, with a head not unlike that of Napoleon, and a body and bearing like a great, fat boy; a healthy, strong, highland character, immovable in his principles as the granite mountains, and with a mind as fresh as the wind which blows around them. A strong anti-slavery supporter, and inflexible toward any concession on this question, he frequently puts the whole house into the best of tempers by his humor and his witty and sarcastic sallies. I like the man very much. Near to him I see the senator from Texas (the first president of that republican Texas), General Houston, who required a month to travel from his state to Washington. People listen willingly to the magnificent old general, for the sake of the picturesque and fresh descriptions which he introduces in his speeches. His expression is good-tempered and manly, with a touch of military chivalry. He has the peculiarity of cutting little bits of wood with his penknife during all the discussions in the Senate. I also see the senator from Pennsylvania, a man of Quakerlike simplicity, and with a pure and handsome countenance, among the anti-slavery leaders. The two senators from Ohio, Corwin and Chase, are here; the former you are already acquainted with. I see him

in the Senate, sitting silent and tranquil; he has already delivered his sentiments on the important subject, and now merely makes occasionally a short observation on some speech of a Southerner. Chase has a remarkably noble and handsome exterior; I have seldom seen a more noble or prouder figure. Such a man in private life must be a dominant spirit and awaken love or hate. In public he expresses himself firmly, but in a few words, for the principle of freedom.

The senator from New York, Mr. Seward, is a little man, not at all handsome, and with the nasal twang which not unfrequently belongs to the sons of Boston. Seward is from that city. Yet, nevertheless, that voice has uttered, during the present session, some of the greatest and noblest thoughts. He is a stout anti-slavery man, and is against any compromise.

In the middle of this camp of Senators, sits the colossus, Daniel Webster, in his arm-chair, with his sallow cheek and brow, and seems to be oppressed with thought, or with the heat, perhaps with both. I call him a colossus, not because I see in him an overpowering intellectual greatness, but on account of his magnificent head and massive appearance, although he is not a large figure, and because his influence is felt as something colossal. He has been extremely handsome, possessed of a

natural kingly dignity, and is described as having, by his mere presence, exercised an almost magical power over human masses. He is now above sixty, and is still a handsome, powerful man, although years and thought seem to weigh upon him. Clay, though more than seventy, is in appearance a youth in comparison with Webster. Clay is always ready to fire off; Webster seems to deliberate carefully as to the charging of his piece before he applies the match.

The senators of Illinois, General Shields and Judge Douglas, are both small men, but men of talent, and even of genius. In the deep, beautiful eyes of Douglas glows a dark fire which it is said burns with ambitious desires for the office of president; but the same desires influence Clay, Webster, Seward, and many others. He speaks but little, at least in company, but his presence is felt. He looks like an ardent, clever, and determined little man. General Shields, fair, blue-eyed, and with an honest glance, is of a more frank character. He distinguished himself, and was severely wounded, in the war with Mexico. I love to talk with him and to hear him talk. He is an active-minded and warm American, and seems to me to understand the peculiar aspect and vocation of his country.

Let us now cast a glance into the other camp.

The hawk from Missouri, Colonel Benton, sits there in the midst of his own people, as well as the lion from Kentucky in the other camp, and just opposite to him. He is one of the oldest senators in Congress, and highly esteemed for his learning, his firmness, and his courage. He has fought a duel, and in cold blood slowly taken aim, and in cold blood shot his man, and he looks as if he could shoot his man in cold blood still. This duel, or, more correctly speaking, his behavior in it, has cast a shadow upon his character in the eyes of many. He belongs to the population of "the Borderers" in America, to that class which springs up on the outskirts of the wilderness and among a half-savage people; he has evidently accustomed himself to club-law; has accustomed himself to go with pistol and bowie-knife (a kind of crooked knife universal as a weapon in the Slave States, and called after its inventor) which is carried, as our gentlemen carry a penknife and pencil, in the breast pocket. And Colonel Benton is a suitable representative of a slave state, where the wild Missouri pours its turbid waters along its perilous course, forming the western boundaries of the savage mountain land of the Indian tribes, and extending eastward to the gigantic Mississippi, where heathenism still contends for dominion with Christian law—of that yet only half-civilized Mis-

souri may a cold-blooded duellist like Colonel Benton very well be regarded as a worthy representative; there he can, by his resolute will and his determined behavior, make himself both esteemed and feared as a political character. In exterior he is a strong-built, powerful, broad-shouldered, broad-chested man; the forehead is lofty, and the somewhat gray hair rises thin and slightly curled above it; below gleam a pair of lively but cold gray eyes, and between them shoots forth an aquiline nose; the lower part of the countenance is strong, and shows a strong will and strong animal propensities. The figure and expression are powerful, but somewhat heavy, and are deficient in nobility. He has advocated in the Senate the freedom of California, but has opposed Mr. Clay's "Omnibus Bill." In society I have found him candid, extremely polite, and kind; nevertheless, there was a something within me which felt a repulsion to that cool, bloodstained hand. If it were not for this, I should like to see more of the man. His unreserved acknowledgment in the Senate that, although the representative of a slave state, a native of a slave state, and himself a slaveholder, *he yet regarded slavery as an evil,* and should regard it as a *crime* to aid in the extension of the *curse* to territory, which had hitherto been free. This manly, candid declaration from a man in his position deserves

all esteem, and his vivid description of nature and the circumstances of life in the Western lands shows both knowledge and talent. . . .

July 18. Yesterday I heard a very remarkable speech from Webster in the Senate, which impressed me greatly in his favor. I have hitherto lived much with the enemies and political opponents of Webster, and have heard him attacked and keenly criticised in many ways. I am now convinced that he may be perfectly honest in his convictions, and I will believe that he is so. He spoke for Clay's *Compromise Bill,* gave his full adherence to it, declaring that he considered it, at the present moment, as furnishing the necessary terms of reconciliation between the contending states, and that he considered this reconciliation necessary to the stability and the future welfare of the Union.

Webster had begun his speech calmly, heavily, and without apparent life. Toward the end of the speech his cheek had acquired the glow of youth, his figure became more erect, he seemed slender and full of vivacity; and as he spoke the last concluding words, he stood in full manly, almost Apollo-like beauty, in the midst of that fascinated, listening assembly, stood, still calm, without any apparent design, but as if reposing himself, happy

and free, in the quiet grandeur of the song which he had sung. Ah! that he had but sung one still more beautiful—a yet nobler song, all then had been perfect—a victory for the light as for himself! But while he spoke for the freedom of California, he spoke also for the recapturing of the fugitive slave, even upon that formerly free soil, and no spot of American soil may ever again be said to be the home of freedom. The unhappy circumstances of the time, political necessity compelled him to this step; he could not do otherwise —so I believe; and I believe also in his confession of faith, "I believe in a healing vitality in the people, etc.;" and I believe that it will show itself prophetically true.

I will, however, now tell you the impression produced by this speech. I never witnessed anything which more took hold upon the attention, or had a more electrifying effect. Amid the profound silence with which he was listened to, nay, as if the whole assembly held its breath, burst forth again and again thunders of applause; again and again was the speaker, the senator from Alabama, obliged to remind, and finally very severely to remind, the audience in the galleries that it was forbidden thus to give expression to their applause. With every new lightning-flash of Webster's eloquence, burst forth anew the thunder of applause,

which was only silenced by the desire to listen yet again to the speaker. From this fairly enchanted audience I turned my glance to one countenance which beamed with a joy so warm, so pure, that I could not do otherwise than sympathize in the liveliest manner, for this countenance was that of Webster's wife. I have heard it said that when she first heard her husband speak in public she fainted; yet she looks like a strong, and by no means a nervous woman.

July 20. I went one day with a handsome, young, new-married pair, and Miss Dix, to "Little Falls" on the Potomac, in a wild and picturesque district. There dwells here, in a great solitude, a kind of savage, with seven fingers on each hand, and seven toes on each foot. He is a giant in his bodily proportions, and lives here on fish; he is said to be inoffensive when he is left at peace, but dangerous if excited. I can believe it. He looked to me like one of those Starkodder natures, half human and half enchanter, which the old Scandinavian ages produced at the wild Falls of Trollhättan, and which the wildernesses of America seem to produce still.

Another curiosity, but of smaller dimensions, I saw also, not however in the wilderness, but in the Capitol. I was in the House of Representatives.

There were not many people in the gallery, and I went forward toward the railing, so that I might hear more distinctly what was said in the hall below. Here stood beside me a little lady, meanly attired, and about middle age, but so short that she scarcely reached my shoulder. Several persons came up into the gallery to speak to me, and by this means my name was mentioned. When they were gone, my little lady turned to me, wishing also to shake hands with me and bid me welcome, which she did in quite a friendly manner, but added, in a tone of vexation, "I am very much disappointed in you!"

"Indeed!" said I, "and why?"

"Well," she said, eyeing me with a grave and displeased glance, "I expected that you would have been a tall lady."

"Oh!" said I, smiling, "did you wish, then, to find me tall?"

"No, not precisely! But I am very much disappointed in you!"

And with that she laid her hand upon her breast, and turning to me, she continued with great emphasis, "In me you see a descendant of the old Pilgrims, a lineal descendant of the great and celebrated Miles Standish!"

The little descendant evidently expected that I should fall down from sheer astonishment, but I

merely said, "Oh!" If I had had spirit enough I should have added, "I am very much disappointed in you! for the great granddaughter of the great Miles Standish ought to have been at least six feet high!"

July 21. I have been to-day to a Methodist church of free negroes. The preacher, also a negro, and one whom I had seen in a shop in the city, had a countenance which bore a remarkable resemblance to an ape; he had, however, that talent of improvisation, and of strikingly applying theoretical truths to the occurrences of daily life, which I have often admired among the negroes. This man possesses in a high degree the power of electrifying his audience; and as it is the custom in the Methodist churches to give utterance to the feelings and thoughts, it caused an extraordinary scene on this occasion—so vehement were the cries and expressions of emotion.

The theme of the preacher was a common one —conversion and amendment, or death and damnation. But when he spoke of different failings and sins, his descriptions were as graphic as his gestures. When he spoke about the sins of the tongue, he dragged this "unruly member" out of his mouth, and shook it between his fingers very energetically. On his admonishing his audi-

ence to bid farewell to the devil and turn away from him (after he had vehemently proclaimed the damnation which the Evil One would drag them into), his expressions took such a strong and powerful hold of his hearers, that the whole assembly was like a tempestuous sea. One heard only the cry, "Yes, yes!" "Farewell! forever!" "Yes, amen!" "Never mind!" "Go along!" "Oh God!" "Farewell!" "Amen, amen!" etc. And besides these convulsive groans, cries and howls, the assembly was ready for any extravagance, whatever it might have been, if the preacher had willed it. The swell of excitement, however, soon abated when the sermon was ended. . . .

July 25. I visited the convent during my stay in Baltimore, and liked very much what I saw, in particular the appearance and manners of the abbess and the young sisters. They take the vows for their whole life, but have laid aside much of the old Catholic ceremonial and have no peculiar habit. They principally occupy themselves in education, as well as in the guardianship of poor orphans. Many of the best Protestant families in the United States send their children hither to be educated, because they are better instructed and at a less expense than in most other educational institutions. Catholicism in the United States seems to

have left behind it all that which made it feared and hated on the other side of the ocean and to have taken with it merely that which was best; and here it is justly commended for its zeal in good works. The Catholic congregations here are also distinguished by their excellent institutions for children and for the sick. That great boarding-school for young girls is the principal source of revenue for the convent. The public examination there will shortly take place. I heard also, in a large concert-hall, some of the young girls play both on the harp and the piano, besides singing in chorus, which they did very well, and with fine effect.

August 10. I must now tell you about my life at Cape May. I pass my mornings in company with the sea and the porpoises.

"Miss ———, may I have the pleasure of taking a bath with you, or of bathing with you?" is an invitation which one often hears at this place from a gentleman to a lady, just as at a ball the invitation is to a quadrille or a waltz, and I have never heard the invitation refused, neither do I see anything particularly unbecoming in these bathing-dances, although they look neither beautiful nor charming; in particular, that tour in the dance in which the gentleman teaches the lady to float,

which, however, is not a thing to be despised in case of shipwreck.

Various indeed are the scenes which on all sides present themselves in this bathing republic. Here a young, handsome couple, in elegant bathing attire, go dancing out into the wild waves holding each other by the hand, and full of the joy and courage of life, ready to meet anything, the great world's sea and all its billows! There, again, is an elderly couple, in gray garments, holding each other steadily by the two hands, and popping up and down in the waves, just as people dip candles, with solemn aspects, and merely observant to keep their footing, and doing all for the benefit of health. Here is a young, smiling mother, bearing before her her little, beautiful boy, a naked Cupid, not yet a year old, who laughs and claps his little hands for joy as the wild waves dash over him. Just by is a fat grandmother with a life-preserver round her body, and half sitting on the sands in evident fear of being drowned for all that, and, when the waves come rolling onward, catching hold of some of her leaping and laughing children and grandchildren who dance around her. Here a graceful young girl, who now for the first time bathes in the sea, flies before the waves into the arms of father or mother, in whose embrace it may dash over her; there is a group of wild young

women holding each other by the hand, dancing around and screaming aloud every time a wave dashes over their heads; and there, in front of them, is a yet wilder swarm of young men, who dive and plunge about like fishes, much to the amazement of the porpoises (as I presume), who here and there pop their huge heads out of the billows, but which again disappear as a couple of large dogs rush forward through the water toward them in the hope of a good prize. Sometimes, when one expects a wave to come dashing over one, it brings with it a great force of ladies and gentlemen, whom it has borne along with it, and one has then to take care of one's life. Three life-boats are continually rowing about outside this scene during the bathing season, in order to be at hand in case of accident. Nevertheless, scarcely a year passes without some misfortune occurring during the bathing season, principally from the want of circumspection in the bathers themselves, who venture out too far when they are not expert swimmers. The impulse of the waves in the ebb is stronger than in the flowing tide, and it literally sucks them out into the great deep; and I can not, in such case, but think upon the legend of our mythology, about "the false Ran" which hungers for human life, and drags her prey down into her bosom. There is no other

danger on this coast; porpoises are not dangerous, and of sharks there are none excepting at the dinner-table.

August 12. I have lately had a visit from some most charming young Quakeresses. No one can imagine anything more lovely than these young girls in their light, delicate, modest attire. But I must introduce to you a contrast to these. I was sitting one morning beneath my leafy alcove, on the seashore, with my book in my hand, but my eyes on the sea and the porpoises, when a fat lady, with a countenance like one of our jolliest Stockholm huckster-women, came and seated herself on the same bench at a little distance from me. I had a presentiment of evil, and I fixed my eyes on Wordsworth's *Excursion.* My neighbor crept toward me, and at length she said,

"Do you know where Miss Bremer lives?"

"I believe," said I, "that she lives in Columbia House!"

"Hum! should be glad to see her!"

A silence. I am silent and look in my book. My neighbor begins again.

"I sent her the other day a packet—some verses, with the signature 'The American Harp,' and a volume—and I have not heard a word from her."

"Ah!" said I, now pushed very closely, "you

are perhaps 'The American Harp,' and it is you that I have to thank for the present!" For here be it known, I had wished not to meet the authoress of a book written in the style of *The Sorrowful Certainties,* because the authoress had mentioned in her epistle that it had been much praised in the Cape May newspapers, and I could not say anything of it but—absurd!

The good intention of the verses, however, deserved my thanks, and I now gave them quite properly.

"But," asked the Harp, "have you read the book?"

"No, not yet; I have merely looked into it."

"Indeed! but read it through; because it is a book which, the more it is read, the better it is liked; and I have written it all, both prose and verse; it is altogether mine. I have written a deal of verse, and think of bringing out a collection of my poetical works; but it is very expensive to bring out such!"

I said that I supposed it must be so.

"Yes," said she; "but I write verses very easily, in particular where there is water; and I like to write about water. I am so very fond of water. Is there much water in Sweden?"

"Yes, a great deal," replied I, "both of sea, and rivers, and lakes."

"I should like to write there; I should be able to write there very well!" she said. "I should like to write in Sweden!"

I said that the voyage thither was dreadfully difficult and long—it was a thing hardly to be thought of!

"Ah, but I should not trouble myself about that," she said; "I am so fond of the water! and could write a great deal in Sweden—See there! now my parasol has fallen! and the handle is broken; yes, that is what I expected. Yesterday I broke my spectacles with the gold frame, and now I must use my silver ones! I am always breaking something—however, I have not yet broken my neck!"

"Then everything is not lost yet!" I said, laughing; and as I saw Professor Hart coming up the steps to my airy saloon, I hastened to make him acquainted with the "American Harp," and leaving her to him, I vacated the field.

(To the Scientist, H. C. Oersted, Copenhagen)
Sea-side, New Jersey, August 10. I have often heard your name mentioned with honor in the New World, together with those of Linné and Berzelius. Professor Henry was the first who made your scientific works known in this country. And it would delight you to know the rapidity and

the skill with which every discovery in natural philosophy is here converted and applied to the public advantage. Your discovery of electro-magnetic power, which led to the invention of the electric telegraph, cannot be made more use of anywhere than in this country. Everywhere along the lines of railroad, from city to city, and from state to state, runs the electric telegraph. Distant cities, persons living in New York and New Orleans, converse with each other by means of the electric wire, transact affairs of business—even affairs of marriage, I have heard—and every day are attempted new developments, new applications of those powers, the relationship between which were made known by you. The Americans seem to be particularly attracted by motive powers —by any method of expediting movement and accelerating communication. Anything which can give life and action goes most rapidly "ahead," as the phrase is, that is to say, finds most favor with them. . . .

Innumerable rivers and streams flow through this country in all directions, and give a greater facility to the circulation of life than in most other countries. Locomotives are here like pulses, which impel the blood through the veins and arteries of the body to every part of the system. Nothing is so invariably a characteristic of life

here as its incessant change from place to place. People, goods, thoughts, and things, are in a perpetual state of movement and interchange between state and state, between the North and the South, between the East and the West; nothing stands still; nothing stagnates, unless exceptionally.

The commencement of my wanderings in this hemisphere was in the northeastern states of the Union. I found there earnestness and labor, restless onward-striving, power both manual and spiritual; large educational establishments, manufactories, asylums for the suffering, and institutions for the restoration of fallen humanity, were all admirable there, and, above all, the upward-progressive movement of society. I saw, before the winter set in, the glorious Hudson, with its magnificent scenery, its shores covered with wood, which at that season presented the most wonderful splendor and variety of color; I saw the rivers of Connecticut and Massachusetts, the hills and valleys of which often reminded me of Sweden, for the scenery of Sweden and that of these two states resemble each other greatly, inasmuch as they have the strong characteristics of winter, snow and ice, and the dramatic scenes which these afford both of suffering and pleasure. After that I saw, in the South, the Palmetto States, Carolina and Georgia, and there I was enchanted by a

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luxuriance in the outward life of Nature, to which I had hitherto been a stranger! . . .

Rose Cottage, Brooklyn, August 23. And Jenny Lind is actually on her way to America! A terrific welcome awaits her; she will be lucky if she escapes with her life! The fame of her beneficence and her fine disposition, still more than that of her powers as a singer, have opened all hearts and all arms to her, and an angel from heaven is not as perfect as people imagine Jenny Lind to be, and would not be half so welcome. The Americans are born enthusiasts, and I would be the last to reproach them for it. No human being, and no nation either, can ever become anything great, if they are not possessed of that overflowing power which finds its vent in enthusiasm. The critical disposition belongs to old people or to little people.

I have found Marcus and Rebecca Spring, and many of my friends, greatly distressed by the new law respecting fugitive slaves, which has annihilated all security for these unfortunates in the United States. Already slave-catchers from the South are in active operation, and thousands of slaves have now left their homes in these Northern States and have fled to Canada or across the sea to England. Just lately an escaped slave was

seized in Boston and carried back into slavery. The people were in a great ferment, but they made no open opposition. The law commanded it, and they obeyed; but the bells of the city tolled as for a funeral. How I sympathized with my friends in this their country's great sorrow—that now there should not be a single spot of earth within the Union which can be said to be an asylum for freedom! They are exasperated, not against the South, but against that portion of the people of the North who, for the interests of mammon, or the cotton interest, as the phrase is, have given up this noblest right. The South has fought for an ancient, half-won right; the North has no such excuse.

Niagara, Sept. 7. I now write to you with the rivers from this grand, renowned New World's wonderful waterfall roaring and murmuring around me. And it *is* grand, and worthy to be renowned and wonderfully beautiful, and yet, at the same time, so simple and comprehensible in its grandeur, that one at once receives the impression both into soul and sense, and retains it indelibly.

The next day we went with a carriage and horses —a mode of traveling which is beginning to be uncommon here—to Trenton, in order to see the waterfall, which is cousin to Niagara in reputa-

tion. It is a wild and violent fall, hurling itself through an immense chasm of rock directly down a height of certainly a quarter of an English mile.

The scenery at Trenton, N. Y. is wild and picturesquely beautiful, but circumscribed. It is of a Berserker character. We spent the whole day at Trenton, in company with the giant and the scenery around. The inn was a good and comfortable one, as are nearly all the inns in this country, and was situated in a romantic stretch of dale scenery. We ate well and we slept well, and the next day we returned to Utica, and thence pursued our way still further west. The sun was still with us and the country rich and fertile as before. During our rapid journey, however, something took fire in the train, in consequence of the friction of wood and iron, and we were obliged to wait that it might be extinguished. We took it all very coolly, enjoyed ourselves sitting in our luxurious arm-chairs, with the sense of something like adventure, and watched how expertly and with how much calmness they set about to avert the danger. The train had stopped just beside a large and beautiful orchard, which was separated from the railroad by a rather low wooden fence. I had just called Maria Lowell's attention to the really paradisaic beauty and perfection of some young apple-trees, the fruit of which was brilliant with the most

vivid red and golden yellow color, when, to my astonishment—and I must confess to my grief also—I saw a number of young men, passengers of the train, from twenty to thirty years of age, well dressed and well looking in all respects, leap over the fence into the orchard, and in the most merciless manner fall upon and despoil those beautiful fruit trees. Precisely those young, beautiful trees which I had remarked became the prey of this robber-greed, were dragged down, their branches broken, plucked off amid the laughter and talk of the company, and then came many others from the train and leaped over the fence and into the orchard. But now a voice was heard in the distance, and that voice must have sounded to those apple-covetous sons of Adam something like the voice of the Lord when it was heard in the Garden of Eden by the first Adam after that first eating of the forbidden fruit, although not perhaps quite so awfully. Certain, however, it is, that they took to their heels, and threw over the fence, on to the road, all the apples they could snatch from the tree, and sprang laughing, and still throwing apples before them, over the fence and into the carriages, leaving the owner of the orchard to contemplate his despoiled and injured trees. I confess that this apple-scene and the spirit in which it was done very much astonished me.

"Is it possible," said I to James Lowell, "that gentlemen can act in this manner?"

He shook his head silently. "And yet," I said, "these young men looked like gentlemen. Many of them were handsome besides being well dressed."

I had many times heard of garden robberies of fruit and flowers by young fellows in the neighborhood of great cities, especially around Philadelphia, and I had even asked my friends how this might be prevented. They confessed that it was so, but excused it by saying that fruit was so plentiful and so cheap in this country that nobody considered the taking of it as anything very important. And yet these young men, on this occasion, had run away at the sound of the proprietor's voice, like any ordinary fruit thieves. The only difference between the fruit thieves of Europe and those of the New World seemed to be that the latter were not ashamed. Stealing fruit and destroying trees, as well as fleeing away from the owner of the orchard, all were equally signs of a very low state of mind.

About noon we arrived at Rochester, one of those great arteries through which the trade and traffic of the West flows into the Eastern States, and from these into the West.

The following day I made acquaintance with the

so-called "Rochester knockings," or that species of witchcraft which has so long revealed itself here and there in the West—the goblin of the West, as I call it—and which has now for some time been heard in Rochester, or wherever the young women of the name of Fish may chance to be. It is given out that these knockings are the operation of spirits who attend these sisters, and who are in communication with them. A number of persons in the city had visited the sisters, heard the knockings, seen tables walk off by themselves over the floor, and many other wonderful things performed by these spirits. Some believed in them, but the greater number did not, considering the young women to be cunning impostors, who themselves produced these noises and strange occurrences.

As these sisters, the Misses Fish, received payment for letting the public see and hear them, it appears all the more probable that this may be the case. Nevertheless, they had themselves solicited investigation, had consented to be bound hand and foot in the presence of a committee, consisting of some of the most respectable people of the city, during the whole time the noises and knockings were heard around them; and the committee published in the newspaper a declaration, signed by their names, stating that nothing had been discovered which gave reason to suspect these young

women of imposture. Since then, they have been left at peace; but the better class of townspeople seem to regard it as a proof of bad taste and want of judgment to visit these ghostly ladies. I have from my earliest youth heard so much about spectral affairs, and have myself heard such things as I can not explain by the ordinary, well-known powers of nature—and I had so frequently, during my travels in America, heard and read in the newspapers of "The Western Knockings and Rappings," that I was very curious to hear them with my own ears. The young Lowells partook of my curiosity, and our friends in Rochester conducted us, therefore, to the place where, for the present, they were to be heard. The first glance, however, of the two sisters convinced me that, whatever spirits they might be in communication with, they were not of a spiritually respectable class. Very different must be the appearance of such persons as have communion with the higher spiritual beings. For the rest, I came to the conclusion, from what occurred during this visit, and which in certain respects was extraordinary enough, that the spirits did not understand Swedish, for they ought not in any case to have permitted themselves to be defied and threatened in Swedish as they were by me; that these wonderful knockings and tricks were either effected by these

young sisters themselves—and they looked to me quite capable of it, however incomprehensible it might seem that they could manage to perform some of the tricks—or that they were the work of spirits of a similar disposition to these sisters, and *in rapport* with them. I may call these spirits the little Barnums of the spiritual world, who, like the great Barnum of America, amuse themselves with leading by the nose any persons who will be so led, and who receive their pranks in serious earnest. I do not doubt but that the spiritual world has its "humbugs," even as our world has, and it does not seem to me extraordinary that they endeavor to make fools of us. I am, however, surprised that intelligent people can be willing to seek for intercourse with their beloved departed through the medium of these knocking spirits, as is often the case. The sorrow of my heart and doubt of my mind might do a great deal; but it seems to me that I would rather never hear upon earth any tidings of my beloved dead than hear them through these miserable knockings. The intercourse of spirits, angelic communion, is of a higher and holier kind.

Chicago, September 24. I must now tell you of some agreeable Swedes who reside here. They are Captain Schneidau and his wife, and Mr.

Unonius, now the minister of the Swedish congregation of this district, and his wife. They were among the earliest Swedish emigrants who established themselves on the banks of the beautiful Pine Lake, in Wisconsin, where they hoped to lead an Arcadian, pastoral life. The country was beautiful, but the land for the most part was sterile.

These Swedish gentry, who thought of becoming here the cultivators and colonizers of the wilderness, had miscalculated their fitness and their powers of labor. Besides this, they had taken with them the Swedish inclination for hospitality and a merry life, without sufficiently considering how long it could last. Each family built for itself a necessary abode, and then invited its neighbors to a feast. They had Christmas festivities and midsummer dances. But the first year's harvest fell short. The poorly tilled soil could not produce rich harvests. Then succeeded a severe winter, with snow and tempests, and the ill-built houses afforded but inadequate shelter; on this followed sickness, misfortunes, want of labor, want of money, wants of all kinds. It is almost incredible what an amount of suffering some of these colonists must have gone through. Nearly all were unsuccessful as farmers; some of them, however, supported themselves and their families by

taking to handicraft trades, and as shoemakers or tailors earned those wages which they would have been unable to earn by agriculture. To their honor it must be told that they, amid severe want, labored earnestly and endured a great deal with patient courage without complaining, and that they successfully raised themselves again by their labor. Neither were they left without aid from the people of the country when their condition became known.

Margaret Fuller (Marchioness Ossoli) made a journey into the Western States in company with Mrs. Clarke. Providence led her to the colonists on Pine Lake. Captain Schneidau was then lying on his sick-bed with an injury of the leg, which had kept him there for some months. His handsome young wife had been obliged, during that severe winter, to do the most menial work; had seen her first-born little one frozen to death in its bed in the room, into which snow and rain found entrance. And they were in the midst of the wilderness alone. They had no means of obtaining help, which was extremely expensive in this district; the maid-servant whom they had for a short time had left them, and their neighbors were too far off, or were themselves also suffering under similar want. And now came the two ladies from Boston.

I must add that Margaret Fuller nobly exerted

herself with her friend on behalf of the unfortunate Swedes, and that in time a complete change was wrought in their circumstances. They removed from that solitary farm in the forest to Chicago. Schneidau obtained adequate surgical aid; recovered, and is at this moment the most skillful daguerreotypist, probably, in the whole state, and, as such, has made considerable gains. He is just now returned from New York, where he has taken a large and excellent daguerreotype of Jenny Lind. He is universally liked here. His lively, pretty wife now relates, laughing and crying at the same time, the occurrences of their life in the wilderness in a kind of medley of Swedish and English, which is charming. Unonius and his wife removed hither also, but in better circumstances than the former.

Unonius is just now at New York; he is gone to see Mademoiselle Lind and obtain from her money for the completion of the Lutheran church at Chicago. I spent an evening with his wife. That gay, high-spirited girl, of whom I heard when she was married at Uppsala to accompany her husband to the New World, had gone through severe trials of sickness, want, and sorrow. She had laid four children to rest in foreign soil. She had one boy remaining. She was still pretty, still young, but her cheerfulness was gone; and her

fresh, courageous spirit was changed into quiet patience. She had now a small, new-built house, in a more healthy situation than where they had formerly lived, and very near the little Lutheran church. The church is very ornamental, but as yet unfinished internally. Here I saw somewhat above thirty children, Swedish and Norwegian, assembled to hear a lecture—a little company of kindly-looking, fair-complexioned, blue-eyed children! They were for the most part children of persons in low circumstances, who lived about the neighborhood on small farms. They learn in the school to read and write, as well in English as in their mother tongue. There are very few Swedes resident here. At Milwaukee, and in that part of Wisconsin, there are a great many. . . .

My friends here deplored the chaotic state and the want of integrity which prevail in political affairs, and which may be principally attributed to the vast emigration of the rudest class of the European population, and the facility with which every civil right is obtained in the state. A year's residence in the state gives the immigrant the right of a citizen, and he has a vote in the election of the governors both of the city and the state. Unprincipled political agitators avail themselves of the ignorance of immigrants and inveigle them by fine speeches to vote for the candidate whom they

laud, and who sometimes betrays them. The better and more noble-minded men of the state are unable to compete with these schemers, and therefore do not offer themselves; hence it most frequently happens that they are not the best men who govern the state. Bold and ambitious fortune-hunters most easily get into office; and once in office, they endeavor to maintain their place by every kind of scheme and trick, as well as by flattering the masses of the people to preserve their popularity. The ignorant people of Europe, who believe that kings and great lords are the cause of *all* the evils in the world, vote for that man who speaks loudest against the powerful and who declares himself to be a friend of the people.

P.S.—Jenny Lind is in New York, and has been received with American furor—the maddest of all madness. The sale by auction of the tickets for her first concert is said to have made forty thousand dollars.* She has presented the whole of her share of profit from that first concert to benevolent institutions of New York. Three hundred ladies are said to besiege her daily, and thousands of people of all classes follow her steps. Hundreds of letters are sent to her each day. Ah, poor girl! Hercules himself would not be equal to that.

* The actual proceeds amounted to almost eighteen thousand dollars.—Ed. Note.

FREDRIKA BREMER
(From a Lithograph by A. Lundquist, 1864)

(A Day Among the Swedes at Pine Lake, 1850.*)*

On the morning of the 29th of September I arrived at this, the first Swedish colony of the West. Herr Lange drove me there in a little carriage, along a road which was anything but good, through a solitary region, a distance of somewhat above twenty miles from Milwaukee. It was on a Sunday morning, a beautiful, sunshiny morning. There remain still of the little Swedish colony of Pine Lake about half a dozen families, who live as farmers in the neighborhood. It is lake scenery, and as lovely and romantic as any may be imagined—regular Swedish lake scenery; and one can understand how those first Swedish emigrants were enchanted, so that, without first examining the quality of the soil, they determined to found here a New Sweden and to build a New Uppsala! I spent the forenoon in visiting the various Swedish families. Nearly all live in log houses, and seem to be in somewhat low circumstances.

The most prosperous seemed to be that of the smith; he, I fancy, had been a smith in Sweden, and had built himself a pretty frame house in the forest; he was really a good fellow, and had a nice young Norwegian for his wife; also a

Mr. Bergman, who had been a gentleman in Sweden, but who was here a clever, hard-working peasant farmer, had some acres of good land, which he cultivated ably, and was getting on well. He was of a remarkably cheerful, good-tempered and vigorous Swedish temperament; he had fine cattle, which he himself attended to, and a good harvest of maize, which now stood cut in the field to dry in the sun. He had enlarged his log house by a little frame structure, which he had built up to it; and in the log house he had the very prettiest, kindest, most charming young Swedish wife, with cheeks as fresh as red roses, such as one seldom sees in America, and that spite of her having a four-weeks' old little boy, her first child, and having, with the assistance only of her young sister, to do all the work of the house herself. It was a joyous and happy home, a good Swedish home, in the midst of an American wilderness.

At Mrs. Peterson's, the place itself was delightful and lovely—characterized by a Swedish beauty, for dark pines towered up among the trees, and the wood grew down to the very edge of the lake, as is the case in our Scandinavian lakes, where the Neck sits in the moonlight, and plays upon the harp, and sings beneath the overarching verdure. The sun set; but even here, again, all wore a

Northern aspect; it was cold, and without that splendid glow of coloring which is so general in American sunsets.

Returning to the log house, we spent the evening—twenty-one Swedes altogether—in games, songs, and dancing, exactly as if in Sweden. I had, during the whole time of my journey to the West, been conning over in my mind a speech which I would make to my countrymen in the West; I thought how I would bear to them a salutation from their mother country and exhort them to create a new Sweden in that new land! I thought that I would remind them of all that is great and beautiful in the Old Country, in memory, in thought, in manners and customs; I wished to awaken in their souls the inspiration of a New Scandinavia. I had often myself been deeply affected by the thoughts and the words which I intended to make use of. But now, when I was at the very place where I longed to be, and thought about my speech, I could not make it. Nor did I make it at all. I felt myself happy in being with my countrymen, happy to find them so agreeable and so Swedish still in the midst of a foreign land. But I felt more disposed for merriment than solemnity. I therefore, instead of making my speech, read to the company that little story by Hans Christian Andersen called "The Pine-Tree,"

and then incited my countrymen to sing Swedish songs.

Old Mrs. Peterson had got ready a capital entertainment; incomparably excellent coffee, and tea especially; good venison, fruit, tarts, and many good things, all as nicely and as delicately set out as if on a prince's table. The young sons of the house waited upon us. At home, in Sweden, it would have been the daughters. All were cordial and joyous. When the meal was over we had again songs, and after that dancing. Mrs. Peterson joined in every song with a strong and clear, but somewhat shrill voice, which she said was "so not by art, but by nature, since the beginning of the world!" The good old lady would have joined us, too, in the dances and the polkas, if she had not been prevented by her rheumatic lameness. I asked the respectable smith to be my partner, and we two led the *Nigar Polka,* which carried along with it young and old and electrified all, so that the young gentlemen sprang up aloft, and a fat American lady tumbled down upon a bench overpowered by laughter; we danced, finally, round the house.

I was glad the next morning to feel well and to rise with the sun, which, however, shone somewhat dimly through the mist above the beautiful lake. It was a cool, moist morning; but these

warm-hearted people, the warm and good coffee, and the hospitable entertainment, warmed both soul and body.

It was with heartfelt emotion and gratitude that I, after breakfast, took leave of my Swedish friends. Mrs. Peterson would have given me the only valuable which she now possessed—a great, big, gold ring; but I could not consent to it. What rich gifts she had already given me! We parted, not without tears. That amiable young mother, her cheeks blooming like wild roses, accompanied me through the wood, walking beside the carriage silently and kindly, and silently we parted with a cordial pressure of the hand and a glance. That lovely young Swede the most beautiful flower of that American wilderness. She will beautify and ennoble it.

Heartfelt kindness and hospitality, seriousness and mirth in pure family life—these characteristics of Swedish life, where it is good—should be transplanted into the Western wilderness by the Swedish colonists, as they are in this instance. That day among the Swedes by Pine Lake; that splendid old lady; those handsome, warm-hearted men; those lovely, modest, and kind young women; that affectionate domestic life; that rich hospitality in poor cottagers—all are to me a pledge of it. The national life and temperament of the Swedes, their

dances and games, their star-songs and hymns, must give to the western land a new element of life and beauty. They must continue to be such a people in this country that earnestness and mirth may prosper among them, and that they may be pious and joyful at the same time, as well on Sundays as on all other days. And they must learn from the American people that regularity and perseverance, that systematizing in life, in which they are yet deficient. A new Scandinavia shall one day bloom in the valley of the Mississippi in the great assembly of peoples there, with men and women, games, and songs, and dances, with days as gay and as innocent as this day among the Swedes at Pine Lake!

During this day I put some questions to all the Swedes whom I met regarding the circumstances and the prospects of the Swedes in this new country, as compared with those of the old, and their answers were very nearly similar, and might be comprised in the following:

"If we were to work as hard in Sweden as we do here, we should be as well off there, and often better.

"None who are not accustomed to hard, agricultural labor ought to become farmers in this country.

"No one who is in any other way well off in his

native land ought to come hither, unless, having a large family, he may do so on account of his children; because children have a better prospect here for their future than at home. They are admitted into schools for nothing; receive good education, and easily have an opportunity of maintaining themselves.

"But the old, who are not accustomed to hard labor and the absence of all conveniences of life, cannot long resist the effects of the climate, sickness, and other hardships.

"Young unmarried people may come hither advantageously, if they will begin by taking service with others. As servants in American families they will be well fed and clothed and have good wages, so that they may soon lay by a good deal. For young and healthy people it is not difficult to get on well here; but they must be prepared to work really hard, and in the beginning to suffer from the climate and from the diseases prevalent in this country.

"The Norwegians get on better in a general way than the Swedes, because they apply themselves more to work and housewifery and think less of amusement than we do. They also emigrate in larger companies, and thus can help one another in their work and settling down."

Madison, October 6. I have just returned from church. The minister preached a sermon strongly condemnatory of the gentlemen of the West. All his hope was in the ladies, and he commended their activity in the Western country. To this not very reasonable and not very judicious sermon succeeded the Lord's Supper, silent, holy, sanctifying, pouring its gracious wine into the weak, faulty, male communicants with the word—not the word of man; with power—not the power of man.

October 7. I had heard of a flourishing Norwegian settlement, in a district called Koshkonong, about twenty miles from Madison, and having expressed a wish to visit it, a kind young lady, Mrs. C., offered to drive me there with her carriage and horses.

The next day we set off in a little open carriage, with a Norwegian lad as driver. The weather was mild and sunny, and the carriage rolled lightly along the country, which is here hilly, and, having a solid surface, makes naturally good roads. The whole of the first part of the way lay through new and mostly wild, uncultivated land, but which everywhere resembled an English park, with grassy hills and vales, the grass waving tall and yellow, and scattered with oak wood. The trees were not lofty, and the greensward under them as

free from underwood as if it had been carefully uprooted. This is attributed to the practice of the Indians to kindle fires year after year upon these grass-grown fields, whereby the bushes and trees were destroyed; and it is not many years since the Indians were possessed of this tract of country.

As we proceeded, however, the land became a little more cultivated. One saw here and there a rudely-built log-house, with its fields of maize around it, and also of new-sown wheat. We then reached a vast billowy prairie, Liberty Prairie, as it is called, which seemed interminable, for our horses were tired and evening was coming on; nor was it till late and in darkness that we reached Koshkonong, and our Norwegian driver, who came from that place, drove us to the house of the Norwegian pastor. This, too, was merely a small log-house.

The Norwegian pastor, Mr. [A. C.] Preus, had left Norway to come hither only a few months before. His young and pretty wife was standing in the kitchen, where a fire was blazing, boiling groats as I entered. I accosted her in Swedish. She was amazed at first, and terrified by the late visit, as her husband was from home on an official journey, and she was here quite alone with her little brother and an old woman servant; but she

received us with true Northern hospitality and good will, and she was ready to do everything in the world to entertain and accommodate us. As the house was small, and its resources not very ample, Mrs. C. and her sister drove to the house of an American farmer who lived at some little distance, I remaining overnight with the little Norwegian lady. She was only nineteen, sick at heart for her mother, her home, and the mountains of her native land, nor was she happy in this strange country, and in those new circumstances to which she was so little accustomed. She was pretty, refined, graceful; her whole appearance, her dress, her guitar which hung on the wall, everything showed that she had lived in a sphere very different from that of a log-house in a wilderness, and among rude peasants. The house was not in good condition; it rained in through the roof. Her husband, to whom she had not long been married, and for love of whom she had come from Norway to the New World, had now been away for several days; she had neither friend nor acquaintance in the new hemisphere. It was no wonder that she was unable to see anything beautiful or excellent in "this dreadful America." But a young person, good and lovely as she is, will not long remain lonely among the warm-hearted people of this country. Her little nine-year old

brother was a beautiful boy, with magnificent blue eyes and healthy temperament (although at the present moment suffering from one of the slow, feverish diseases peculiar to the country), and yet he thought of becoming a bishop "like his grandfather in Norway, Bishop Nordahl Brun"—for this young brother and sister were really the grandchildren of Norway's celebrated poet and bishop, Nordahl Brun, whom Norway has to thank for her best national songs. They had come hither by the usual route of the western emigrants, by the Erie Canal from New York, and then by steamer down the lake. They complained of the uncleanliness and want of comfort in the canal boats, and that the people there were so severe with the little boy, whom they drove out of his bed and often treated ill.

The young lady gave me a remarkably good tea, and a good bed in her room; but a terrific thunderstorm which prevailed through the whole night with torrents of rain disturbed our rest, especially that of my hostess, who was afraid and sighed over the life in this land.

Next morning the sun shone, the air was pleasant and mild, and after breakfast with the young lady, during which I did all in my power to inspire her with better feelings toward the country and a better courage, I went out for a ramble. The

parsonage, with all its homely thriftiness, was nevertheless beautifully situated upon a hill surrounded by young oaks. With a little care the place may be made pretty and comfortable. I wandered along the road; the country, glowing with sunshine, opened before me, with a background of the most beautiful arable land fringed with leafy woods, now splendid with the colors of autumn. Here and there I saw a little farmhouse built on the skirts of the forest, mostly of logs; occasionally, however, a frame house might be seen, as well as small gray stone cottages. I saw people out in the fields busied with their corn-harvest. I addressed them in Norwegian, and they joyfully fell into conversation.

I asked many, both men and women, whether they were contented—whether they were better off here than in old Norway. Nearly all of them replied, "Yes, we are better off here; we do not work so hard, and it is easier to gain a livelihood." One old peasant said, "There are difficulties here as well as there. The health is better in the old country than here!"

I visited also, with Mrs. Preus, some of the Norwegian peasant houses. The Norwegians wisely built their houses beside some little brook or river and understood how to select a good soil. They came thither as old and accustomed agriculturists

and knew how to make use of the ground. They help one another in their labor, live frugally, and ask for no pleasures. The land seems to me, on all hands, to be rich and has an idyllic beauty. Mountains there are none; only swelling hills crowned with pinewood. About seven hundred Norwegian colonists have settled in this neighborhood, all upon small farms, and often at a great distance from one another. There are two churches or meeting-houses in Koshkonong.

The number of Norwegian immigrants at this time in Wisconsin is considered to be from thirty to forty thousand. No very accurate calculation has, however, been made. Every year brings new immigrants, and they often settle upon tracts of land very distant from other colonists. I have heard of one called "Luther's Dale," nearer Illinois, which is said to be large and remarkably flourishing, and under the direction of an excellent, active pastor, Mr. Clausen.

Wisconsin is a state for agriculture and the rearing of cattle; the land in many parts, however, and in particular around Madison, where it is appropriated by the Federal government for supplying an income to the State University, is already very dear. It has been purchased by speculators at the government price, a dollar and a quarter per acre, and resold by them for not less

than ten or twelve dollars per acre. "And who will give so much for it?" I inquired of Chancellor Lathrop. "Your countrymen," he replied quickly. "Your countrymen, whose sons will be freely educated at our University."

I visited in company with Chancellor Lathrop and his cheerful, intelligent wife, the University which is in progress of erection, and which will now soon be finished. It stands upon an elevation, "College Hill," as it is called, and commands an open and extensive view; it is a large building without any unnecessary pomp of exterior, but internally it has ample and spacious room. The many windows struck me, lighted up as they were by the setting sun. Such, after all, ought the Temple of the Sun to be on the Western prairies!

Blue Mound, October 8. I now write you from a little log-house, in the midst of prairie-land, between Madison and Galena, which serves at the same time as post-house and a sort of country inn. I spent nearly the whole of yesterday out in the prairie, now wandering over it, and gazing over its infinite extent, which seemed, as it were, to expand and give wings to body and soul; and now sitting among sunflowers and asters beside a little hillock covered with bushes, reading Emerson, that extraordinary Ariel, refreshing but evanes-

cent, and evanescent in his philosophic flights as the fugitive wind which sweeps across the prairie and brings forth from the strings of the electric telegraph melodious tones that sound and die away at the same moment. How grand is the impression produced by this infinite expanse of plain with its solitude and its silence! In truth, it enables the soul to expand and grow, to have a freer and deeper respiration. That great West! Yes, indeed; but what solitude! I saw no habitations except the little house at which I was staying; no human beings, no animals; nothing except heaven and the flower-strewn earth. The day was beautiful and warm, and the sun advanced brightly through heaven and over earth, until toward evening, when by degrees it hid itself in light clouds of sun-smoke, which, as it descended, formed belts, through which the fiery globe shone with softened splendor, so that it represented a vast pantheon with a cupola of gold standing on the horizon above that immeasurable plain. This Temple of the Sun I shall never forget.

St. Paul, Minnesota, October 25, 1850. Scarcely had we touched the shore when the governor of Minnesota, Mr. Alexander Ramsay, and his pretty young wife, came on board and invited me to take up my quarters in their house. And there

I am now; happy with these kind people, and with them I make excursions into the neighborhood. The town is one of the youngest infants of the Great West, scarcely eighteen months old, and yet it has in this short time increased to a population of two thousand persons, and in a very few years it will certainly be possessed of twenty-two thousand, for its situation is as remarkable for beauty and healthfulness as it is advantageous for trade. Here the Indians come with their furs from that immense country lying between the Mississippi and the Missouri, the western boundary of Minnesota; the forests still undespoiled of their primeval wealth and the rivers and lakes abounding in fish offer their inexhaustible resources, while the great Mississippi affords the means of their conveyance to the commercial markets of the world, flowing, as it does, through the whole of central America down to New Orleans. Hence it is that several traders here have already acquired considerable wealth, while others are coming hither more and more, and they are building houses as fast as they can. . . .

The city is thronged with Indians. The men, for the most part, go about grandly ornamented and with naked hatchets, the shafts of which serve them as pipes. They paint themselves so utterly without any taste that it is incredible. Some-

times one half of the countenance will be painted of a cinnamon-red, striped and in blotches, and the other half with yellow ditto, as well as all other sorts of fancies, in green and blue and black, without the slightest regard to beauty that I can discover. Here comes an Indian who has painted a great red spot in the middle of his nose; here another who has painted the whole of his forehead in small lines of yellow and black; there a third with coal-black rings around his eyes. All have eagles' or cocks' feathers in their hair, for the most part colored, or with scarlet tassels of worsted at the ends. The hair is cut short on the forehead, and for the rest hangs in elf-locks or in plaits on the shoulders both of men and women. The women are less painted, and with better taste than the men, generally with merely one deep red little spot in the middle of the cheeks, and the parting in the hair on the forehead is dyed purple. I like their appearance better than that of the men. They have a kind smile and often a very kind expression, as well as a something in the glance which is much more human; but they are evidently merely their husbands' beasts of burden. There goes an Indian with his proud step, bearing aloft his plumed head. He carries only his pipe, and, when he is on a journey, perhaps a long staff in his hand. After him, with bowed head and stoop-

ing shoulders, follows his wife, bending under the burden which she bears on her back, and which a band, passing over the forehead, enables her to support. Above the burden peeps forth a little round-faced child with beautiful dark eyes; it is her "papoose," as these children are called. Its little body is fastened by swaddling-clothes upon its back on a board which is to keep its body straight; and it lives, and is fed, and sleeps, and grows, always fastened to the board. When the child can walk it is still carried for a long time on the mother's back in the folds of her blanket. Nearly all the Indians whom I have seen are of the Sioux tribe. . . .

I was extremely curious to see the inside of one of those tepees or wigwams, the smoke and fires of which I had so often seen already; and as we chanced to see, soon after entering the Indian territory, four very respectable Indian huts, I hastened to visit them.

The interpreter had gone out. Governor Ramsay had also seated himself. The Indians filled their pipes; the flames flickered merrily; the kettle boiled; the women, half reclining or sitting carelessly by the firelight, ate or looked at me. And I—looked at them. With inward wonder I regarded these beings, women like myself, with the spirit and the feelings of women, yet so unlike

myself in their purpose of life, in daily life, in the whole of their world!

I thought of hard, gray, domestic life in the civilized world; a home without love, hedged in by conventional opinion, with social duties, the duty of seeking for the daughters of the family suitable husbands, otherwise they would never leave the family; and with every prospect of independence, liberty, activity, and joy closed, more rigidly closed by invisible barriers than these wigwams by their buffalo hides; a Northern domestic life—such a one as exists in the vast number of Northern homes —and I thought that that Indian hut and that Indian woman's life was better, happier as *earthly life.*

Thus had I thought in the gas-lighted drawing-rooms of New York and Boston, in the heat and the labor of being polite and agreeable; of conversation and congratulation; of endeavoring to look well, to please and to be pleased, and—I thought that the wigwam of an Indian was a better and a happier world that that of the drawing-room. There they sat at their ease, without stays or the anxiety to charm, without constraint or effort, those daughters of the forest. They knew not the fret and disquiet, the ennui and the fatigue, which is the consequence of a brief hour's social worry; they knew not the disgust and the bitterness

which is produced by little things, little vexations, which one is ashamed to feel, but which one must feel nevertheless. Their world might be monotonous, but in comparison it was calm and fresh within the narrow wigwam, while without there was free space and the rustling forest open to them with all its fresh winds and odors. Ah!

But again I bethought myself of the Indian women—bethought me of their life and condition; with no purpose and no other prospect in life than to serve a husband whom they have seldom chosen themselves, who merely regards them as servants, or as a cock regards the hens around him. I saw the wife and the mother humiliated by the entrance of the new wife into the husband's dwelling, and his affection being turned to the stranger in her sight, and in the same home, and in the fire-light of that same hearth which had been kindled on her marriage day, saw her despised or neglected by the man who constituted her whole world. Ah! the wigwam, the free space of the forest, had no longer peace or breathing room for the anguish of such a condition; alleviation of its agony or its misery is found merely in degradation or death. Winona's death-song on the rock by Lake Pepin; Ampato Sapa's death-song on the waters of the Mississippi, when she and her children sought for the peace of forgetfulness in their foaming depths;

and many other of their sisters who yet to this day prefer death to life, all testify how deeply tragical is the fate of the Indian woman.

North America is not altogether to blame with regard to her Indians. If the Indian had been more susceptible to higher culture, violence and arms would not have been used against him, as is now the case. And altogether the earlier missionaries, strong in faith and filled with zealous ardor, succeeded in gathering around them small faithful companies of Indian proselytes, yet it was evidently rather through the effect of their individual character than from any inherent power in the doctrines which they preached. When they died their flocks dispersed.

Sometimes white men of peculiar character have taken to themselves Indian wives, and have endeavored to make cultivated women of them; but in vain. The squaw continued to be the squaw; uncleanly, with unkempt hair, loving the dimness of the kitchen more than the light of the drawing-room, the ample envelopment of the woolen blanket rather than tight lacing and silken garments. The faithful wife and tender mother she may become, constant to home and the care of her family as long as her husband lives and the children are small; but when the children are grown up, and if the husband be dead, then will she vanish from

her home. When the birds warble of spring and the forest, and the streams murmur of renovated life, she will return to the wigwams of her people in the forest or by the river, to seek by their fires for freedom and peace. This wild life must assuredly have a great fascination.

Oct. 1850, in Minnesota. This Minnesota is a glorious country, and just the country for Northern emigrants—just the country for a new Scandinavia. It is four times as large as England; its soil is of the richest description, with extensive wooded tracts; great number of rivers and lakes abounding in fish, and a healthy, invigorating climate. The winters are cold and clear; the summers not so hot as in those states lying lower on the Mississippi. The frosts seldom commence before the middle of September.

What a glorious new Scandinavia might not Minnesota become! Here the Swede would find again his clear, romantic lakes, the plains of Scåne rich in corn, and the valleys of Norrland; here the Norwegian would find his rapid rivers, his lofty mountains, for I include the Rocky Mountains and Oregon in the new kingdom; and both nations, their hunting-fields and their fisheries. The Danes might here pasture their flocks and herds, and lay out their farms on richer and less misty

coasts than those of Denmark. The Rocky Mountains are a new Seveberg with mythological monsters, giants, and witches enough to feed the legendary mind and the warlike temperament. The gods must yet combat here with the Hrimthursar and the giants; Balder must have a fresh warfare with Loke, in which Balder will be victorious, and the serpent of Midgard be laid at rest in the Pacific Ocean—at least till the great Ragnarök.

Neither would the joys of Valhalla be wanting in the New Vineland of the vine-covered islands of the Mississippi, and the great divine hog Schrimmer has nowhere such multitudes of descendants as in the New World. But the Scandinavians must not rest satisfied with the heathenish life of festivity. They must seek after nobler enjoyments.

Yet seriously, Scandinavians who are well off in the Old Country ought not to leave it. But such as are too much contracted at home, and who desire to emigrate, should come to Minnesota. The climate, the situation, the character of the scenery agrees with our people better than that of any other American States, and none of them appear to me to have a greater or a more beautiful future before them than Minnesota.

Add to this that the rich soil of Minnesota is not yet bought up by speculators, but may every-

where be purchased at government prices, one dollar and a quarter per acre. I have been told that the Norwegian pastor in Luther's Dale, Mr. Clausen, is intending to remove hither with a number of Norwegians in order to establish a settlement. Good! There are here already a considerable number both of Norwegians and Danes. I have become acquainted with a Danish merchant, resident here, who has made a considerable fortune in a few years in the fur trade with the Indians, and who has built himself a large and handsome country house at some little distance from the city. His wife, who is the daughter of an Indian woman by a white man, has the dark Indian eye, and features not unlike those of the Feather-cloud woman, and in other respects is as much like a gentlewoman as any agreeable white lady. I promised this kind Dane, who retains the perfect Danish characteristics in the midst of Americans, that I would, on my return, in passing through Copenhagen, pay a visit to his old mother and convey to her his greeting.

And here I may as well remark, *en passant,* that the children of Indian women by white men commonly attach themselves to the white race. They are most frequently fine specimens of humanity, although not of a remarkably elevated kind. They are praised for their acuteness of eye and the keenness of their perceptive faculties generally. I

have heard that the greater number of the steersmen of the Mississippi boats belong to this half-breed race.

A young Norwegian woman lives as cook with Governor Ramsay. She is not above twenty and is not remarkably clever as a cook, yet she receives eleven dollars per month wages. This is an excellent country for young servants.

On the Mississippi, Oct. 24, 1850. Floating down the Great River, "the Father of Rivers," between Indian camps, fires, boats, Indians standing or leaping, and shouting, or rather yelling, upon the shores; funeral erections on the heights; between vineclad islands, and Indian canoes paddling among them. I would yet retain these strange foreign scenes; but I proceed onward, passing them by. We leave this poetical wilderness, the region of the youthful Mississippi, and advance toward that of civilization. The weather is mild, the sun and the shade sport among the mountains —a poetical, romantic life!

Oct. 25. Sun-bright, but cold. The Indians have vanished. We have passed the *Prairie du Chien;* the idol-stone of the red Indian; the Indian graves under the autumnally yellow trees. The hills shine out, of a splendid yellow-brown. The ruins and the pyramids of primeval ages stand

forth gloomy and magnificent amid the brilliant forests. With every bend of the river new and astonishing prospects present themselves. I contemplate them, read Emerson's Essays, and live as at a festival. We approach the commencement of two towns on the shore of Iowa, Gottenborg—a descendant, as I imagine, of our Göteborg—and Dubuque.

Oct. 29, 1850, at Galena. The newspapers of the West are making themselves merry over the rapturous reception which the people of New York have given Jenny Lind. In one newspaper article I read: "Our correspondent has been fortunate enough to hear Jenny Lind—sneeze. The first sneezing was a mezzotinto soprano, etc. etc;" here follow many absurd musical and art terms; "the second was, etc., etc.;" here follow the same; "the third he did not hear, as he fainted." I can promise the good Western people that they will become as insane with rapture as their brethren of the East, if Jenny Lind should come hither. They now talk like the fox about the grapes, but with better temper. One of the inhabitants of St. Paul, who had been at New York, returned there before I left. He had some business with Governor Ramsay, but his first words to this gentleman were, "Governor! I have heard Jenny Lind!"

Jenny Lind, the new Slave Bill, and the protests against it in the Northern, Eastern, and Western States—these and the Spiritual Rappings are the standing topics of the newspapers.

Nov. 3. Yes, in this Great West, on the shores of the Great River, exist very various scenes and peoples. There are Indians; there are squatters; there are Scandinavians, with gentle manners and cheerful songs; there are Mormons, Christian in manners, but fanatics in their faith in one man (and Eric Jansenists are in this respect similar to the Mormons); there are desperate adventurers, with neither faith nor law, excepting in Mammon and club-law; gamblers, murderers, and thieves, who are without conscience, and their number and their exploits increase along the banks of the Mississippi the further we advance south. There are giants, who are neither good nor evil, but who perform great deeds through the force of their will, their great physical powers, and their passion for enterprise. There are worshipers of freedom and communists; there are slave-owners and slaves. There are communities who build, as bees and beavers do, from instinct and natural necessity. There are also clear-headed, strong and pious men, worthy to be leaders, who know what they are about, and who have laid their strong hand to the

work of cultivation. There are great cities which develop the highest luxury of civilization and its highest crimes, which build altars to Mammon, and would make the whole world subservient. There are also small communities which take possession of land in the power of the peace principle and in the name of the Prince of Peace.

I have made two agreeable acquaintances on board in two gentlemen from Connecticut, strong, downright Yankees, and the young daughter of one, a most charming girl of twenty—a fresh flower, both body and soul—a splendid specimen of the daughters of New England. We have also now a pair of giant women on board, such as belong to the old mythological population of Utgard; and I have been particularly amused by the conflict between the wild and the cultivated races in the persons of one of these ladies and my lovely flower of New England. The former, in a steel-gray dress, with a gray, fierce countenance, stiff and middle-aged, sat smoking her pipe in the ladies' saloon when we entered it from the dining-hall in the afternoon. She sat in the middle of the room, and puffed out the smoke vehemently, looking as if she would set the whole world at defiance. The ladies looked at her, looked at each other, were silent, and endured it for a while; the smoke, however, became at length intolerable, and one

whispered to another that something must be done to put a stop to this unallowable smoking.

Miss S. called the stewardess: "You must tell that lady that it is not permitted to smoke in this room."

"I have told her so, Missis, but she takes no notice. It is of no use talking to her."

Again they waited a while to see whether the smoking lady would not pay attention to silent, but very evident signs of displeasure. But no, she sat as unmoved as ever, and filled the room with smoke.

The lovely young Miss S. now summoned courage, advanced toward the smoker, and said in a very polite, but at the same time firm and dignified manner, "I don't know whether you have observed that your cabin has a door which opens on the piazza, and—it would be much more agreeable for you, and for all of us, if you would smoke your pipe there."

"No. I prefer smoking here in this room."

"But it is forbidden to smoke here."

"It is forbidden for gentlemen, but not for ladies."

"*It is forbidden to smoke here,* as well for you as for any one else; and I must beg of you, in the name of all the ladies present, that you will desist from so doing."

This was said with so much earnestness, and so much grace at the same time, that the giant woman seemed struck by it.

"No, well! wait a bit!" she said angrily; and, after she had vehemently blown out a great puff of tobacco-smoke by way of a parting token, she rose up and went into her own apartment. The power of cultivation had gained the victory over rudeness; the gods had conquered the giants.

When I returned to my quarters in Keokuk, Iowa, it was quite dusk; but it had, in the meantime, been noised abroad that some sort of Scandinavian animal was to be seen at the inn, and it was now requested to come and show itself.

I went down, accordingly, into the large saloon, and found a great number of people there, principally of the male sex, who increased more and more until there was a regular throng, and I had to shake hands with many most extraordinary figures. But one often sees such here in the West. The men work hard and are careless regarding their dress; they do not give themselves time to attend to it; but their unkempt outsides are no type of that which is within, as I frequently observed this evening. I also made a somewhat closer acquaintance, to my real pleasure, with a little com-

pany of more refined people; I say *refined* intentionally, not *better,* because those phrases, better and worse, are always indefinite, and less suitable in this country than in any other; I mean well-bred and well-dressed ladies and gentlemen, the aristocracy of Keokuk. Not being myself of a reserved disposition, I like the American open, frank, and friendly manner. It is easy to become acquainted, and it is very soon evident whether there is reciprocity of feeling or not.

We went on board between ten and eleven at night, and the next morning were in the waters of the Missouri, which rush into those of the Mississippi, about eighteen miles north of St. Louis, with such vehemence, and with such a volume of water, that it altogether changes the character of the Mississippi. There is an end now to its calmness and its bright tint. It now flows onward restless and turbid; stocks and trees and every kind of lumber which can float, are whirled along upon its waves, all carried hither by the Missouri, which, during its impetuous career of more than three thousand miles through the wilderness of the West, bears along with it everything that it finds on its way. Missouri is a sort of Xantippe, but Mississippi is no Socrates, because he evidently allows himself to be disturbed by the influence of his ill-tempered spouse.

November 7. I went to pay a morning visit to a bridal pair who are now residing at the hotel. It was in the forenoon; but the room in which the bride sat was darkened, and was only faintly lighted up by the blaze of the fire. The bride was tall and delicately formed, but too thin, yet for all that lovely and with a blooming complexion. She was quite young, and struck me like a rare hothouse plant, scarcely able to endure the free winds of the open air. Her long, taper fingers played with a number of little valuables fastened to a gold chain, which, hanging around her neck, reached to her waist. Her dress was costly and tasteful. She looked, however, more like an article of luxury than a young woman meant to be the mother of a family. The faint light of the room, the warmth of the fire, the soft, perfumed atmosphere—everything, in short, around this young bride, seemed to speak of effeminacy. The bridegroom, however, was evidently no effeminate person, but a man and a gentleman. He was apparently very much enamored of his young bride, whom he was now about to take, first to Cincinnati, and then to Florida and its perpetual summer. We were regaled with bride-cake and sweet wine.

When I left that perfumed apartment with its hothouse atmosphere and its half daylight, in which was carefully tended a beautiful human

flower, I was met by a heaven as blue as that of spring, and by a fresh, vernal air, by sunshine and the song of birds among the whispering trees. The contrast was delightful. Ah, said I to myself, this is a different life! After all, it is not good; no, it is not good, it has not the freshness of Nature, that life which so many ladies lead in this country; that life of twilight in comfortable rooms, rocking themselves by the fireside from one year's end to another; that life of effeminate warmth and inactivity, by which means they exclude themselves from the fresh air, from fresh invigorating life! And the physical weakness of the ladies of this country must, in great measure, be ascribed to their effeminate education. It is a sort of harem-life, although with this difference that they, unlike the Oriental women, are here in the Western country regarded as sultanesses and the men as their subjects. It has, nevertheless, the tendency to circumscribe their development and to divert them from their highest and noblest purpose. The harems of the West, no less than those of the East, degrade the life and the consciousness of woman.

(To the Rev. P. J. Böklin.) Cincinnati, Nov. 27. I must tell you of the growth and progress of the Great West, as they have appeared to me. This growth is principally *material* as yet, but the spiri-

tual growth follows in its footsteps. Wherever Americans establish themselves, the first buildings that they erect, after their dwelling-houses and places of business, are schools and churches; then follow hotels and asylums. The West repeats the cities, the institutions, and the cultivation of the East, and their course is rapid and safe. First you see in the wilderness some log houses, then neat frame and small stone houses, then elegant villas and cottages; and before many years are over, there stands, as if by magic, a town with its Capitol or State House, its handsome churches, splendid hotels, academies, and institutions of all kinds; and lectures are delivered, large newspapers printed, government men are elected, public meetings are convened, and resolutions passed on the subject of popular education or intercourse with the whole world; their railroads are made, canals dug, ships built, rivers are traversed, forests are penetrated, mountains are leveled, and, amid all this, husbands build beautiful homes for their wives, plant trees and flowers around them, and woman rules as a monarch in the sacred world of home—thus does the country increase, thus is society arranged, and thus is a state prepared to take its place as an independent member of the great family group of states. And although two-thirds of the population of the Mississippi Valley con-

sists of Scandinavians, Germans, Irish, and French, yet there too is the legislative and the formative spirit of the Anglo-Norman.

In certain respects, the character of the Western States is different from that of the Eastern. It has more breadth and cosmopolitanism; its people are a people of many nations, and it is asserted that this character betrays itself in a more liberal form of state government, as well as more unprejudiced views and an easier mode of social life. The various religious sects become more and more amalgamated; the clergy prophesy the advent of a Millennian Church, which shall gather all sects into its embrace, and maintain the necessity of secular education, of science, and of polite literature, for the full development of the religious life.

The cities of the West are all of them preeminently cosmopolitan cities. The Germans have their quarters there—sometimes half the city, their newspapers, and their clubs; the Irish have theirs; and the French theirs. The Mississippi River is the great cosmopolitan which unites all people, which gives a definite purpose to their activity, and determines their abode, and which enables the life of every one, the inhabitants themselves and their products, to circulate from the one end to the other of this great central valley.

And now let me speak of the American people.

The traveler who finds in the United States a great uniformity and resemblance among the people there has looked merely on the exterior. There is really a great, a too great uniformity in speech, manners, and dress (for a little costume, delicately expressive of individuality, belongs to a fully developed character); one travels from one end of the Union to the other, and hears the same questions about Jenny Lind; the same phraseology at the commencement of conversation; the same "Last Thoughts of Weber" on the piano. After this, however, an attentive observer soon remarks that there is no lack of character and individuality; and I have nowhere felt, as here, the distance between one human being and another, nor have seen anywhere so great a difference between man and man, wholly irrespective of caste, rank, uniform, outward circumstances. Here is the Transcendentalist, who treads the earth as though he were a god, who calls upon men to become gods, and from the beauty of his demeanor and his character we are induced to think more highly of human nature; and here is the Clay-eater, who lives in the forest, without school or church, sometimes without a home, and who, impelled by a morbid appetite, eats clay until, demoniacally dragged downward by its oppressive power, he finds in it his grave; here is the Spiritualist, who lives on bread, and

water, and fruit—who is nourished by the light, that he may preserve himself pure from the taint of anything earthly—and who, not finding Christianity pure enough for his diluted moral atmosphere, adopts that noble socialism which exists merely to communicate benefits and blessings; and beside him is the worshiper of Mammon, who tramples everything spiritual under his feet, and who acknowledges nothing holy, nothing which he can not and will not sacrifice to his idol—self. Every contrast of temperament, character, disposition, endeavor, which can be imagined to exist in human nature, may here be met with, and may here express itself with a more decided spiritual life.

I have frequently in the New World, and that in many different classes of society, heard it remarked of people that they belonged to "the best men" or "the best women;" and it has struck me how well people in general seem to understand the phrase, and how much they are agreed upon it. I have found also that these best men and women are commonly distinguished by intelligence, kindness, and active human love; and I do not believe that so much is done in any country by private individuals for the public as in this, in particular in the free states. The feeling for the public weal, for the improvement of the country and the people at large, for the elevation of humanity, can

scarcely be more living and active anywhere than it is here. The people of the United States have warm hearts, and that which gives these people their eternal prerogative of progress is their imitation of Christ—I say the *people of the United States,* and I maintain the assertion. Remove slavery from its Southern States (and it will be removed one of these days; already it is undermined by Christianity and by emigration from the North), and you will find there the same heart and the same spirit.

The right of the people of North America to be considered as one people and as a peculiar people among the nations of the earth is founded upon the character of its first emigrant colonies, they who were peculiarly the creators of the society of the New World, and who infused their spirit into it. They were in part heroes of the faith, as Puritans, Huguenots, and Herrnhuters, in part warmhearted souls, such as Fox, Penn, Oglethorpe, who had found their places in the Old World too circumscribed for them, and who passed over to the New World, there to establish their fraternal associations and to create a more beautiful humanity. The first settlers of America belonged to the strongest and best portions of the European population.

I will now tell you something about those best

men and women of America with whom I have become acquainted during my pilgrimage through the land; about those men so simple, so gentle, but yet so strong without any pretension, so manly in their activity as citizens, husbands, fathers, friends; of those women, so kind, so motherly, so gentle in manner, so steadfast in principle, resting in the truth like flowers in the sunshine; of those homes, those happy, beautiful homes, in which I have been a happy guest for days, and weeks, and months; for my life in America has been, and is, a journey of familiar visits to homes which have opened themselves to me in every state throughout America, and where I have lived, not as a stranger, but as a sister with brothers and sisters, conversing openly with them on all subjects, as people may converse in heaven. I there met with more than I have words to tell, of true Christian life, of the love of truth, of kindness, of minds earnest for and receptive of everything which is great and good in humanity; while my acquaintance with some beautiful, peculiar characters will serve as a guide to my soul forever. Nor have I anywhere met with more hospitality, or with a more abounding cordiality. And if I were to seek for one expression which would portray the peculiar character of the people of the New World, I could not find any other that of *beautiful human beings*.

When I imagine to myself a Millennium in the valley of the Mississippi, a resting-point in the history of the earth, where Satan is bound, and love, beauty, and joy, and the fullness of love become the portion of all, I then behold there men and women such as my friends in homes such as their homes; and I see these mighty rivers bearing from these flowery prairies with their ocean-like views, and from these golden fields of maize, all the treasures of earth to all mankind, and mild, fresh winds blow over it, and the clear sun shines. Such was the glorious home of the Hesperides! . . .

I was traveling in the Northwestern Mississippi States just at the time when the annual election of state officers was going on. These elections and the scenes to which they gave rise struck me as a sort of political game or race; and the spirit which impels these gamblers and wrestlers on this scene of action is often little better than that of the ordinary gambling-houses. The gambling and rival parties, Whigs and Democrats, are very little ashamed of puffing their candidate or depreciating that of the opposite party. Newspapers are full of abuse and lies, outcries of treachery and of danger to the fatherland; flags are displayed, and great placards are posted in the streets with words of warning or exhortation, "Beware of the Whigs!" "The Democrats are Incendi-

aries!" "Vote for the Whigs, the true friends of our country!" "Vote for the Democrats, the preservers of popular rights!" and so on. The nearer the day of election approaches, the stronger becomes the agitation, the more violent the cry, the personal abuse, and the threats. One might imagine that the torch of discord was about to be lighted in every city, that the Union was at the point of being torn to shreds, and that every citizen was in danger of being attacked by his neighbor. During all this I could not but think of two men whom I had seen on the banks of the Hudson, each enlisting passengers for his steamboat, and abusing that of his rival, hurling angry words and threatening glances at each other, while their lips often seemed to curl into a smile when they had said anything magnificently bad of the other.

Much of the great political agitation here during the time of the elections has much the same meaning; the candidates and their soldiers fix bayonets in their glances and their words; the ballot-box is put in motion; everything becomes silent; the votes are thrown in amid the utmost order; a pause ensues; the ballot-box is emptied, the votes are read aloud and counted; the election is declared. The men of office are elected for one year or for two; the governor of some states is

elected for four years, as is the case with the President of the United States; in others merely for two, in others again for one. But with the election all is at an end; nobody makes any objection, but all go quietly to their own homes, ready to obey the new magistracy, and to console themselves, as Jacob Faithful did, with "better luck another time!" Rockets ascend in the quiet evening in honor of the successful candidate, and the whole city goes to bed and sleeps soundly.

It will be seen that no talent or character of eminence runs any risk in the United States of not finding an opportunity for the exercise of all its powers. The best proof of this is, indeed, the number of distinguished statesmen, judges, or clergymen who year after year continue to adorn the Senate of the country, the judges' seat, and the pulpit, and of whom the people are as proud as monarchical realms of their kings and heroes. It is generally mediocrity or talent of an imperfect kind which rushes into this violent rotation, and which goes up and down until it has acquired sufficient strength and completeness to remain stable at some one point.

There is one principle of movement in the United States which seems to me like a creative, or, at all events, an organizing power. This is

the movement of association. The association, founded already in the Federal government of the states—an association of states, governed by a general principle or Constitution—exists as a fundamental feature of popular life. These people associate as easily as they breathe.

Life in this country need never stand still or stagnate. The dangers lie in another direction. But this free association is evidently an organizing and conservative principle of life, called forth to give law and centralization to the floating atoms, to the disintegrated elements. . . .

November 29. Sculpture has in the United States a much greater hope of successful progress than painting; and in Hiram Powers America has produced an artist of the highest class, not so much as a creative genius as for feeling and execution. His Proserpine, his Listening Fisher Boy, his Greek Slave, have been admired in old Italy. The expression, so refined and so full of soul, is as admirable in his works as the perfected beauty of the form. His creations seem to live.

Hiram Powers was born in Cincinnati, and worked there as a poor boy in the shop of a watchmaker. Here he even then showed his peculiar genius. Some of the affluent men of the city took charge of the promising boy and furnished him

with the means of studying and of traveling. Foremost among these was Mr. Longworth, and to him Powers sent, as a token of gratitude, his first original creation in marble. I say *creation,* because there is nothing in this work which speaks of labor. It is a figure so complete, so living and beautiful, that it is not to be described. It is the bust of a woman the size of life. They have called it *Genevra,* but why I know not. It ought to be called *Galatea,* because Pygmalion Powers has infused into her vitality which requires only a divine indication to breathe; or rather, it ought to be called the *American,* because the peculiar beauty of the features, the form and action of the head and neck, are those of the American woman. There is none of the Greek stiffness in it; it is a regularity of beauty full of life and grace, and the expression —yes, thus ought she to look, the woman of the New World, she who, sustained by a public spirit full of benevolence, may without struggle and without protest develop the fullness and the earnestness of her being; thus ought she to smile, to glance, to move, reposing in this as in a world of truth, goodness, and beauty; thus ought she to be firm, and yet pleasing; thus divinely wise; thus angelically harmonious and kind; thus ought she to work! And then, then shall ascend the new day of the New World!

November 30. A word now about the journey hither from St. Louis. I spent my time, for the most part, quietly in my own cabin, finding companionship in my books, and in the spectacle presented by the banks of the river. When evening came, and with it candles, I had the amusement of the children's going to bed in the saloon, for there were not berths for them all. There was among the passengers one young mother, not above thirty years old, with eight children, the youngest still at the breast. She had gone with her husband and children to settle in the far West, in some one of the Mississippi States, but the husband had fallen ill of cholera on the way, and died within four-and-twenty hours. And now the young mother was returning with all her fatherless little ones to her paternal home. She was still very pretty, and her figure delicate. Although now and then a tear might be seen trickling down her cheek, as she sat of an evening nursing her little baby, yet she did not seem overcome by her loss, or greatly cast down. Seven of the children, four boys and three girls, were laid each evening in one large bed, made upon a long mattress, exactly in front of my door, without any other bedding than this mattress and a coverlet thrown over them. I was much amused by a little lad of three years old, a regular Cupid both in head and figure,

whose little shirt scarcely reached to his middle. He could not manage to be comfortable in the general bed, and longed probably for the warm mother's bosom; and therefore continually crept out of the former, and stole softly and resolutely, in his Adamic innocence, into the circle of ladies, who were sitting around the room talking or sewing by lamp-light. Here he was snapped up by his mother in his short shirt (much in the same way as our dairy-maids snap up by their wings a chicken which they will put into a pen, or into the pot) and thus carried through the room back to his bed, where he was thrust in, *à la* chicken, with a couple of slaps upon that portion of his body which his little shirt did not defend, and then covered in with the quilt. In vain. He was soon seen again, white and round, above the quilt, spite of the hands of brothers and sisters, which let fall upon him a shower of blows; higher and higher he rose, raised himself on his hands and feet, and the next minute my curly-headed Cupid stood on his two bare feet, and walked in among the circle of ladies, lovely, determined, and untroubled by the plague of clothes, or by bashfulness. Here he was received with a burst of laughter, to be snapped up again by his mother, and again thrust under the quilt with an extra whipping but too gentle to make any very deep impression. Again the same scene

was renewed, to my great amusement, certainly six or seven times during an hour or two each evening. A little crying, it is true, always accompanied it; but the perseverance and the calm good humor of the little Cupid were as remarkable as his beauty, worthy of an Albano's pencil.

Dec. 1850. I saw three young brides at a bridal party the other day, all of them very handsome, one remarkably so, for a beautiful soul beamed in her countenance. I said to her with my whole heart, "God bless you!" I saw on this occasion many beautiful toilettes and many beautiful faces. The American ladies dress well and with good taste. And here, indeed, one seems to meet nothing but handsome faces, scarcely a countenance which may be called ugly. Yet, nevertheless, I think it would be a refreshment to see such a one, if in it I found that beauty which seems to me generally, not always, to be deficient in these truly lovely human roses, which I may compare to the dewy rose-bud in its morning hour. There is a deficiency of shadow, of repose, of the mystery of being, of that nameless, innermost depth, which attracts the mind with a silent power in the consciousness of hidden and noble treasure. There is a deficiency of that quiet grace of being which in itself alone is beauty. Am I unjust? Is

it the glitter of the drawing-room and the chandelier which bewilders me?

One observation I consider as well founded. Artifice and vanity exercise no less power over our sex in this country than they do in the great cities of Europe, and far more than in our good Sweden. Some proofs of this fact have almost confounded me. The luxurious habits and passion for pleasure of young married ladies have not unfrequently driven their husbands to despair and to drunkenness. I once heard a young and handsome lady say, "I think that ladies, after they are married, are too little among gentlemen. When I go to a ball I always make it a duty to forget my children."

Noah's Ark on the Mississippi, Dec. 18. The steamer *Belle Key* is of the family of the river giants. I call it Noah's Ark, because it has more than a thousand animals on board, on the deck below us and above us. Immense oxen, really mammoth oxen, so fat that they can scarcely walk—cows, calves, horses, mules, sheep, pigs, whole herds of them, send forth the sound of their gruntings from the lower deck, and send up to us between times anything but agreeable odors; and on the deck above us turkeys gobble—geese, ducks, hens, and cocks crow and fight, and little pigs go rushing wildly about among the poultry pens.

On the middle deck, where we, the sons and daughters of Adam are bestowed, everything, in the meantime, is remarkably comfortable. The ladies' saloon is large and handsome, the passengers few and of an *excellent* class. I have my state-room to myself. I am like a princess in a fairy tale. My cavalier for the journey, Mr. Lerner Harrison, is one of the energetic and warm-hearted class of American men, and add to this a very agreeable fellow also, who in his behavior to "a lady intrusted to his care" has that blending of brotherly cordiality and chivalric politeness which makes the man of the New World the most agreeable companion that a lady can desire. No screaming children disturb the quietness on board; and the grunting of the swine and other animal sounds in our Noah's Ark we do not allow to trouble us. All these animals are destined to the Christmas market of New Orleans.

December 19. I must tell you of a pleasure which Lerner Harrison prepared for me one evening on the Ohio. He asked me whether I should like to hear the negroes of the ship sing, and led me for this purpose to the lowest deck, where I beheld a strange scene. The immense engine-fires are all on this deck, eight or nine apertures all in

a row; they are like yawning fiery throats, and beside each throat stood a negro naked to his middle, who flung in fire-wood. Pieces of wood were passed onward to these feeders by other negroes, who stood up aloft on a large open place between them and a negro, who, standing on a lofty stack of fire-wood, threw down with vigorous arms food for the monsters on deck. Mr. Harrison encouraged the negroes to sing; and the negro up aloft on the pile of fire-wood began immediately an improvised song in stanzas, and at the close of each the negroes down below joined in vigorous chorus. It was a fantastic and grand sight to see these energetic black athletes lit up by the wildly flashing flames from the fiery throats, while they, amid their equally fantastic song, keeping time most exquisitely, hurled one piece of fire-wood after another into the yawning fiery gulf. Everything went on with so much life and so methodically, and the whole scene was so accordant and well arranged, that it would have produced a fine effect upon any theater whatever. The improvisation was brought finally to a close with a hint that the singing would become doubly merry, and the singers would sing twice as well, if they could have a little brandy when they reached Louisville, and that they could buy brandy if they could have a little money, and so on.

December 21. I must now tell you about some new acquaintances whom I have made on board. First, two young sisters from Vermont, real rosebuds in their exterior and with souls of the purest crystal, genuine daughters of New England even in this that, though they might live in ease in their own home, they prefer as teachers to earn their own bread and thus obtain an independent life for themselves. You would be as much fascinated with them as I am. The eldest sister is twenty-five, and is now on her way to undertake the management of a ladies' seminary in the State of Mississippi. The younger is only seventeen, and is going as a pupil in the school where her sister is teacher. Both are most charming girls, and each of them has her favorite brother, of whom they cannot say enough in praise, and whose portraits they have shown me. Their parents are dead. They are here quite alone on the vessel. Sometimes they stand together on the piazza and sing duets together very sweetly.

The eldest is the loveliest type of the young teacher of the New World, that young woman, who, although delicate and slender in figure, and gifted with every feminine grace, stands more steadfastly upon her ground than the Alps or the pyramids of the earth; who interprets Euclid and algebra as well as any Master of Arts, and who

understands better than any how to manage a school of unmanageable boys. I saw once more Hiram Powers's American, but not merely in marble, in living reality.

My other agreeable acquaintance on board is a gentleman between forty and fifty, with one of those pure, handsome countenances in which one can not help having full confidence, and which reminds me of our king, Gustavus Adolphus, from its frankness and manliness, although it has less of the warlike in expression. My new friend is somewhat phlegmatic and contemplative. His conversation gives me especial pleasure. Do not be afraid if I tell you that he has lived long in the Southern States as a planter and a slave owner; you may see immediately, by his beautiful deep blue eyes, that he was the best of masters in the world. Are you afraid that I am in love with him, and in spirit do you see me give him my hand and settle down on a cotton plantation on the Mississippi in the midst of negro slaves?

Yes, if I were younger, and if my life's purpose were less decided than it now is, I confess that there is here and there one of these American gentlemen, with their energy, their cordiality, and chivalric spirit, who might be dangerous to my heart. But as it now is, I receive every sentiment of cordial liking which is evinced toward me, by

man or by woman, with calm gratitude, as a cream on the good food of life, as the sunbeam and the spring breeze, which make the day beautiful. I seek not for them, but when they come, I enjoy them as flowers given by the hand of the all-good Father.

We are now near Vicksburg, a city of bad reputation on the Mississippi, but a city also which shows the ability of the North Americans for self-government. A few years since a band of desperate gamblers and adventurers settled themselves down there. They set up a gambling-club and decoyed young men thither, purposely excited quarrels, fought with pistols in the streets and even in houses, and committed every kind of outrage. The wise men of the city assembled, and announced to the gamblers that they must either vacate the city within eight days, or that they would be seized and hanged. The gamblers treated the announcement with scorn, gambled and quarreled, and had their pistol fights as before. When the eight days of grace were past, the friends of order in the city assembled, seized them, and hanged the one who was the worst of the set, and then, putting the rest in a boat, they turned them adrift on the Mississippi. Such summary treatment is called Lynch-law, and is the self-assumed administration of law, by a sense of justice, where

there exists no ordinary executive power able to administer the law according to its usual forms. After this execution, which I believe occurred last year, Vicksburg became a creditable place.

New Orleans, Louisiana, Jan. 1, 1851. In one of the slave houses I saw a gentleman whose exterior and expression I shall never forget. He seemed to be the owner of the slaves there, and my companion requested permission for himself and me to see them. He consented, but with an air, and glance at me, as if he would annihilate me. He was a man of unusual size, and singularly handsome. His figure was Herculean, and the head had the features of a Jupiter; but majesty and gentleness were there converted into a hardness which was really horrible. One might just as well have talked about justice and humanity to a block of stone as to that man. One could see by the cold expression of that dark blue eye, by those firmly-closed lips, that he had set his foot upon his own conscience, made an end of all hesitation and doubt, and bade defiance both to heaven and hell. He *would* have *money*. If he could, by crushing the whole human race in his hand, have converted it into money, he would have done so with pleasure. The whole world was to him nothing excepting as a means of making money. The whole world might go to rack and ruin so

that he could rise above it—a rich man, as the only rich and powerful man in the world. If I wanted to portray the image of perfected, hardened selfishness, I would paint that beautiful head. That perfectly dark expression of countenance—the absence of light, life, joy—was only the more striking because the complexion was fair; and the cheeks, although somewhat sunken, had a beautiful bloom. He seemed to be about fifty.

On the 31st of December I went with my kind and estimable physician to witness a slave-auction, which took place not far from my abode. It was held at one of the small auction-rooms which are found in various parts of New Orleans. The principal scene of slave-auctions is a splendid rotunda, the magnificent dome of which is worthy to resound with songs of freedom. We entered a large and somewhat cold and dirty hall on the basement story of a house, where a great number of people were assembled. About twenty gentlemanlike men stood in a half circle around a dirty wooden platform, which for the moment was unoccupied. On each side, by the wall, stood a number of black men and women, silent and serious. The whole assembly was silent, and it seemed to me as if a heavy gray cloud rested upon it. One heard through the open door the rain falling heavily in the street. The gentlemen looked askance at me

with a gloomy expression, and probably wished that they could send me to the North Pole.

Two gentlemen hastily entered; one of them, a tall, stout man, with a gay and good-tempered aspect, evidently a *bon vivant,* ascended the auction platform. I was told that he was an Englishman, and I can believe it from his blooming complexion, which was not American. He came apparently from a good breakfast, and he seemed to be actively employed in swallowing his last mouthful. He took the auctioneer's hammer in his hand, and addressed the assembly much as follows: "The slaves which I now have to sell, for what price I can get, are a few home-slaves, all the property of one master. This gentleman having given his bond for a friend who afterward became bankrupt, has been obliged to meet his responsibilities by parting with his faithful servants. These slaves are thus sold, not in consequence of any faults which they possess, or for any deficiencies. They are all faithful and excellent servants, and nothing but hard necessity would have compelled their master to part with them. They are worth the highest price, and he who purchases them may be sure that he increases the prosperity of his family."

After this he beckoned to a woman among the blacks to come forward, and he gave her his hand

to mount upon the platform, where she remained standing beside him. She was a tall, well-grown mulatto, with a handsome but sorrowful countenance and a remarkably modest, noble demeanor. She bore on her arm a young sleeping child, upon which, during the whole auction ceremonial, she kept her eyes immovably riveted, with her head cast down. She wore a gray dress made to the throat, and a pale yellow handkerchief, checked with brown, was tied round her head. The auctioneer now began to laud this woman's good qualities, her skill and her abilities, to the assembly. He praised her character, her good disposition, order, fidelity; her uncommon qualifications for taking care of a house; her piety, her talents, and remarked that the child which she bore at her breast, and which was to be sold with her, also increased her value. After this he shouted with a loud voice, "Now, gentlemen, how much for this very superior woman, this remarkable, etc., etc., and her child?"

He pointed with his outstretched arm and forefinger from one to another of the gentlemen who stood around, and first one and then another replied to his appeal with a short silent nod, and all the while he continued in this style: "Do you offer me five hundred dollars? Gentlemen, I am offered five hundred dollars for this superior

woman and her child. It is a sum not to be thought of! She, with her child, is worth double that money. Five hundred and fifty, six hundred, six hundred and fifty, six hundred and sixty, six hundred and seventy. My good gentlemen, why do you not at once say seven hundred dollars for this uncommonly superior woman and her child? Seven hundred dollars—it is downright robbery! She would never have been sold at that price if her master had not been so unfortunate," etc., etc.

The hammer fell heavily; the woman and her child were sold for seven hundred dollars to one of those dark, silent figures before her. Who he was; whether he was good or bad; whether he would lead her into tolerable or intolerable slavery —of all this, the bought and sold woman and mother knew as little as I did, neither to what part of the world he would take her. And the father of her child—where was he?

With eyes still riveted upon that sleeping child, with dejected but yet submissive mien, the handsome mulatto stepped down from the auction-platform to take her stand beside the wall, but on the opposite side of the room. Next, a very dark young negro girl stepped upon the platform. She wore a bright yellow handkerchief tied very daintily around her head, so that the two ends stood out like little wings, one on each side. Her figure

was remarkably trim and neat, and her eyes glanced around the assembly both boldly and inquiringly. The auctioneer exalted her merits likewise, and then exclaimed, "How much for this very likely young girl?" She was soon sold, and, if I recollect rightly, for three hundred and fifty dollars.

After her a young man took his place on the platform. He was a mulatto, and had a remarkably good countenance, expressive of gentleness and refinement. He had been servant in his former master's family, had been brought up by him, was greatly beloved by him, and deserved to be so—a most excellent young man! He sold for six hundred dollars.

After this came an elderly woman, who had also one of those good-natured, excellent countenances so common among the black population, and whose demeanor and general appearance showed that she, too, had been in the service of a good master, and, having been accustomed to gentle treatment, had become gentle and happy. All these slaves, as well as the young girl, who looked pert rather than good, bore the impression of having been accustomed to an affectionate family life.

And now, what was to be their future fate? How bitterly, if they fell into the hands of the

wicked, would they feel the difference between then and now—how horrible would be their lot! The mother in particular, whose whole soul was centered in her child, and who, perhaps, would have soon to see that child sold away, far away from her—what would then be her state of mind! No sermon, no anti-slavery oration could speak so powerfully against the institution of slavery as this slave-auction itself! The master had been good, the servants good also, attached and faithful, and yet they were sold to whoever would buy them—sold like brute beasts!

Sunday, January 5. Yesterday forenoon I visited the prisons of the city, accompanied by the superintendents and two distinguished lawyers. The outward management of the prisons seems to me excellent. Order and cleanliness prevail throughout, as is always the case wherever the Anglo-American legislates. I noted some features of the internal management.

I visited some rooms where women accused of capital offenses were confined. Their dress spoke of circumstances far removed from poverty, but their countenances of the prevalence of violent and evil passions. Among them I remarked one in particular, a lady charged with the murder of

her husband from jealousy, whose whole bearing denoted boldness and pride.

All these women declared their innocence and complained of injustice. Each one had her own apartment, but might avail herself of companionship in the piazza which surrounded the building within a court. There sat under this piazza a group of negro women, apparently enjoying the sun, which was then shining warmly. They looked so good and quiet, and they all, especially two young girls, bore so evidently the stamp of innocence and of good disposition, that I asked, with no small degree of astonishment:

"Why are these here? What crimes have they committed?"

"They have committed no offense whatever," was the reply. "But their master having given security for a person who is now bankrupt, they are brought in here to prevent their being seized and sold by auction to cover the demand; and here they will remain till their master finds an opportunity of recovering them."

"You see," said one of the lawyers, "that it is to defend them; it is for their advantage that they are here."

"How long will they probably remain here?" I inquired, cogitating within myself as to what particular advantage could be derived by the inno-

cent from that daily association with these white ladies accused of the darkest crimes.

"Oh, at the most, two or three weeks—quite a short time," replied the lawyer.

One of the negro girls smiled, half sadly, half bitterly. "Two weeks!" said she; "we have already been here two years!"

I looked at the lawyer. He seemed a little confounded.

"Ah!" said he, "it is extraordinary; something quite unusual—very unusual; altogether an exceptional case—very rare!" And he hurried away from the place.

About January 27. I must now tell you about a real African tornado which we witnessed last Sunday afternoon. It was in the African Church, for even here, in this gay, light-hearted city of New Orleans, has Christianity commenced its work of renovated life; and they have Sunday-schools for negro children, where they receive instruction about the Saviour; and the negro slaves are able to serve God in their own church.

We came too late to hear the sermon in this African Church, whither we had betaken ourselves. But at the close of the service a so-called class-meeting was held. I do not know whether I have already said that the Methodists form,

within their community, certain divisions or classes, which elect their own leaders and exhorters. These exhorters go around at the class-meeting to such of the members of their class as they deem to stand in need of consolation or encouragement, talk to them, aloud or in an under voice, receive their confessions, impart advice to them, and so on. I had seen such a class-meeting at Washington and knew therefore what was the kind of scene which we might expect. But my expectations were quite exceeded here. Here we were nearer the tropical sun than at Washington.

The exhorters went round and began to converse here and there with the people who sat on the benches. Scarcely, however, had they talked for a minute before the person addressed came into a state of exaltation, and began to speak and to perorate more loudly and more vehemently than the exhorter himself, and so to overpower him. There was one exhorter in particular, whose black, good-natured countenance was illumined by so great a degree of the inward light, by so much good-humor and joy, that it was a pleasure to see him, and to hear him, too; for, although his phrases were pretty much the same, and the same over again, yet they were words full of Christian pith and marrow, and they were uttered with so much cordiality, that they could not do

other than go straight to the heart with enlivening power. Sometimes his ideas seemed to come to an end, and he stood, as it were, seeking for a moment; but then he would begin again with what he had just now said, and his words always brought with them the same warmth and faithfulness, and he looked like a life-infusing sunbeam. And it was only as the messenger of the joy in Christ that he preached:

"Hold fast by Christ! He is the Lord! He is the mighty One! He will help! He will do everything well! Trust in Him, my sister, my brother. Call upon Him. Yes. Yes. Hold fast by Christ! He is the Lord!"

By degrees the noise increased in the church and became a storm of voices and cries. The words were heard, "Yes, come, Lord Jesus! Come, oh come, oh glory!" and they who thus cried aloud began to leap—leaped aloft with a motion as of a cork flying out of a bottle, while they waved their arms and their handkerchiefs in the air, as if they were endeavoring to bring something down, and all the while crying aloud, "Come, oh come!" And as they leaped, they twisted their bodies round in a sort of corkscrew fashion, and were evidently in a state of convulsion; sometimes they fell down and rolled in the aisle, amid loud, lamenting cries and groans. I

saw our tropical exhorter, the man with the sun-bright countenance, talking to a young negro with a crooked nose and eyes that squinted, and he too very soon began to talk and to preach, as he sprang high into the air, leaping up and down with incredible elasticity. Whichever way we looked in the church, we saw somebody leaping up and fanning the air; the whole church seemed transformed into a regular bedlam, and the noise and the tumult was horrible. Still, however, the exhorters made their rounds with beaming countenances, as if they were in their right element, and as if everything were going on as it ought to do. Presently we saw our hearty exhorter address a few words to a tall, handsome mulatto woman, who sat before us, and while he was preaching to her she began to preach to him; both talked for some time with evident pleasure, till she also got into motion and sprang aloft with such vehemence that three other women took hold of her by the skirts, as if to hold her still on the earth. Two of these laughed quietly, while they continued to hold her down and she to leap up and throw her arms around. At length she fell and rolled about amid convulsive groans. After that she rose up and began to walk about, up and down the church, with outspread arms, ejaculating every now and then, "Hallelujah!" Her appearance

was now calm, earnest, and really beautiful. Amid all the wild tumult of crying and leaping, on the right hand and the left, she continued to walk up and down the church in all directions, with outspread arms, eyes cast upward, exclaiming in a low voice, "Hallelujah! Hallelujah!" At length she sank down upon her knees on the platform by the altar, and there she became still.

After the crying and the leaping had continued for a good quarter of an hour longer, several negroes raised the mulatto woman, who was lying prostrate by the altar. She was now quite rigid. They bore her to a bench in front of us, and laid her down upon it.

"What has happened to her?" we inquired from a young negro girl whom she knew.

"Converted!" said she laconically, and joined those who were softly rubbing the pulses of the converted.

I laid my hand upon her brow. It was quite cold; so, also, were her hands.

When, by degrees, she had recovered consciousness, her glance was still fixed, but it seemed to me that it was directed rather inwardly than outwardly; she talked to herself in a low voice, and such a beautiful, blissful expression was portrayed in her countenance that I would willingly experience that which she then experienced, saw,

or perceived. It was no ordinary, no earthly scene. Her countenance was, as it were, transfigured. As soon as she had returned to her usual state, after deep sighs, her appearance became normal also. But her demeanor was changed; she wept much, but calmly and silently.

The tornado gradually subsided in the church; shrieking and leaping, admonishing and preaching, all became hushed; and now people shook hands with each other, talked, laughed, congratulated one another so heartily, so cheerfully, with such cordial warmth and good will, that it was a pleasure to behold. Of the whole raging, exciting scene there remained merely a feeling of satisfaction and pleasure, as if they had been together at some joyful feast.

I confess, however, to having been thoroughly amused by the frolic. Not so a friend, who regarded that disorderly, wild worship with a feeling of astonishment, almost of indignation; and when our warm-hearted exhorter came up to us, and, turning especially to her, apologized for not having observed us before, that it was with no intention to neglect us, and so on, I saw her lovely coraled upper lip curl with a bitter scorn as she replied, "I cannot see in what respect you have neglected us." The man looked as if he would have been glad, with all his heart, to have preached

to us, and, for my own part, I would gladly have listened to his Christian exhortation, given with its African ardor. We shook hands, however, in the name of our common Lord and Master.

And spite of all the irrationality and want of good taste which may be felt in such scenes, I am certain that there is in them, although as yet in a chaotic state, the element of true African worship. Give only intelligence, order, system to this outbreak of the warm emotions, longings, and presentiments of life, and then that which now appears hideous will become beautiful, that which is discordant will become harmonious. The children of Africa may yet give us a form of divine worship in which invocation, supplication, and songs of praise may respond to the inner life of the fervent soul!

How many there are, even in our cold North, who in their youthful years have felt an Africa of religious life, and who might have produced glorious flowers and fruits if it only could have existed—if it had not been smothered by the snow and the gray coldness of conventionality—had not been imprisoned in the stone church of custom.

I have visited some other churches in New Orleans, a Unitarian, an Episcopalian, and a Catholic Church, the last with the name dear to me, that of St. Theresa. But the heavenly spirit of

St. Theresa was not there. An Irishman jabbered an unintelligible jargon, and in not one of these houses of God could I observe or obtain that which I sought for—*edification*. There was, at all events, life and ardor in the church of the negro assembly.

(To Her Majesty, Carolina Amalia, Queen Dowager of Denmark)

Cuba, West Indies, April, 1851.

Your Majesty—"Write to me from America!" were Your Majesty's last kind words to me at parting, when I had the pleasure of seeing Your Majesty at Sorgenfri.

From Cuba, better than from any other point on this side of the globe, I can speak of the New World, because Cuba lies between North and South America; the Anglo-Norman and the Spanish races here meet, for good and for evil, secretly and openly combating for dominion; and in the midst of this wondrously beautiful scenery, which belongs to the tropics (beneath which the greater part of South America is situated), beneath the tropical sun, among palm trees and coffee plantations, one sees already the homes of the North American, railroads, and shops. The Anglo-American "go-ahead" here comes in contact with

the motto of the Spanish Creole, *poco à poco;* and will run it down sooner or later, that is not difficult to foresee. . . .

Have not I, more than once, heard Your Majesty express the wish and the hope for "a community on earth in which all the members should have equal opportunity for the attainment of virtue, knowledge, a life of activity and prosperity—a community in which goodness and capacity should constitute the highest aristocracy, and in which the highest rank should depend upon the highest human worth"? However far the United States of America may be from having attained to this ideal of social life, still it cannot be denied that they are aiming at this, that they are daily more and more advancing toward this ideal—more, perhaps, than any other nation on the earth. This refers especially to the Northern and the free states of the Union, which are peopled principally by descendants of the oldest Pilgrims, and whence the Quaker State has everywhere sent abroad its messengers of "the inward light," of freedom, peace, and universal brotherhood. These Northern States are founded on enthusiasm for religion and human rights. And upon this foundation they have grown great and powerful, and still grow day by day, extending their dominion more and more.

It is a pure and noble joy to behold the development of the life of freedom in the Northern States; and in spite of various pernicious offshoots, which as yet run wild and produce disorder, the whole presents a glorious spectacle. For the whole movement of the social system tends upward; it is a growth of cultivation and improvement which embraces all classes, every branch of activity, and which extends to the most remote points, and includes the most humble individual. It corresponds with the glorious image of our mythological Yggdrasill, of which every single leaf derives vital aliment from the common root, and is watered by the Norna's hand from the renovating fountain of Urda.

Besides, the community has come clearly to feel within itself, and has clearly and forcibly expressed the same in word and deed, that *it is the duty of the state so to provide for every individual member that he may become a perfected human being.*

Hence the comprehensive and excellent system of popular education which commenced in the "Pilgrim" State of Massachusetts, and which has since been adopted, and is being adopted, with modifications and improvements, in all the free States of the Union. On all hands have arisen free public schools, where children, boys and girls, in separate schools, receive free education to fif-

teen or sixteen years of age, when they may, from these schools, enter the high schools and academies, unless they prefer to enter practical life with that amount of knowledge which the public schools have given them, and which does not appear to be so insignificant, as many of the "best men" and the first statesmen have not studied in any other schools than in these and—in that of life.

I would, before everything else, present to the womanly and maternal mind of Your Majesty these great and increasingly developing institutions for the education of the rising generation, which are open to the younger members of the *entire* community, and which are advantageous to the children of the indigent still more than to the children of the wealthy, and, together with this picture, that of the increasing importance of the young woman in society as the teacher, and that not alone in families and homes. I would present to Your Majesty's view those large, cheerful schoolrooms which are now to be met with in the public schools from Massachusetts to Wisconsin and Illinois, from New Hampshire to Ohio, where light and air obtain free access—schoolrooms full of lovely children, with bright, animated glances, where the young teachers, the daughters of New England, and the honor of New England, refined and graceful in manners and appearance,

stand, at the same time, firmer to their principles than the earth's Alps and Andes on their foundations, and govern their troops of young republicans easier and better than any stern M. A. with thundering voice and ferrule.

The youthful daughters of America in the free States of the Union are not kept in ignorance and inactivity, as are still the greater number of the young girls of Europe. They are early taught that they must rely upon God and themselves if they would win esteem and independent worth; they leave home early to enter the schools, where opportunity is afforded them to advance as far as young men in study and the sciences, and where they prove that the sciences, which have hitherto been considered as too difficult for them, are as easy for them to acquire as that superficial knowledge and accomplishment to which hitherto their education has been restricted. They distinguish themselves in mathematics, algebra, the physical sciences, the ancient languages, at least in Latin, and many other hitherto interdicted branches of learning; and their written compositions, in verse and prose, show an unusual purity of style, and, considering their age, clearness of thought and expansion of mental horizon. It is evident that the spirit of the New World has unbound their intellectual wings and permitted them a free flight

over the fields of earth. The American woman is being formed for a citizen of the world; she is teaching herself to embrace the whole of humanity. Such is evidently the intention of her school education, even if an adequate system be yet wanting. Girls may from these schools also advance into the high schools and ladies' academies, in which they can graduate and take diplomas, and, provided with these, go out as teachers over the whole Union. . . .

I mentioned a growth of cultivation and improvement which in the free States embraces the entire community, and spoke of popular education as its most essential power. This, and many institutions favorable to human development, belong to these States; but, besides these, there is a movement, a free development in popular life, which may be compared to the circulation of the sap in a vigorous, growing tree. Free associations now take the place of the old guilds and corporations as regulators and promoters of all the various interests and functions of the social system. Thus have religious, moral, and industrial corporations arisen within the great community, and in faithful adherence to it, at the same time that the good will and the divers powers and talents of each individual are made available to its highest interests. The United States represents,

at the same time, the highest development of the individual and the public at large. This internal, social movement of humanity is assisted from without by the free circulation and communication which is afforded by the numerous navigable rivers of North America, upon which thousands of steamboats go and come; and in still later years by the railroads and telegraphic lines which extend over all parts of America, from state to state, and from city to city. The great diffusion of newspapers within the country, of every book which wins the love of the popular heart, of that religious popular literature which, in millions of small works, "tracts" or tales, is poured forth over the nation like morning dew or a shower of manna—these all belong essentially to this life-giving circulation, and wherever the Anglo-American advances, the same cultivation, the same vitality arises. He accomplishes with astonishing certainty his mission as cultivator of the New World, and the framer of free, self-governing communities; and not even the institution of slavery is able to withstand the power of cultivation which advances with him over the earth.

Wherever the sons and daughters of the Pilgrims find their way, there are established homes, schools, and churches, shops, and legislative assemblies; the free press, hotels for strangers, and

asylums for the unfortunate or the orphan; there is the prison converted into the reformatory institution—into a new school for the ignorant and depraved children of the earth. Wherever they come, they acknowledge aloud the name and doctrines of the Master, who is "the way, the truth, and the life." The right of the Anglo-American people to become a great people consists in its Christianity. It is the spirit of the World's Redeemer which makes it the World's Conqueror.

I have spoken of the progress of the new man in the West; but I must, for the sake of justice, also say a few words about the *old* man, for ah! the old progresses equally with the new, and he is here also, on the new earth, the same old Adam, and drinks, and quarrels, and gambles, and steals, and makes a fool of himself, and is puffed up with pride, *tout comme chez nous;* and in the Great West, on the Mississippi and the Pacific Ocean, perhaps a little more so, because many unconscientious adventurers are collected there, and the counteracting powers have not yet gained an ascendency. Freedom is still sowing its wild oats here. One great difficulty in the cultivation of the West is the great emigration thither of a large portion of the most rude and indigent populations of Europe, as well as the unfortunate children of

the Eastern American States. By degrees, however, this population becomes orderly under the influence of the New World's cultivation, and with every passing year the new Adam gains a greater ascendency over the old, in proportion as the better emigration from the Pilgrim States gains a firmer footing, and with this, schools, churches, and the better periodical press take their place.

The valley of the Mississippi has room for about two hundred millions of inhabitants, and the American Union has a heart large enough, and sufficient power to take under her charge all strangers, all neglected or unfortunate children of the earth, and to give them a portion of her earth and of her spiritual life.

Charleston, South Carolina, May 1. It is very common in Enrope to censure the institution of slavery in the United States of America as a sin against the Holy Ghost which takes away all truth and all value from their free estate. But people forget that it is only a part of these states which have slaves, and that it was Europe who first compelled them to have them! Many of the young colonies, in particular Virginia and Georgia, protested in the beginning, and that in the most strong and earnest manner, against the introduc-

tion of slavery. In vain. England was then the mother-country, and, carrying on the slave-trade, required a market for her cargoes of slaves, and commanded the young American colonies to become this market. The selfishness of the planters, the climate, and the productions of southern North America, all assisted. Thus was slavery introduced into the United States. Climate, productions, and many other causes continue to maintain it there, until—something further.

I can not close this account to Your Majesty of the life of the New World without saying a word respecting the homes there. . . Probably that which most distinguishes the home of the New World from that of the Old is the dominant sway which is assigned in it to woman. The rule of the American man is to allow his wife to establish the laws of home. He bows himself willingly to her sceptre, partly from affection, partly from the conviction that it is best and most just that it should be so, and from chivalric politeness to the sex; for the American believes that a something divine, a something of a higher and more refined nature, abides in woman. He loves to listen to it and to yield to it in all the questions of the inner life. He loves to place his partner in life higher than himself. . . .

Lake Monroe, Florida, May 20. *St. Matthew* had already many passengers on board, and among them were three pair of turtle-doves of the human race. The first pair, physically handsome, but second-class people in cultivation and manners, were so in love with one another, and showed it to such a degree, that it was quite disgusting; the young man, with a huge breast-pin of sham diamonds in his shirt-frill, confessed to an acquaintance in the company that he considered himself to have married the most perfect woman in the world. But her perfectly handsome person did not appear to me to entertain much soul within it. Turtle-doves No. 2 were of a more refined character altogether, agreeable people, with the loving soul beaming from dark and beautiful eyes; she, very delicate in health, after only one year's marriage; he, very anxious about her. Turtle-doves No. 3 were neither of them any longer young or handsome, but they were of all the three pairs the most interesting and perhaps the most happy. It did one good to see them and to hear their history.

By evening we had left the river Altamaha, and, after a few hours by sea, we found ourselves the next morning in the St. John's River, after having happily passed a dangerous sand-bank at its mouth, without suffering more than a severe

shock occasioned by a swell of the waves which dashed us against the bank and made old *St. Matthew* creak in all his joints. But he did not go to pieces, as sometimes happens under such circumstances, in which case we should all infallibly have gone to the bottom; so that we had nothing to complain of.

Several of the passengers left the vessel at various colonies and plantations by the way, so that it became less crowded and more agreeable; and I enjoyed inexpressibly the glorious morning and the journey up the river.

St. John's River—in the Indian language, Welaka, or the Lake-River—is like a chain of larger and smaller lakes, linked together by narrow but deep shores, the wonderful scenery of which is scarcely to be imagined, if none similar to it have been seen before. Here is again primeval forest such as I saw on the Savannah River, but still richer in its productions, because Welaka flows, for the greater part, under a tropical sky, and below the boundary which frost approaches. We see here thick groves and belts of palmettoes; here are wild orange-groves laden with brilliant fruit which there are no hands to gather; masses of climbing plants, vanilla, wild vines, convolvuli, and many others, cover the shores in indescribable luxuriance, forming themselves into clumps and

bushes as they grow over the trees, and cypresses, which present dark green pyramids, altars, perfect temples with columns, arches, porticoes, shadowy aisles, and, on all hands, the most beautiful, the most ornamental festoons flung along and over the clear river. From amid the masses of foliage towers upward the fan-palm, with its beautiful crown, free and fantastic; the magnolia stands full of snow-white flowers, and, pre-eminent amid that republic of plants, flowers, and multitudes of trees, stand the lofty cypresses like protecting, shadowy patriarchs, stretching out horizontally their light green heads, with long, waving mosses hanging down from their strong branches.

Here is the life of Nature in its luxuriance, but it is the realm and reign of the old pagan god of Nature, old Pan, which embraces both the good and the evil, life and death, with the same love, and which recognizes no law and no ordination but that of production and decay. Beneath these verdant, leafy arches which overshadow the water lies the peaceful tortoise, and the cruel alligator also, waiting for its prey. Elks inhabit these natural temples; also panthers, tigers, and black bears. Around these columns of leaves and flowers wind the rattlesnake and the poisonous moccasin, and that beautiful, romantic forest is full

of small, poisonous, noxious creatures. But more dangerous than all is the pleasant air which comes laden, during the summer, with the miasmas of the primeval forests and the river, bringing to the colonist fever and slowly consuming diseases, and causing these wondrously beautiful shores still to lack human inhabitants. Small settlements have been commenced here and there on the river, but have, after a few years, been deserted and left to decay.

It is, however, precisely this primeval life in the wilderness, this wild, luxuriant beauty, defying the power of man, and vigorous in its own affluence, which is so unspeakably interesting to me, and which supplies me with an incessant festival. And the air is so pleasant, and the magnolias so full of flower, the river so full of life, alligators and fishes splashing about, large and beautiful water-fowl on all hands—everything is so luxuriant, so wonderfully rich, wild, and lovely, it is a never-ending fairy scene, especially in the evenings, when the moon rises and throws her mystic half light and half shadow into the arches and pillared aisles of these marvelous natural temples.

The only annoyance I experienced the whole way was the lust of shooting which possessed one of the passengers in particular, who was not con-

tented with shooting alligators right and left, but who even shot the lovely water-fowl, which, however, he could not make any use of, and it was distressing to me to see them fall down wounded, here and there, among the weeds. I took the liberty of speaking my mind to him about this needless shooting. He smiled, agreed with what I said, and continued to shoot. I wished him *in petto* bad digestion!

As regards the alligators, I could not have very much compassion on them. They are so hideous to behold, and are so terrible; for, though they do not attack grown people unless in self-defense, still they carry off the little negro children without ceremony. They swim with the upper part of the body above the water, so that it is not difficult to hit them with a bullet in the body and forelegs. On this they dive down, or, if severely wounded, turn on one side; they are often seen like masses of living mud, rolling themselves on the shore to hide themselves among the water-reeds that grow there. Their number and their fearlessness here are amazing. It is said that even two years ago they were so numerous that it was difficult for boats to get along. They make a sort of grunting or bellowing sound, and it is said that early in the spring, at mating-time, they make a horrible noise.

Later. We were bent on having fresh fish for breakfast, and therefore our captain let a couple of negroes row out in a boat nearer to the shore, and throw out a couple of nets, which were thrown out and taken in again at once, and in ten minutes we were breakfasting on a most delicious fish, which resembled flounders in taste. No fishermen as yet dwell on these banks, and the river swarms with life.

Richmond, June 16. Usch! what a sermon! Just the sermon, if such were the only means of divine knowledge, to make people either atheists or numskulls. It made me impatient and angry. The young preacher emptied with great self-complacency the vials of wrath, full of threatenings and penal judgments, into the contents of his Calvinistic sermon of wrath against the sinners who —were nowhere in the church, if I could judge from appearance. The church was thinly attended, and many people slept. A couple of very well-fed and well-dressed elderly gentlemen, who sat on a bench before me, took out their watches every now and then to see how the time went on, if it were near dinner-time, I presume; they were apparently not thinking about the last judgment, although the young preacher was thundering about it and its advance upon a godless generation.

True it is that the young preacher of condemnation dealt so much with abstract ideas and barren phraseology, that none of his descriptions of sin seemed to touch the heads of the people who sat on the benches. But I have heard other preachers besides this one who preach to an audience which evidently is not within the church.

June 18. I have to-day been present at a sitting of the great Convention in the Capitol, which has met there for the reconstruction, or rather extension, of the State Constitution. I had on this occasion the pleasure of seeing many well-formed heads and foreheads and manly, vigorous forms among the one hundred and thirty legislators here assembled, and shook the friendly hands of divers of them. But a bill regarding general education was ordered to be laid on the table for some future time, without exciting much attention. The assembly occupied itself principally with the questions regarding an increase of judges in the country in accordance with the increased population. The purport of this Convention was similar to that in Ohio, and was designed to place greater power than formerly in the hands of the people, by giving them a participation in the election of judges and other state officials, which formerly lay more immediately in the hands of the legisla-

tive power of the state. It delighted me to see America progress in its democratic tendencies, faithful to its fundamental principles; for if the new steps which are now taken in this direction do not produce an immediate advantage, still they have done much for the great popular education of a conscious public existence which is hereby asserted.

In the large rotunda-like entrance to the Capitol stands a statue of Washington, executed by the French sculptor, Houdon. I do not know when I have seen a nobler work of art, or one which more perfectly represented the ideal human being in every-day reality. It is Washington, the President, with the large chin, the somewhat stiff figure, in the old-fashioned costume; and yet it is, at the same time, the type of the man of the New World, with that noble, self-conscious, well-balanced mind which the Americans talk about as the highest excellence, in harmony with itself, certain of its own course and its own object, resolute in persevering to the end, asking advice from no one but the Divine Counselor. He has bound his sword to the column and now stands by the plow, resting calmly in himself, without pride, but without hesitation or doubt; the grand, intellectual glance looking out into the future! In truth it is a glorious figure, a glorious statue,

to which I shall gladly return when I return hither.

Charlottesville, Va., June 26. In the evenings I see company, either at home or at the houses of some of the professors of the University. These good gentlemen have now a deal to do regarding the examination and the preparation of testimonials and diplomas. Two of the young students are to deliver farewell addresses before they leave the academy, where they have now finished their studies with honor, and I am invited to hear them.

28. I heard one of them yesterday evening, and if the second, which I shall hear this evening, is of the same character, as I expect it will be, I shall not have much pleasure in it. It is amazing what an enslaving power the institution of slavery exercises over the minds of the young, and over intelligence in general; and the young speaker of yesterday evening belonged to this enslaved class. He was a young man of refined features and a certain aristocratic expression of countenance, but without any peculiar nobility. He is celebrated for having passed through a splendid examination and for possessing great talents as a speaker. And his speech really flowed forth with a rushing rapidity; but such a shooting across the United

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States, such an ostentatious boast of the South, of the "Sons of the South, the flower and hope of the Union"—nay, it was incomparable! *One* thing only impeded the grandeur and the growth of the United States and its wonderful, mighty future, and this was—Abolitionism! It was this scorpion, this *hydra* in the social life of the United States, which ought to be crushed (and the speaker stamped vehemently and angrily on the floor) and annihilated! Then only would the North and the South, like two mighty rivers, be united, and side by side start forth toward the same grand, honorable goal!

What this honorable goal may be I did not hear mentioned; but the students, who were present in great numbers, must have understood it, for they applauded tempestuously, and every heroic apostrophe to the heroism and nobility of the Sons of the South was followed by a salvo of clapping, which at the close of the speech was doubled and redoubled, and seemed as if it never would end. Thus delighted were the Sons of the South with the speaker, with each other, and with themselves.

I left the hall very much depressed. Shall I not then find within the slave states a noble, liberal youth, which is that upon which I most depend for the promise of approaching freedom? Must I

again find among the young men that want of moral integrity, of courage and uprightness of mind? I have scarcely any desire to go and hear the speaker this evening, I am so weary of the old song.

29. I have had a great and unexpected pleasure: I have heard "a new song sung," and —but I will tell you all in due course.

I again took my seat in the crowded, lamp-lighted hall, and the young man who was to speak sat alone on an elevated platform facing the assembly while the hall filled. This lasted for a good half hour, and it seemed to me that the young orator's situation could not be very pleasant, sitting there all alone, as he did, an object for all eyes; and I asked myself whether it could be this feeling which cast a certain shade or a certain trance-like look over his eyes. He was a tall young man of handsome, strong proportions, who yet seemed to me not fully grown; the countenance was pure and good, not regularly handsome, but handsome nevertheless, with a youthfully fresh complexion and clear, strongly-marked features. I endeavored inquisitively to guess from these the soul of the youth; but this lay, as it were, under a veil. The forehead was broad, the hair dark brown, and abundant.

At length the moment came when he must rise

and speak. He did this with great simplicity, without grace, but without any awkwardness or confusion, and began his speech, without the facility of the former speaker, but with calmness and precision. In the first part of his speech he took a hasty review of the nations of antiquity, with regard to that which caused their greatness or their fall. He showed that in all countries where slavery had existed it had degraded the people, and finally caused their downfall.

When I heard this, I confess that my heart beat high. "Is it possible," thought I, "that I shall really hear in this slave state, before this corporation of self-complacent advocates of slavery, a youth publicly and like a man raise his voice against slavery—the weak side of the South and the nightshade of the New World?"

Yes, I shall! The youth continued boldly and in the most logical manner to apply to America those principles, the consequences of which he exhibited in the history of Europe and Asia. Without reservation and with great beauty and decision of expression, he addressed his countrymen thus: "I accuse you not of any deficiency in courage, in nobility of mind, in feeling for the good and the beautiful, in enterprise, in piety. But of this I accuse you, that you do not give education to the poor of your country, that you do not labor for

the elevation of the lower classes of your countrymen." And there is good reason for this accusation, for in Virginia, in consequence of the restrictive fetters of slavery, which prevent the increase of schools, there are upward of eighty thousand white people who can neither read nor write. The population of Virginia, whites and blacks taken together, amounts to about a million and a half.

The young orator declared the mission of America to be that of communicating the blessings of liberty and civilization to all nations. "If America fulfill her duty in this respect, she will become great and happy; if not, then she will fall, and the greatness of her fall will be commensurate with the greatness of her mission, and the intended future in which she has failed."

I cannot tell you with what feelings of delight I listened to these large-minded and bold words from the pure soul of a youth. It was so unlike anything which I had hitherto heard in the slave states. It was what I had been longing to hear. My tears flowed, and I did not trouble myself about them being seen. I was very happy. But where now was the enthusiasm which on the former evening had animated the Sons of the South? They listened in silence, seemingly in amazement, and the applause which was given at the close of the speech was cold, and, as it were,

forced. The glorious youth looked as if applause or blame concerned him not. He had spoken from his own conviction; his youthfully fresh cheek glowed as with the crimson tinge of morning, and his dark eye and clear brow shone serenely as a cloudless heaven.

I could not have any conversation with him later in the evening, because he was summoned to his father, who was dangerously ill, and he was obliged to leave the place immediately. Nevertheless, I pressed his hand and spoke my cordial thanks to him in the presence of his teachers and his companions. The good professors were somewhat confounded by the unexpected character of the young man's speech, but full of admiration: Good heavens! They had not expected such a speech. Really an uncommon speech! Above the common average—and so on. Alexander S. Brown (I write the name in full) was declared to be a fine fellow, a smart young man! The president even expressed himself very warmly in his praise. But the learned in law and books were nevertheless somewhat afraid of giving to Caesar that which was due to Caesar, and endeavored to indemnify themselves by certain depreciatory and apologistic concessions.

This was one of my happiest evenings in the Southern States, and I now looked with more

cheerful, more loving glances upon this beautiful soil, since it had produced such a youth. How noble and how happy ought his mother to be!

Richmond, July 1. The business at Charlottesville on Saturday consisted for the most part of speeches and the distribution of diplomas. I could not hear much of the former, and my principal pleasure was the contemplation of the assembly of ladies, among whom I remarked a great number of very lovely and happy countenances. If the Juno style of beauty is not met with in America as it is in Europe, there are, on the contrary, a greater number of cheerful, lovely countenances, and scarcely any which can be called ugly. The men are not handsome, but have a manly appearance, and, in a general way, are well made and full of strength. This, I believe, I have said once or twice before, but I have not said, what nevertheless should be said, that among the Americans are not found that decided type of one distinct race as we find it among the English, Irish, French, Spaniards, Germans, etc. An American, male or female, might belong to any nation, in its beautiful human character, but divested of nationality; nay, even the Swedish, that is to say, when this is found in the most perfect faces, because a well-formed fine nose and an oval countenance

is almost universal among the ladies. Our full-moon countenances, and noses which come directly out of them like a handle or a projecting point of rock, are not seen here; neither are potato-noses, like my own. Still, I have seen many a blooming young girl in the Northern States of America, many a handsome young man, more like Swedes than the English or the French. Nevertheless, light hair and light eyes are rare.

Philadelphia, July 14. One evening, when somewhat late I was returning home over the hills, I saw, sitting on a stile which I had to pass, a man in a blue artisan blouse, with his brow resting on his hand in which he held a pocket-handkerchief. As I came nearer, he removed his hand and looked at me, and I saw an Irish nose in a good, lively countenance, which seemed to be that of a man about thirty years of age.

"It's very warm!" said he, speaking English.

"Yes," said I, passing, "and you have worked hard, have you not?"

"Yes, my hands are quite spoiled!" and with that he exhibited a pair of coarse, black hands.

I asked a little about his circumstances. He was an Irishman, named Jim, and had come hither to seek for work, which he had found at the manufactory, and by which he could earn

twenty dollars a month. But still, he said, he loved the Old Country best, and he meant to return to it as soon as he could get together a thousand dollars.

I inquired if he were married.

No! he had thought it best to remain unmarried. And then he inquired if I were married.

I replied no; and added that, like him, I thought it best to remain unmarried, after which I bade him a friendly good-bye.

But he rose up, and following me, said,

"And you are wandering about here so alone, miss! Don't you think it is wearisome to go wandering about by yourself?"

"No, Jim," said I; "I like to go by myself."

"Oh, but you would feel yourself so much better off," said he; "you would find yourself so much happier, if you had a young man to go about with you and take care of you!"

"But I find myself very well off as I am, Jim," said I.

"Oh, but you'd find yourself much, much better off if you had a young man, I assure you, a young man who was fond of you and would go with you everywhere. It makes the greatest difference in the world to a lady, I do assure you!"

"But, Jim, I am an old lady now, and a young man would not trouble himself about me."

"You are not too old to be married, miss," said he; "and then you are good-looking, miss; you are very good-looking, ma'am, and a nice young man would be very glad to have you, to go about everywhere with you!"

"But, Jim, perhaps he would not like to go where I should like to go, and then how should we get on together?"

"Oh, yes, he would like, ma'am, I assure you he would like it! And perhaps you have a thousand dollars on which you would maintain him, ma'am."

"But, Jim, I should not like to have a husband who would merely have me for the sake of my dollars."

"You are right there, miss, very right. But you would be so much happier with a nice young man who would take care of you," etc.

"Look here, Jim," I said finally; "up there, above the clouds is a great big Gentleman who takes care of me, and if I have him, there is no need of any one else."

The thought struck my warm-hearted Irishman, who exclaimed,

"There you are right, miss! Yes, He is the husband, after all! And if you have Him, you need not be afraid of anything!"

"Nor am I afraid, Jim. But now," said I, "go

ahead, for the path is too narrow for two." And we separated.

July 17. To-day I visited the medical college for ladies, which was established here a year ago, and which will enable ladies to receive a scientific education as physicians. This institution has not been established without great opposition, but it has nevertheless come into operation, to the honor of the spirit and justice of the New World! To this ought also to be added the steadfastness and talent of a young American woman and the reputation which she obtained abroad. Elizabeth Blackwell, after having for several years, by hard work, helped to educate and maintain several younger sisters, devoted herself to the profession of medicine, firmly resolved to open in this way a career for herself and other women. She was met by a thousand difficulties; prejudice and ill will threw impediments in every step; but she overcame all; and finally studied and graduated as physician at the city of Geneva in western New York. After this she went abroad, desirous of entering and passing the Medical College of Paris. The head of the college was shocked: "You must dress yourself as a man," said he, "otherwise it will be quite impossible." "I shall not alter even a ribbon on my bonnet!" said she. "Do as you will;

but your conduct shall be made known. You have seen my certificate; you have no right to refuse me admission."

He was obliged to comply. Elizabeth's womanly dignity and bearing, added to her remarkable knowledge, impressed the professors as well as students of the college. The young woman pursued her studies in peace, protected by her earnestness and scientific knowledge. Having greatly distinguished herself and won the highest commendation, she left Paris for London, where she gathered fresh laurels, both in medical and chirurgical science. She is at this moment expected back in America, where she intends to be a practising physician.

It seems to me very desirable that this establishment should direct the attention of the female students, or rather that they should themselves direct it, to that portion of medical science which pre-eminently belongs to them; for is there not here, as in all spheres of life, science, arts, and professions, one region which, beyond all others, belongs to woman, by reason of natural tendencies? In medicine, it is evidently partly the *preventive*—that is to say, by attention to health and diet, to effect the prevention of disease, especially in women and children—and partly, *par excellence, healing, curing.* Women have in all ages

FROM FREDRIKA BREMER'S SKETCH-BOOK

The pictures, from left to right, are portraits of WASHINGTON IRVING, EMERSON, LUCRETIA MOTT, and LONGFELLOW

shown a remarkable talent for the healing art—have shown ability, by herbs and the so-called domestic medicine, to cure or assuage human suffering. Their branch of medical art ought evidently to be that of the alleviation of pain; they should not be the instigators of suffering. In this they would make great progress. The instincts of the heart would be united in them with the knowledge of the head. Curative medicine would therefore be more adapted to them than surgery. And herbs, those beautiful healing herbs, which stand on the hilltops and amid the fields like beneficent angels beckoning in the summer winds, may be borne by the hands of the female physician into the dwelling of the sufferers, and, by means of miraculous powers called forth by love and art, may promulgate the evangel of health more and more over the earth, and change, as much as is possible, even the so frequently terrible work of death into a peaceful transition state. Oh, to be young, to be able to devote a life to this glorious science!

Nahant, Massachusetts, August 1. I am with Mrs. Bryant in her cottage at Nahant, a little bathing-place a few miles north of Boston. The aristocracy of Boston have their villas and cottages, where they, for a couple of months in the

year, enjoy the sea air or bathing; and here, at the present moment, in these pretty dwellings, embowered by verdant, fragrant plants among the bare rocks, a select little party is assembled. Here is Mr. Prescott, the excellent historian, with his family; the preacher Bellows, from New York; Mr. Longfellow, with several other interesting persons, and the intercourse among them is easy and charming, with little dinner-parties or tea-suppers in the evenings. The Americans are in a high degree a social people, and they do not like to shut themselves up or to shut their friends out.

One evening I saw Emerson. He was kind and bright, like himself in his most amiable mood. I was to leave the following morning. He opposed this, however, most decidedly.

"Oh no, no, you must not think of that!" said he, "I have been proposing to myself to drive you to one of our beautiful little forest lakes in the neighborhood, and then you must see my mother and receive her blessing!"

I do not know whether I have told you that Emerson has a mother, in whose countenance may be seen many features resembling those of her son. The old mother was now confined to her bed in consequence of a fall, by which she had broken her leg.

I could not resist Emerson's kindness and these words.

The following day, therefore, he called for me in a cabriolet, which he himself drove, and took me by the loveliest forest road to a little lake which lay in the bosom of the forest, like a clear, oval mirror in a dark green frame. The place looked like a sanctuary of the kindly divinities of nature.

We talked a deal by the way; for I am always excited to conversation with Emerson in a calm and agreeable manner. The topic of conversation on this occasion arose principally from my asking Emerson whether he considered the intellectual culture of the New England States to have attained its acme, and if we might not see in these a type of the perfected American community.

"By no means," he replied, "there are at this time a number of Germanisms and other European ideas, nay, even ideas from Asia, which are now for the first time finding their way into the life of mind, and which will there produce new developments!"

Emerson evidently considers America intended to present under a higher metamorphosis those ideas, which during the course of ages have been prefigured in other parts of the world.

As regarded the late political concessions which

the Northern States made to the slave states, the right of asylum to the fugitive slave, he expressed himself in strong disapprobation, but still in his placid manner.

"Here is a spring famous for its excellent water," said Emerson, as he pulled up near some lofty trees by the roadside. "May I give you a glass?"

I thanked him in the affirmative, and he alighted, fastened the reins to a tree, and soon returned with a glass of water as clear as crystal from the spring.

A glass of water! How much may be comprised in this gift! Why this should become significant to me on this occasion I can not say, but so it was. I have silently within myself combated with Emerson from the first time that I became acquainted with him. I have questioned with myself in what consisted this power of the spirit over me, while I so much disapproved of his mode of thinking, when there was so much in him which was unsatisfactory to me; in what consisted his mysterious magical power—that invigorating, refreshing influence which I aways experience in his writings or in intercourse with him. With this cordial draught of clear water from the spring, given by his hand, I understood it. It is precisely this crystal, pure, fresh cold water in his individual

character, in his writings, which has refreshed and will again and yet again refresh me.

I have opposed Emerson in thought with myself and in conversation with others who have blindly admired him. I shall oppose him also in public, from the conviction within my own soul of the highest justice and truth. But in long years to come, and when I am far from here in my own native land, and when I am old and gray, yes, always, always will moments recur when I shall yearn toward Waldo Emerson and long to receive from his hand that draught of fresh water. For wine, warmth-infusing, life-renovating wine, I would go to another.

Emerson baptizes in water; another there is who baptizes with the Spirit and with fire.

I left Emerson with an unmingled sentiment of gratitude for what he has been to me. I may perhaps see other more beautiful and more perfect forms, but never shall I see his equal again.

I made another excursion from Boston to visit a seminary for teachers at West Newton, established by Horace Mann, as well as to greet once more and see Lydia Maria Child, who now resides in the neighborhood of the seminary. I was present at a lesson in the institution, at which from fifty to sixty young girls who are preparing themselves for instructors were present. One of them

ascended the lecturer's chair, the others being seated on benches in the large, light, airy hall. The subject of the lesson was the form of government of the United States, in which she examined the others. The young teacher was handsome, with every appearance of a gentlewoman, and with an extremely agreeable deportment and manner. When she descended from her elevated seat, the others were encouraged to criticise her observations or to point out any particulars in which she appeared to be in error. Several voices were raised in observation, one remarking that she had left the chair without any acknowledgment to her audience. The young girl who took her place had a very different manner, was not so handsome, nor with so much perhaps of the gentlewoman about her, but she was more ardent, more decided, and was evidently possessed of more than usual abilities. The subject of her lesson and examination was geographical statistics, and she spoke with a liveliness which gave animation to her whole audience. She too descended and was criticised in her turn. In this way the young female teacher is early accustomed to the usual consequences of publicity, and is early accustomed to pay that attention to herself in all respects which is so important, especially for the school-teacher. The outward demeanor also, her movements, her

gait, etc., all are subjects of observation and attention. Nothing must be allowed in the teacher which disgusts or excites ridicule in the scholar. Great numbers of young teachers are sent hence to the west and south of this vast country, where they are soon engaged by schools or —lovers.

After that I saw Horace Mann, the hopeful, meritorious man of education for the rising generation, and his agreeable young wife, at their cottage. I wished to have had with him some earnest conversation on the insufficiency of the schools as educational institutions, but I forgot myself in Lydia Maria Child's home and company until the railroad train was just about starting off, and I must return to Boston.

It is now in Boston so cold and so cheerless with rain as I have not found it during the summer. Ever since the eclipse of the sun the other day, it has been as cloudy and cold as with us in October. This American climate leaps continually from one extreme to another. I am as cold as in winter. In other respects I am more vigorous than I have ever been since I left home, and I need be so to do all which I have now to do. Thus, for instance, I have been to-day in motion, and engaged in conversation from seven this morning till half past eleven at night, at five different places, some

in and some out of Boston, with different persons, with whom I have to enter into interesting conversations on theology, art, politics, etc., with gentlemen at home on all these subjects; but this amuses rather than wearies me. Among my more intimate acquaintances in Boston during the last winter I have again met with an interesting lady, a Miss Parsons, of weak physical constitution, but of an unusually beautiful soul; that is to say, she is clairvoyant without sleeping, and can give the contents of a letter or the character and state of the writer merely by holding the letter closed in her hands or pressing it upon her forehead. I would not believe in this species of clairvoyance at first, but have been obliged to believe in it after I had placed a letter from you in Swedish in her hand, without her having beforehand any knowledge of who had written the letter, or anything about you. Besides which, her character is far above anything of charlatanism. But this clear-sighted soul lives at the expense of the body, which becomes, as it were, more and more transparent and spirit-like. . . .

On the 7th of August I left Salem for the White Mountains. The first day's journey was to the Shaker community at Canterbury, by the Merrimac River in New Hampshire, which I wished to visit, that I might see its botanic garden

and become somewhat better acquainted with this remarkable sect.

I can not tell you how much I liked all that I saw of this little community during the whole of this day, or how admirable appeared to me the order and the neatness of everything, from the sisters themselves to everything which came under their hands. The male portion of the community were busied with the harvest, and I saw merely a few representatives of them. These seemed to me to have either a gloomy, almost fanatical expression, or to have very well-fed bodies without any spiritual expression at all. The good sisters, who now regarded us as their friends, gave us many presents from their stores of valuable wares, implements of the work-box, fragrant waters, cakes of maple-tree sugar, etc. And when, on the following day, we wished to pay for our entertainment, they replied, "We never take payment from our friends!" Nor would they receive the slightest sum.

A spacious traveling-carriage with several seats, drawn by two fat horses and driven by a stout Shaker brother whom no Shaker dancing had been able to render less fat and jolly, made their appearance, and some of the sisters said that, as it was good for their health to take a little exercise in the open air, they would drive with us to the

railway station. A courtesy could not possibly have been done in a more delicate or handsome manner.

The Shaker community of Canterbury consists of about five hundred persons. There are here a great many more fine and beautiful countenances among the young women than in the community of New Lebanon, on the border of New York and Massachusetts. The costume was the same, and the customs were the same also. Among their customs is that of using the pronouns *"thee"* and *"thou,"* as with the Quakers; and *"yea"* and *"nay,"* instead of *"yes"* and *"no."* They lay great stress upon a friendly and kind behaviour toward each in word and deed. They endeavor in their large families to create that life of love which is the most beautiful flower of the lesser family. Work and prayer and mutual good offices are the business of their daily life. This community derives its principal income from its farming produce, its preparation of medicinal herbs for the pharmacopeoia, and the weaving of woolen goods.

The Shaker settlements in general are the most rational and probably the happiest of all conventual institutions. I should be glad if similar ones were found in all countries. People may say what they will, and do the best they can in the great community, but there will always exist the

need of places where the shipwrecked in life, the wearied of life, the solitary and feeble, may escape as to a refuge, and where their good will and their powers of labor may, under a wise and affectionate management, be turned to account; where the children of misfortune or misery may be brought up in purity and love; where men and women may meet and associate as brethren and sisters in good will and friendship, laboring all for the benefit and advantage of each other. And this is the case here. The Shaker organization is—admitting some small, narrow peculiarities—one of the best small communities in the world, and one of the most useful in the great commonwealth. This sect is, in general, not understood. People consider its dancing mode of worship to be the main principle, when, in fact, that might just as well be away, though I, for my part, would willingly retain it for its symbolic meaning, like the heavenly child's-play which I saw this morning.

Franconia Notch, La Fayette House, August 15. I have lived in the bosom of the White Mountains since I last wrote, heartily enjoying the companionship of the giants, the fantastic gambols of the clouds around them, of the songs and the dances of the brooks in the deep glens, of the whole of this bold and strong scenery, which made

me feel as if at home in Sweden amid the glorious river-valleys of Dalecarlia or Norrland. Yet the scenery here is more picturesque, more playful and fantastic, has more cheerful diversity. The affluence of wood and the beautiful foliage in the valleys is extraordinary; you walk or drive continually between the most lovely wild hedges of hazel, elm, sumac (a very beautiful shrub, which is general throughout America), sugar-maple, yellow birch, fir-trees, pines, and many other trees and shrubs; and on all sides is heard the singing and the roaring of the mountain streams, clear as silver, through the passes of the hills. It was so cold in certain parts of this mountain region that it was with difficulty that I could guide my pen, from the stiffness of my fingers.

The peculiarity of these so-called White Mountains is the many gigantic human profiles which, in many places, look out from the mountains with a precision and perfect regularity of outline which is quite astonishing. They have very much amused me, and I have sketched several of them in my rambles. We have our quarters here very close to one of these countenances, which has long been known under the name of "the Old Man of the Mountain." It has not any nobility in its features, but resembles a very old man in a bad humor, and

with a night cap on his head, who is looking out from the mountain half inquisitive. Far below the old giant's face is an enchanting little lake, resembling a bright oval toilet glass, inclosed in a verdant frame of leafage. The Old Man of the Mountain looks out gloomily over this quiet lake and the clouds afloat far below his chin. . . .

The whole of this mountain district is very wild, and there is scarcely a dwelling to be seen excepting the hotels for travelers. It is, however, overflowing with noisy, unquiet company, who do not seem to understand any other mode of enjoying nature than in talking, laughing, eating, drinking, and by all kinds of noisy pleasures. They pass up the mountain laughing at full gallop, and come down again at full gallop. Champagne corks fly about at the hotels, gentlemen sit and play at cards in the middle of the day, ladies talk about dress-makers and fashions. How unlike is this thoughtless life to that of nature, where the clouds come down as if to converse with the mountain, sometimes speeding over them like airy dragons, sometimes floating around them caressingly with garlands and light sylph-like forms, which moisten their forests with soft dewy veils; while in the valley below the little streams grow and sing, and trees and flowers waft over them their blessing as they speed along their

way; and above all this, the play of light and shadow, sunbeams in the waterfalls which leap from the mountain, the mighty rock visages, the little twittering birds—that is life!

The senseless rioting of man in the midst of this grandeur of nature makes me almost sad for my kindred. And yet, when I was young, I did not understand how to enjoy life and nature in any other way. The inclination was not wanting, but there was want of education, and, amid all that noisy merriment, a vacuity was felt. People seek for the spiritual champagne, but they mistake what it is. . . .

New York, September 4. I spent some days at New York in making a closer acquaintance with that portion of the life of the great city which belongs to its night-side, to the dark realm of shadows and of hell, as it exists on the earth. I wandered through it, however, accompanied by an angel of light. I can not otherwise speak of the Quaker lady who accompanied me, for her countenance was bright and beautiful as the purest goodness, and above her mild blue eyes arched themselves brows as bright as those of the god Balder must have been—they resembled merely a bright golden line. Mrs. Gibbons is the daughter of the celebrated old Quaker, Isaac Hopper. The

daughter has inherited from the father that firm spirit of human love and that steadfastness of character which neither shrinks nor turns back from any impediment on the path which she has resolved to pursue. A great portion of her time is occupied in caring for the unfortunate, the guilty, and the prisoner; and so universally known and respected is her activity in these respects, that all prisons, all public benevolent institutions, are open to her, and whoever walks at her side through the abandoned haunts of New York may feel himself in safety. Her bright and mild countenance is known even in the darkest places as a messenger of light.

I went with her one day through that part of New York called Five Points, because I wished to see this region, in which the rudest and the most degraded portion of the population of New York were thronged together, probably through the attraction which causes like to seek like. Not long ago it was unsafe for a stranger within these purlieus. But the Methodists of New York conceived the divinely bold idea of building a church to God in the heart of this central point of vice and misery. They hired a house, sent a minister to reside there, established schools, work-rooms, etc., which would give ample space for "the other master." The contest between good and evil has

just begun in the Five Points, and already several signs betoken victory.

The Five Points is one of the oldest portions of New York, and received its name from five streets which open here into a large square. These streets, and especially the square, are the haunts of the extremest misery of that great city. Lower than to the Five Points it is not possible for fallen human nature to sink. Here are public dens of prostitution, where miserable women keep so-called "fancy-men," and "fancy-women." Quarrels and blows, theft and even murder, belong to the order of day and night. There is in the square, in particular, one large yellow-colored, dilapidated old house, called "the Old Brewery," because formerly it was employed as such. This house is properly the headquarters of vice and misery. And the old brewer of all the world's misery, the Evil One himself, has dominion there at this day.

We went alone through this house, where we visited many hidden dens and conversed with their inhabitants. We considered it better and safer to go about here alone than in company with a gentleman. Neither did we meet any instance of rudeness or even incivility. We saw young lads sitting at the gaming-table with old ruffians; unfortunate women suffering from horrible diseases; sickly children; giddy young girls; ill-tempered women

quarreling with the whole world; and some families also we saw, who seemed to me wretched rather through poverty than moral degradation. Both the unabashed, hardened crimes, and those forcing victims, under the consequences of vice, down to death—without an ear to listen to their groans, without sympathy and without hope—are there, in every grade of moral corruption, festering and fermenting in the Old Brewery; filth, rags, pestilent air, everything was in that Old Brewery; and yet there, after all, I did not see anything worse than I had seen before in Paris, London, and Stockholm. Ah! in all large cities where human masses congregate may be found the Old Brewery of vice and misery, where the Old Brewer distills his poison. The offscouring of society flows hither, becomes still more corrupt, and will thence corrupt the atmosphere of society, until the fresh and better life obtains power over the old leaven—the new church over the Old Brewery. A great movement exists in this direction at the present time.

In the middle of the square of the Five Points there is, as in many squares of New York, a little green inclosure of trees and bushes. It looks, however, dry and withered; no careful hands water the trees which attempt to put forth foliage, and on the fencing around it hang rags to dry. It

has often struck me how chance, or a mysterious foreknowledge, which, without human consciousness, concerns itself with human affairs, gives symbolic, or, as it were, prophetic appellations to things, places, or persons who afterward accomplish that which their appellations seem to have predestined them to. This I found to be the case with regard to the Five Points, the Old Brewery, and the prison which nearly abuts upon this region. The great prison of the city of New York is called the Tombs, from the massive, monumental style of building employed in it. The prison itself is of granite and in the Eygptian style—heavy, but magnificent. A massive lofty granite wall like the wall of a fortress surrounds the court, in which stands the prison-house like a vast, regular, massive block of hewn granite. When one stands within the magnificent portals of this wall, one seems to stand within a gigantic tomb. And so it is. It gives admittance to the offscouring of the criminals of the great city. One portion condemned and executed here, another portion conveyed hence to Blackwell's Island, where is situated the House of Correction proper for New York. Few are they who leave this place free, who do not return hither to be more severely punished or to die. The Old Brewery furnishes unceasing food for the Tombs.

Before the door of the prison, in the interior court, sat a fine general in a comfortable arm-chair, as keeper or orderly of the prison, with diamond rings on his fingers and a diamond breast-pin in his shirt. Whether they were genuine I can not say; they looked, however, as though they were; but that the man himself was not of genuine human worth was not difficult to see, neither that he was out of his place here. He was in a high degree haughty and self-sufficient, and did not even raise his hat to the noble, beautiful lady who addressed him, much less raise himself. She showed her card of introduction, and we were allowed to pass in, first into a room in which many of the officials of the prison were assembled. The person who was evidently the principal here, a fat man with a large face, sat with his hat on his head and one of his feet placed high against the wall, and one newspaper hanging over his leg, while he was busy reading another which he held in his hands. On Mrs. Gibbons mildly and politely addressing him, he turned his head toward us slightly, but neither raised his hat nor his upraised foot from the wall, and then putting some question with as surly a mien as if he had been addressing some person in custody, let us wait a moment, after which we were allowed to enter, which probably would not have been the

case, had he dared to have hindered it. We could not avoid remarking that many of these jailers looked as if they ought to have been among the prisoners, nay, even looked much worse than many of them.

I could not but be greatly surprised at the disorder which prevailed in the great prison of the men, which is built in an elliptical form, with a gallery running in front of the cells. The prisoners were walking about, talking, smoking cigars, while dealers in cigars and other wares were wending about freely among them. Many of the cells were occupied by two prisoners. There were several condemned prisoners—two condemned to death. I asked one of these, who was a man of some little education, how he himself felt in prison? "Oh," replied he, with bitter irony, "as well as any one can do who has every moment of the twenty-four hours his sentence of death before his eyes;" and he showed me a paper pasted on the wall, on which might be read, badly written, the day and hour when he was to be hanged. The prisoners were much more polite and agreeable to us than the gentlemen on duty had been. Some of them seemed pleased by our visit, thanked us, and talked in a cordial manner.

While we were there a drunken old man was brought into the lower part of the prison. The

manner in which he was carried in and thrown into the cell exhibited a high degree of coarseness. I was the whole time in one continual state of amazement that a prison in the United States—the prisons of which country have been so highly praised in Europe—should present such scenes and be in such a condition. But the city of New York, like the prisons of New York, is not a fair example by which American cities and prisons should be judged. The prison of Philadelphia was very unlike this.

We found the condition of the female portion of the Tombs very unlike that of the males. Here a woman had sway, and she was one of those genial, powerful characters which can create around them a new state of order, governed by wholesome influences. Her form, which indicated great cordiality and considerable physical power, seemed made, as it were, to sustain the children of the prison—to elevate, not to depress them. She was cheerful, hearty, and good-tempered, yet nevertheless so resolute with the prisoners that none of them ventured to oppose her. Many seemed to look upon her as a mother, and she seemed to regard many of them as diseased children rather than as criminals; this was the case, in particular, with those who were imprisoned for drunkenness. "Oh, Miss Foster! oh, Miss

Foster!" lamented one scarcely half conscious woman, who was waking up in one cell from a fit of drunkenness, "I am now here again!" "Yes, that you are, you poor thing!" said Miss Foster, and went compassionately to lift her head from the extremely uneasy position into which it had fallen in her drunken sleep.

The Houses of Correction on Blackwell's Island are celebrated for being well managed, and for fully accomplishing their intention, and it was my intention to have visited them; but Marcus Spring and W. H. Channing had invited me to a meeting of the North American Phalanstery, and this was what I could not by any means neglect. On the 29th, therefore, I left New York in company with Channing.

It was an indescribably beautiful day. The softest breezes wafted us from New York to the shore of New Jersey. Here we were met by the wagon of the Phalanstery, and joined by various persons from other places who were all bound on a visit to the Phalanstery.

I spent three days there, amid a variety of scenes, many of which greatly interested me. Foremost among these I place a meeting which was brought about by Channing for the consideration of the social position of woman, and what it requires; her sufferings, their causes, and the means

for averting them. The assembly consisted of about twenty women and of those men whom they invited. It was an assembly of thoughtful, gentle countenances. The office of spokesman was unanimously assigned to Channing. He opened, therefore, the meeting with a representation of those sufferings which may befall a woman through the noblest and the best part of her nature under the existing state of society. I listened to him with feelings which I have difficulty in describing.

"Is it possible," thought I, "is it really true that I hear a man thus aware of, thus understanding the sighs, the agony, the yearnings which I myself, during a greater portion of my life, experienced almost to despair—which many experience as I did, and under which many also sink? Is it a man I hear speaking for the captives, for those demanding liberation? And do I hear through him really that a better time is approaching, a more just, more enlightened, more holy? Is it not a dream? Shall really the time of silent sighs cease upon earth? Shall there be light and a path and freedom and a heaven opened to all?"

In the evening of the second day after our arrival, there was a little play and a ball. A lively little piece, but without any very profound meaning, was acted very well by a number of the young

people. Many of the young ladies made their appearance at the ball in the so-called bloomer costume, that is to say, short dresses made to the throat, and trousers. This costume, which is, in reality, much more modest than that of the ordinary ball-room, and which looks extremely well on young ladies in their every-day occupations, is not advantageous for a ball-room, and is not at all becoming in the waltz, unless the skirts are very short, which was the case with two otherwise remarkably well-dressed and very pretty young girls. Some of them had really in their bloomer costume a certain fantastic grace; but when I compared this with the true feminine grace which exhibited itself in some young girls with long dresses, and in other respects equally modest attire with the bloomer ladies, I could not but give the palm to the long dresses. Among the most graceful of the dancers in long dresses was the daughter of the president of the Phalanstery. . . .

Among the varied scenes of these last few days was one of a somnambule, of that kind which is called a *medium,* i. e., a person who, in the magnetic state, is, or believes himself to be, *en rapport* with a deceased friend or connection, and delivers communications from him. This medium was a pretty young girl (not a member of the Phalan-

stery), and the spirit that was said to converse with her was that of her father.

About twenty persons, myself being one of the number, sat around a table, all forming a chain by the contact of the hands; hymns were sung to cheerful tunes. Within a very short time the young girl became suddenly pale, her head sank, and her features grew livid and rigid almost as in death. This lasted for a few minutes, during which the singing was continued. The young girl then awoke with convulsive movements, and immediately afterward began, with convulsive rapidity, to pass her fingers over the letters of a large alphabet which lay before her, and in which she pointed out letters which were written down by other persons, and thus words and sentences were put together. Questions which were put to the somnambule were answered in the same manner, and I am convinced that there was no deception; nevertheless, the answers which she gave showed evidently that the spirit with which she stood *en rapport* was not very much wiser than we poor inquiring mortals. She had been extremely attached to the deceased father, and it was not until after his death that she fell into this singular condition. The answers showed indeed a pure spiritual life, but not anything supernaturally so. The whole scene interested me, but produced a

painful impression on Channing, whose pure, spiritual nature is displeased by these juggling or abnormal spiritual dealings.

There are in the United States at this time, especially in the North, a great number of clairvoyants of all grades; and mediums, "spiritual knockings" and many other dark spiritual phenomena belong to the order of the day. They are totally rejected by many, but earnestly accepted by others. I myself have seen sufficient of clairvoyant exhibitions to be convinced that they are by no means deficient in a light which exceeds that of the ordinary natural condition, at the same time that they are by no means infallible. The clairvoyant sees many things with wonderful clearness, but is mistaken in others. The clairvoyant is not a guide to be relied upon. Nevertheless, the certain result of the phenomena of clairvoyance is infinitely precious, that is to say, the certainty it gives that the soul possesses organs and senses within the corporeal and independent of them; that the spiritual body is superior to the natural; that the latter is merely the natural medium of the former. . . .

But I must stop. It is presumption to attempt a description of the life, phenomena, and peculiar characteristics of the United States, when I know

that every single state in the Union is like a perfect realm, with almost all the various circumstances and resources of a European kingdom in fertile fields, metallic mountains, navigable rivers, forests, and besides these many natural gifts and beauties which as yet are unknown and not turned to account. Yes, it excites at the same time both joy and despair to know that there is on all hands so much that is new, so much which is yet unknown, and so much which I never shall know. Fortunately, however, for this country, it possesses, in its very subdivision and form of government, a great and effective means of becoming acquainted with itself. Each separate state is like an independent individual existence, and feels itself excited to emulate its sister states (with which it sometimes wrangles and quarrels, as sisters will sometimes do in their younger years), and to become a full-grown human being on its own account. And for this purpose all its powers are called into action, and all its peculiar ways and means are examined. Hence it is that in this land of liberty there is no limitation to experimental attempts. Everything, even the very maddest of all, may be attempted and prove whether there is anything available in it or not. Everything, even the most absurd, is sure of having some adherents and an opportunity afforded for trial; and I have heard

Americans say jestingly that if anybody came forth with the assertion that it was better to walk upon the head than the feet, he would be quite sure of pupils who would, in most good earnest, make the attempt whether it were possible to walk on the head. Other men would perhaps laugh at them, still would allow them to make the trial, quite certain that if by experiment it was found that walking on the head were not practicable, they would soon get on their legs again, and in the meantime they would have gained something by experience. And certain it is that several attempts, which in the beginning have appeared as absurd as that of making use of the head instead of the feet, and which were treated accordingly, have after a time succeeded, and been crowned with the most fortunate results. One such attempt may be mentioned as that of exporting ice to the tropical countries. The first person who tried this experiment, and who now lives in Cambridge, Massachusetts, was regarded for several years by certain people as a fool. Now, however, the exportation of ice to hot countries forms one of the important sources of revenue to North America. Great numbers of ships transport blocks of ice from the mountains of Massachusetts and New Hampshire to the cities of the Southern States, to the West India Islands, to Mexico, etc.

Yes, North America, by means of the speculative disposition of her people, by means of her political subdivision, her institutions which afford free play to individual peculiarity and will, in evil as well as the good—America is the land of experiment, and its commencement in the field of experimental humanity reveals a boundless prospect as to what it may yet bring forth. One of its sons drew the lightning from the clouds; another created wings out of steam for all the people of the earth, so that they might fly around the world; a third has, oh the happy man! discovered the means of mitigating life's bitter enemy, bodily suffering, and of extending the wings of the angel of sleep over the unfortunate one in the hour of his agony! And all this has been done in the early morning of the country's life, for in computing the age of a world's cultivation which has a thousand years for its future, two centuries' existence is merely as the morning hour; the day lies before it as its future. What will not this people accomplish during the day? Of a verity, greater things than these! That will I venture to predict from its eye; for that eye is vigilant and bright; it is early accustomed keenly to observe the object which *is,* without asking about that which *was,* and without being checked by the warning cry of antiquity; it has a watchful eye, undaunted courage, and un-

wearied perseverance. And if this observant eye, when the working days are over, and the Sabbath recurs, were directed more exclusively upon spiritual things, would it not even make discoveries and introduce science and certainty into regions where now humanity is at home merely by means of hope and faith? I believe so, because the purpose of this people's gaze as well as of their social arrangements, is, above everything else, to compass those ends which are of importance to the whole of humanity; I believe it, because the Germanic element, the character of which is profoundly intellectual and transcendental, is in this country mingled with the Anglo-Norman, and from the union of these two races a third national character may be expected, which shall combine the highest speculative thought with the clearest practical intuition.

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